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The Book of Strzyzow and vicinity



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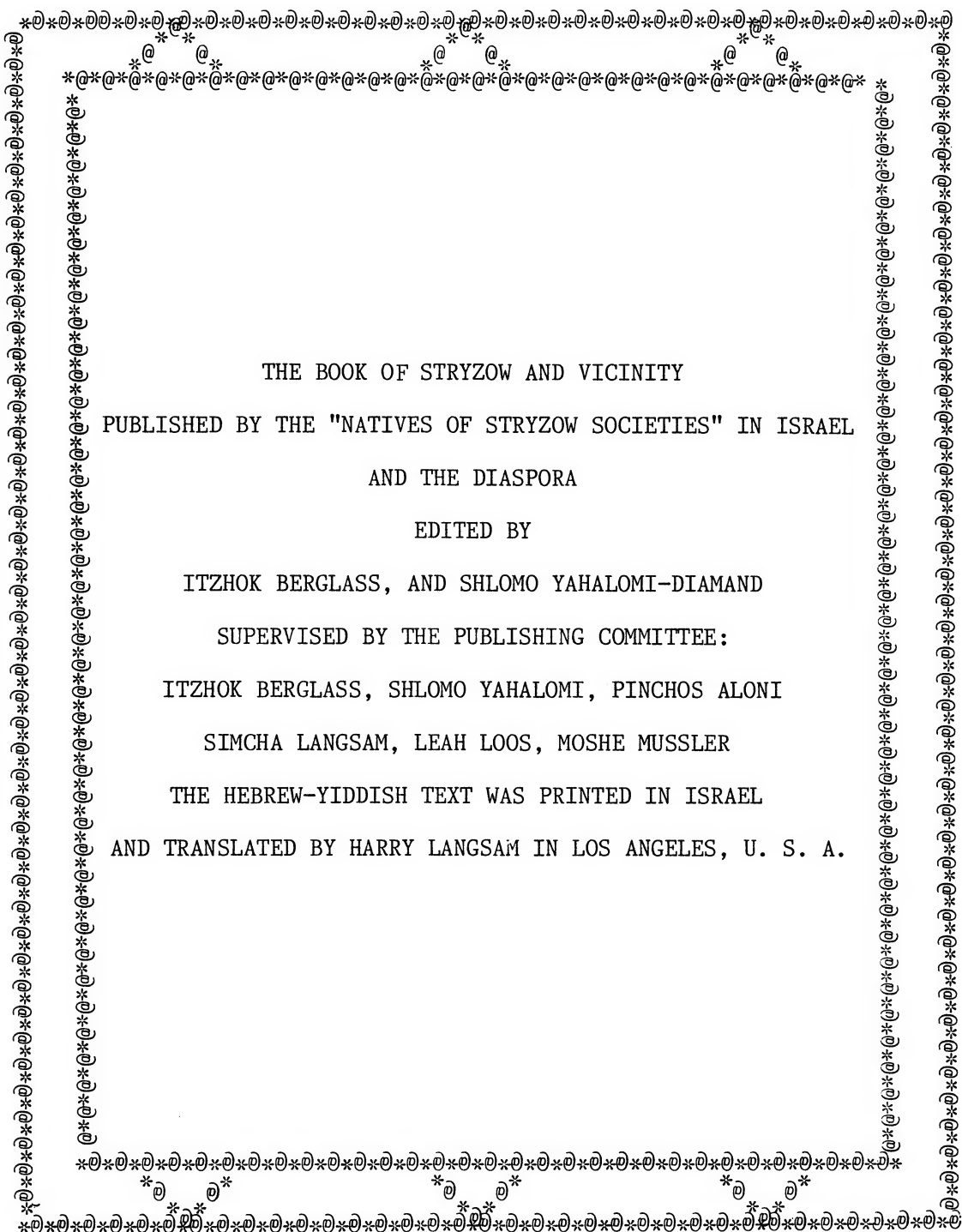
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THE BOOK OF STRYZOW AND VICINITY
PUBLISHED BY THE "NATIVES OF STRYZOW SOCIETIES" IN ISRAEL
AND THE DIASPORA
EDITED BY
ITZHOK BERGLASS, AND SHLOMO YAHALOMI-DIAMAND
SUPERVISED BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:
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STRYZOW MY LITTLE TOWN

Rabbi Shlomo, the lion of the group,
 Was our Rabbi and leader of troop,
 His ways were benevolence and might;
 He was our guiding light.

Rabbi Shlomo with his roaring voice,
 His chanting split heavens, and we rejoiced.
 Aroused the pious and those nondevout,
 Never tolerated a weakening of belief in G-d.

The town was once upon a time
 A home, when they were in their prime
 Two Baal Shem Tov lads
 Who always lived in a world above their heads.

Rabbi Elazar Fishel, the kabbala man,
 Thought that to speed the redemption he can.
 He authored several books, and also studied mysticism,
 Always a dreamer, far removed from realism.

We had many more personalities
 Who nowadays are considered rarities.
 For their good deeds they were well-known
 Because here in town they were born.

Simple people, and scholars abundant
 Who studied Torah daily, and kept the covenant.
 With crystal clear hearts beyond fault
 Never did they dare G-d to insult.

Hassidim truly and stirring
 From exaltation like fire burning,
 Always joyful and happy
 Never became tired, always snappy.

Light they spread like a candle
 With G-d fearing spirit, everyone's heart they kindled.
 For sacrifice-always ready,
 Generous to the poor, never greedy.

Young men with brains acute
 Spent their days in Gemara's sophistry.
 Their energy and power they spent
 To find in the commentaries for their questions answers at hand.

Our merchants and tradesmen
 Were hospitable to strangers and kinsmen.
 Our town also was blessed
 To have good leaders among the best.

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In memory of my father, sister, her husband,
and their children, and all our relatives.
I am translating this memorial book of the
martyrs of Strzyzow to the language spoken
by my children, and grandchildren, so they
will know what happened to the Jewish people
who lived amidst the civilized nations of
Europe, during the Second World War, between
the years 1939-1945.

Harry Langsam

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I would like to express my gratitude to my daughter, Rema Nadel, and to my son-in-law, Michael Friedberg, for the time spent with me helping in the translation of this memorial book. Without them it would have been difficult for me to achieve my goal.

The translator

COMMEMORATION OF MARTYRS

May the merciful Father who dwells on high, in his infinite mercy, remember those saintly, upright and blameless souls, the holy communities who offered their lives for the sanctification of the Divine Name. They were lovely and amiable in their life, and were not parted in their death. They were swifter than eagles and stronger than lions to do the will of their Master and the desire of their stronghold. May our G-d remember them favorably among the other righteous of the world; may he avenge the blood of his servants which has been shed, as it is written in the Torah of Moses, the man of G-d: "O nations, make his people joyful! He avenges the blood of His servants, renders retribution to His foes, and provides atonement for His land and people." And by Thy servants, the Prophets, it is written: "I will avenge their blood which I have not yet avenged; the Lord dwells in Zion." And in the holy writing it is said; "Why should the nations say, 'where then is their G-d?' let the vengeance for Thy servants' blood that is shed be made known among the nations in our sight." And it is said: "The avenger of bloodshed remembers them; He does not forget the cry of the humble." And it is further said: "He will execute judgment upon the nations and fill (the battle-field) with corpses; He will shatter the (enemies) head over all the wide earth. From the brook by the wayside he will drink; then he will lift up his head triumphantly."

On such sadness
Tears should be endless
Each person should be concerned
And each heart distressed

(Reb Yehuda Halevi)

Because between us and the Western World,
The bodies of the untainted martyrs are lying,
From my murdered people young and old,
Killed in the season of bloom and season of snow....
The dust that supposedly had them covered did not cover
Their exalted faces....They radiate in their exposure
And we the heirs:
For all the goodness and honor that they paid for
with their blood, here we shall be burdened
to carry for ever the eternal light.

From a poem by
Uri Tzvi Greenberg.

STRYZOW MY LITTLE TOWN

By Shlomo Yahalomi

Here is a story, a very sad story
About a town which vanished with all its glory,
Horrible is the story, behold!
In this book the story will unfold.

There was once a town
A very small town
Surrounded with hills, and valley galore,
It belonged to me, you, and more.

Although its territory was small,
A few hundred families in all,
Two thousand people or maybe less--
Her importance everyone impressed.

There were Rabbis a score,
Great scholars blessed by G-d they were.
Sons and grandsons, descendants
Of holy men, and in Torah studies valiant.

From Ropczyce Rabbi Naphtali the men
Who, with wisdom, the Hassidic world ran,
Rabbi Mendele, of the book Sova Smachot the author,
From which people our traditions learned to adore.

The author of Drishat Ari, the book
Turned our town into his study nook,
To study with diligence he was keen,
With his cousin the Yismach Moshe he was always seen.

To enchant the hearts and revive the souls,
Was the author of Bnuyot Ramah's goal.
And with his penetrating preaching
He brought for the souls a healing.

The one from Dynov, the extreme,
Fighting G-d's war was his dream.
Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech the holy,
In our town wonders performed, truly.

The Tzadik Rabbi Elazar from Lanzut
Was popular and looked good,
His father named him as his heir
And he proudly filled the rabbinical chair.

STRYZOW MY LITTLE TOWN

Rabbi Shlomo, the lion of the group,
Was our Rabbi and leader of troop,
His ways were benevolence and might;
He was our guiding light.

Rabbi Shlomo with his roaring voice,
His chanting split heavens, and we rejoiced.
Aroused the pious and those nondevout,
Never tolerated a weakening of belief in G-d.

The town was once upon a time
A home, when they were in their prime
Two Baal Shem Tov lads
Who always lived in a world above their heads.

Rabbi Elazar Fishel, the kabbala man,
Thought that to speed the redemption he can.
He authored several books, and also studied mysticism,
Always a dreamer, far removed from realism.

We had many more personalities
Who nowadays are considered rarities.
For their good deeds they were well-known
Because here in town they were born.

Simple people, and scholars abundant
Who studied Torah daily, and kept the covenant.
With crystal clear hearts beyond fault
Never did they dare G-d to insult.

Hassidim truly and stirring
From exaltation like fire burning,
Always joyful and happy
Never became tired, always snappy.

Light they spread like a candle
With G-d fearing spirit, everyone's heart they kindled.
For sacrifice-always ready,
Generous to the poor, never greedy.

Young men with brains acute
Spent their days in Gemara's sophistry.
Their energy and power they spent
To find in the commentaries for their questions answers at hand.

Our merchants and tradesmen
Were hospitable to strangers and kinsmen.
Our town also was blessed
To have good leaders among the best.

STRYZOW MY LITTLE TOWN

There were also women righteous and modest,
With hearts of gold and with mercy possessed.
And Psalms-reciting Jews who did their best
During the prayers for redemption G-d addressed.

Whatever there was, whatever there has been
This town disappeared entirely from the scene.
Woe! Woe! What a tragedy! What an end.
They all perished. It is hard to comprehend.

Once upon a time, there was a town
What left is a piece of stone
Which is Strzyzow's monument
Mounted on a wall in the martyrs basement.

THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

DEDICATED TO THE HOLY COMMUNITY OF STRYZOW AND VICINITY

For the generations who remained buried in foreign lands, and for those whose burial place nobody knows, because the cemeteries have been turned into public parks, and their gravestones used for sidewalks; only a few gravestones were saved after the intervention of the survivors from Strzyzow; they were removed from the sidewalks and returned to the site of the last Jewish cemetery before the war;

For the last generation who worked for the beginning of the redemption, but had not lived to see it; they sanctified the name of Heaven with their martyred deaths during the European Holocaust, and have not had even a Jewish burial.

To the natives of Strzyzow and vicinity who are spread throughout the four corners of the world, may this book be a bond with their perished brothers and sisters, and to their offspring a way of getting acquainted with their origin.

Itzhok the son of Baruch Berglass

DO NOT FORGET!

In the very ancient times, the people of Israel in Egypt, in the land of Goshen, resided among the Egyptians, but did not mingle with them. They were quiet and humble. They were faithful to the King, and obeyed the laws. As it is written: "And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly mighty. And the land was filled with them."

"Behold! The people of the children of Israel are too many and too mighty for us." They became rich from exploiting us. The King got smart and published the "White Papers" which in reality were black. The proclamation said: "All firstborn Jewish males should be killed."

On appearance, the Egyptians were very civilized, and did not question this ordinance. On the contrary, they faithfully obeyed this order without hesitation, and for a time, it seemed that there would be no Jewish male child survivor, Heaven forbid.

But one Jewish mother by the name of Yochebed, succeeded in hiding her firstborn son in a wooden box, and putting it in the Nile River. When Batyah, the daughter of Pharaoh, came to the river to bathe, she heard a baby crying. Immediately, she understood that this baby is probably one of the last Jewish children, and she could not be so merciless not to spare this child's life.

But here is what happened in our century; a tragic and terribly Holocaust, nothing like that ever happened to the Jews in the Diaspora. The corpses are still before our eyes. The orphans, the very few who survived, small children and adults, they were standing before our eyes. It happened almost yesterday, but they already seemed far away, almost forgotten. Few remember that once upon a time there was a Jewish people great in numbers and quality amongst the Europeans, the so called "civilized" nations. The Jewry of Poland, Lithuania, Galicia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Romania, and Russia. All categories, Hassidim, Mitnagdim, plain Jews, Jewish tradesmen, Jewish farmers, Rabbis, heads of Yeshivot, millions of them, also scientists, poets, writers, politicians, and philosophers. A Jewish life full of energy and creativity. And suddenly a poisonous snake, Hitler, came to power and ordered the final solution, to annihilate all Jews, that no one should survive.

These cultured, intelligent, German people of composers, poets and philosophers, turned loose their animal instincts to kill mercilessly, in a most cruel way. Old and young indiscriminately, all ages. They killed, murdered, burnt and even buried alive, six million! Six million! Can they be forgotten? And yet, in a miraculous way a few survived.

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

One from a shtetl, two from a family, remnants of the European Jewry.
And they are the ones who have sworn not to forget.

Those who heard about the Holocaust from far away might be inclined to forget, but not the people who witnessed this tragedy. Those individual survivors who lost their wives, husbands, parents, children, they keep reminding us, and are warning us every minute, every hour of the day, in every place: DO NOT FORGET!

And from the general destruction to the destruction of our beloved home, our beloved shtetl Strzyzow. Although it was small, to us it was a great place.

Once there was a place in Poland, at the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, the name of this place was Strzyzow. Small, but important enough to write about. About the Torah scholars, the Hassidim, and about how the sound of Torah never ceased to be heard from the inside of the Beit Hamidrash, the kloiz. About the beginning of Hassidism which goes back to the time of the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of the Hassidic movement.

We will write about all the stories and legends that were told in this town. The lights and shadows which existed, and had their influence on the town. This place has a historical value to tell about her past. All the tales I have heard from the elders, and what I have read here and there. It is worthwhile to collect all this in a book, particularly when this is our town where we were born and raised until the destruction by the cursed Nazis.

This book will serve as a perpetuation of the town, for our sake and for the sake of the martyrs who went up in flames to heaven and died for the sanctification of the Divine Name. It is the duty of all those who survived to do everything possible, that this place should not be forgotten. Not by us, nor by future generations. With G-d's help, I told here the stories which I collected from my notebook which were written not with ink, but with blood and tears.

May G-d help us to succeed in our task.

Shlomo Yahalomi (Diamand)
The son of Joseph Chaim.
A remnant, rescued from
fire.

ABOUT THE RABBIS IN STRYZOW

THE SPIRITUAL STRYZOW

By Shlomo Yahalomi

When I started to write about Strzyzow in general, and about the Rabbis in particular, I started with a prayer. "Dear G-d, help me not to exaggerate where I do not intend to, and not to belittle anybody who deserves to be praised. Therefore, I apologize to everyone, the victims and the survivors. If I overlooked anything or anybody."

If an average book is holy, this book about the Holocaust victims is holier than holy. And if someone would ask me, "Who are you to undertake such a task?" My reply would be, "Sorry!" Not too many of us survived, somebody had to do it in order that Strzyzow would not be forgotten." I felt that we are obligated to memorialize the martyrs of Strzyzow.

Nobody really knows when the Jews settled in Strzyzow. The old people used to tell that Strzyzow was founded about four centuries ago. There was one gravestone in the oldest cemetery which was located in the center of the town. The inscription read as follows: "Here rests the holy man Eliyahu and his wife who died in the year 1740."

There was a story going around that this holy man wrote in his will that in time of trouble or sickness, people should come and pray at his grave. And the people carried out the man's request. Also, two pupils of the Baal Shem Tov, lived in Strzyzow of which the town was very proud. To the writer of these memories it was told by one old man that in his father's writings he found a story about these two pupils. One was well known in town and was supported by the community. However, the other man did not divulge his identity, and was very poor, making a living as a water carrier. His wife knowing what a Tzadik he was, demanded that he should stop being so humble, so the people of the town would help him out. But he refused her demands with all kind of excuses. Subsequently, their situation reached the point of desperation, and he surrendered to his wife's request. He announced that the coming Sabbath he will preach in shul G-d's words. On that Sabbath, the shul attracted more people than usual. People attended out of curiosity, wondering what can a water carrier possibly tell them. But lo and behold, they heard a preaching from this man that everybody was astounded. His words penetrated in their souls. People were crying. Everyone said that a preaching like this they never heard in their lives.

Strzyzow was once visited by Rabbi Levi Itzhok from Berdichev. He stayed in town over the Sabbath, also Rabbi Mendelev from Rymanov often visited the town. Both Rabbis were considered the pillars of Hassidism, and Strzyzow was very proud to host such visitors.

RABBIS WHO SERVED IN STRYZOW AND LATER BECAME FAMOUS

Even though the Jews settled in Strzyzow four hundred years ago, I did not succeed to trace the names of the Rabbis who served the first two hundred years. The reason is that apparently none of them authored any books or commentary by which we could have identified them. Indeed there was no gravestones of any Rabbis in the cemeteries except one, the gravestone of Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz. The elders in town and Rabbi Tzvi

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Elimelech Shapiro who served as Rabbi of Strzyzow confirmed that fact by saying that no Rabbi who served the community of Strzyzow ever died in Strzyzow, because they always moved to a better place which meant a bigger community.

RABBI ARYEH LEIB HALEVI

Rabbi Aryeh Leib Halevi, was the first Rabbi of whom we know. He was the uncle of Rabbi Moshe Teitelbaum, the author of the book Yismach Moshe. Rabbi Aryeh Leib Halevi, was the Rabbi of Strzyzow for twenty five years, from 1740 to 1765. He was the author of several books on various subjects strictures and rules, about circumcision and phylacteries, and also about Sabbath and holidays. The book Even Hapina he left unfinished because he was suddenly summoned before the Creator.

THE GODLY KABALIST, AND RABBI, ELIEZER FISHEL

Rabbi Eliezer Fishel was the author of two kabalistic books: Olam Hagadol, and Midrash Lepirushim. He signed the book as a native of Strzyzow. He was the grandson of the famous Rabbi Itzhok from Krakow, who was called in Yiddish: "Der groiser Rebbe fun Krakow." Rabbi Eliezer Fishel was also at one time the preacher in Brody. Although the historian Dr. Gelber, wrote that Rabbi Eliezer was born in Czeszanov, but this is incorrect. Apparently, Dr. Gelber never referred to the above mentioned two books where Rabbi Eliezer Fishel clearly indicated that he was born in Strzyzow. While speaking of Rabbi Eliezer Fishel, let us mention his son Rabbi Moshe Yechiel, who served as Rabbi in Biala, Lithuania. The son was one of the staunchest admirers of Rabbi Mendele from Kock. Rabbi Moshe Yechiel was a wealthy man, having received a hefty dowry in the sum of hundred thousand rubles from his rich father-in-law.

THE TZADIK FROM ROPCZYCE, RABBI NAPHTALI HOROWITZ

Rabbi Naphtali served as Rabbi of Strzyzow a short time only. He was born on the day when the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Hassidism died. Rabbi Chaim, the Rabbi from Sandz said that there was a sunset and sunrise at the same time. Rabbi Naphtali studied Torah at his uncle's house, the famous Rabbi Meshulam, who lived in Tiszmienice, and he was also a pupil of the Rabbi Elimelech from Lezajsk. Rabbi Naphtali was famous for his jokes, however, some Hassidim disapproved, especially his father-in-law. His father-in-law complained to Rabbi Naphtali's father about his joking and lightheadedness and asked him to intervene. Rabbi Menachem Mendel, Rabbi Naphtali's father, went to Dukla, where Rabbi Naphtali lived, to attend a wedding where his son was supposed to be the jester and amuse the guests. When he heard his son's jesting, he said to his son's father-in-law: "You call this jesting? Behold! He recites whole chapters from Rabbi Chaim Vital's book, The Tree of Life."

After Rabbi Naphtali from Ropczyce left Strzyzow, a very famous scholar from Tarnov became Rabbi of Strzyzow. His name was Menachem Mendel, the author of the book Sova Smachot, a commentary of the Talmudic

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tractate Kidushin. This is the tractate that sets the rules and laws of marriage and the relationship between husband and wife.

Strzyzow was very proud to have him as its religious leader. He died in 1871. After his departure, Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro was invited to Strzyzow to be its Rabbi.

RABBI TZVI ELIMELECH SHAPIRO

Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech was loved by everyone. He served as Rabbi in five communities: Rybotycze, Strzyzow, Oleszczycze, Dynov, and Munkatch. In each city he served a few years only. Ultimately, he returned to Dynov where he spent the rest of his life. He was once asked why he changes places so often, and he replied: "If a man has several barrels and keeps rearranging them does someone ask him 'why?' The boss above does it, he knows where to put his barrels."

He was the author of many books: Agra D'Pirka, Agra D'Kala, Bnei Yesoschor, Regel Yesharim, Derech P'Kudecha, Magid Taalumot, Vehayah Beacha, and Reach Dodaim. Very interesting commentaries on Torah, Zohar, and Talmud.

Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech was a fighter. He fought against the spreading of the Berlin Haskala Movement and its founder Mendelsohn. He saw them as the destroyers of Judaism. He was apprehensive that the Haskala movement will cause mass conversion.

Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech was born in Javornik. His father was Reb Pesach Langsam, and his mother was the sister of Rabbi Elimelech from Lezajsk. A whole volume could have been written about this Rabbi and his sons Rabbi Elazar from Lancut and Rabbi David from Dynov, about whom the father said that his soul was drawn from aristocratic stock. But we were limited in space and could not possibly write everything about them, but without intention of demeaning their reverence. The elders in town were proud of their Rabbi, and his offspring, who added glory to the Jewish world for generations.

THE HOLY RABBI ELAZAR FROM LANCUT AND STRYZOW

Rabbi Elazar Shapiro was the son of Tzvi Elimelech from Dynov. Rabbi Elazar was named Rabbi of Strzyzow in the year 1838, Rabbi Tzvi Hersch from Ziditchov said about him, that he never saw such elegant looks as this young man possessed. Rabbi Elazar was always the first to come into the Beit Hamidrash Friday afternoon alone to welcome the Sabbath. Once he came very early and his son Shlomo was with him. In the Beit Hamidrash there was only one man sitting at the oven, dressed in simple Sabbath clothes like the poor people wore, and recited Psalms. When the man saw Rabbi Elazar coming in, he stood up, merrily greeted the Rabbi and returned to his seat. Said Rabbi Elazar to his son Shlomo: You know what my father Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech said about this man? He said that this man is the pillar of a third of the world."

Once Rabbi Elazar and his son Rabbi Shlomo, accompanied by the holy Rabbi Shalom from Kaminka, traveled together to visit the famous Rabbi

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from Ryzyn. On their way back their funds ran out. This was near the city of Stanislawow, where they stopped at an inn to rest. While discussing among themselves about their situation, a blind wanderer came in and approached Rabbi Elazar who, at that time, served as Rabbi of Strzyzow, and told him about a woman relative who lives in Wysoka, a village near Strzyzow, if he would be so kind to take some money for her. The Rabbis agreed happily to deliver the money. In the meantime, they obtained some money on their own. When they reached Strzyzow and inquired about the woman, they found out that there was never a woman by that name in that village. They were sure that the money was sent to them from heaven.

An interesting story happened before Rabbi Elazar's wedding. During the engagement, the father of the bride, Reb Joshua Heshel Holles, a very wealthy man, promised a dowry in the sum of four hundred golden guildens, to be paid before the wedding ceremony. The father of the groom, Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro, was living in Rybotycze, and that is where the wedding ceremony supposed to have taken place. Before the wedding, the father of the bride wanted to reduce the promised dowry, claiming that his business suffered a setback. Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech insisted on the full amount to be paid as promised, before the ceremony. The father of the bride became angry and made up his mind to break off the engagement. And so he did. On the way home the father noticed the sadness and the painful expression on his daughter's face. He returned to Rybotycze and paid the dowry, and the wedding took place after all. But, it was G-d's will that the money should be lost.

When Rabbi Elazar lived with his father, Rabbi Elimelch, who by then was the Rabbi of Munkatch, his mother Tova Chava, gave the money to a wealthy man for which she was to be earning interest. However, when the people in town found out that Rabbi Elazar had deposited a large sum with the wealthy man, they kept coming to ask for loans. Rabbi Elazar being a goodhearted man, kept giving notes to the holder of his money until it was all gone.

In 1857, Rabbi Elazar was elected as Rabbi of Lancut, and there he lived until the end of his days. He passed away in Vienna in 1865. By the intervention of Baron Rothchild, and the pleas of his son, Rabbi Shlomo, with the approval of Rabbi Chaim from Sandz, his remains were brought to rest in Lancut.

RABBI ISRAEL DOV GELERNTER, OF BLESSED MEMORY, FROM JASIEENICE

After Rabbi Elazar left Strzyzow, Rabbi Israel Dov took his place. He was the author of the book Ravid Zahav. He absorbed Torah from many great scholars in Galicia, especially from Rabbi Naphtali from Ropczyce, with whom he studied for fifteen years. He venerated very much his Rabbi, and always talked about his wisdom and skills. Here is an episode that Rabbi Israel Dov Gelernter told about his Rabbi. Rabbi Israel Dov had a very good friend, Reb Joseph, the son of the Rabbi from Plantch. They always sat together at the Rabbi's table. It was customary that Rabbi Naphtali gave small challas to his admirers who were sitting around his table, and to these two friends he always gave a large challah. Once, something happened to their friendship, and when the Rabbi gave everyone

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the challah on Friday night, he gave to these two men two separate challas. After the meal, when they went home they began to do some thinking about what the Rabbi did. Suddenly they realized that the Rabbi noticed their broken friendship. They apologized to each other, drank "L'Chaim," and made up. The next day, at the Sabbath noontime meal, the Rabbi gave them again a double challah.

RABBI SHLOMO SHAPIRO OF STRYZOW-MUNKATCH

As it was told in the previous chapter, when Rabbi Elazar was elected Rabbi of Lancut, Rabbi Israel Dov Gelernter became Rabbi of Strzyzow. However, when he found out that Rabbi Elazar was not pleased with his replacement, he left Strzyzow in the middle of the night. Later, Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro, the son of Rabbi Elazar, became Rabbi of Strzyzow.

Rabbi Shlomo was born in 1832, Rybotycze, a small town in Galicia. He married Chaya Fruma Ryvka, the granddaughter of Rabbi Moshe Leib From Sassov.

Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro had a good voice to sing and chant, for which he was famous all over Galicia and Hungary. As a child he was a prodigy. He authored the book Beit Shlomo, a commentary on the Five Books of Moses. Before he became Bar Mitzva, he traveled to Rabbi Israel from Ryzin to ask for his blessing. When the Rabbi asked him what is his wish, he replied: "My wish is to achieve purity in serving G-d, and the people. Rabbi Shlomo later said that whenever he was praying he felt Rabbi Israel's spirit within him. Rabbi Shlomo was the third generation to serve as Rabbi in Strzyzow. The time he served as Rabbi was marked by scandals and controversy. He handed in his resignation several times, but he always came back after the community leaders pleaded with him and apologized for the trouble they caused.

Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro was an ardent admirer of Rabbi Chaim Halberstam from Sandz, and stood by him during the controversy which broke out between him and Rabbi Israel from Ryzin. The controversy was about a different approach to Hassidism. The majority of Strzyzow sided with the Rabbi from Ryzin, and this caused a lot of friction in the community. Then, another controversy was added on top of it.

In 1882, the Kehillah in Strzyzow wanted to hire a cantor, a retired Austrian officer, about whom rumors were circulating that he did not observe the Sabbath even when he was able to. Reb Shlomo fiercely opposed the hiring of the cantor. This opposition escalated dissention even more and reached a point where a Kehillah member insulted Rabbi Shlomo. Ultimately, Rabbi Shlomo accepted an invitation to serve as Rabbi of Munkatch, a much bigger and more respectable community in Hungary.

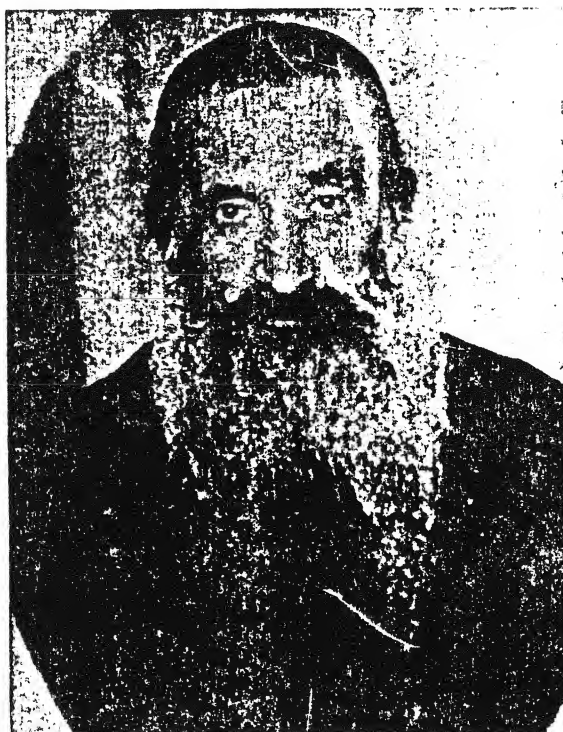
Being apprehensive that his admirers might try to persuade him to remain in Strzyzow, he left the town during the night and stayed at my grandfather's farm. This time he also took his family with him, unlike the previous times. Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro left Strzyzow in 1882, after he served as its Rabbi for twenty four years. His two sons, Rabbi Tzvi Hersh, and Rabbi Moshe Leib were also with him, including his little grandson, the child prodigy Reb Chaim Elazar, who later became the famous Rabbi from Munkatch. After Rabbi Shlomo left Strzyzow, his followers

RABBI CHAIM ELAZAR SHAPIRO
THE RABBI OF STRYZOW-MUNKATCH



האדמו"ר ר' חיים אלעזר שפירא זצ"ל
מסעריווב—ביוקן

RABBI ALTER ZEV HOROWITZ
THE RABBI OF STRYZOW



הרב ר' אלטר זאב הורביץ אב"ק סטריזוב זצ"ל

REB WOLF DEUTCH ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE AND
EFFICIENT KEHILA LEADER IN STRYZOW.



ר' חולף דויטש
מראשי הקהילה הנמרצים בסטריזוב

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

THE LAST PRESIDING KEHILA LEADER IN
STRYZOW



ר' הישל דיאמנט
ראש הקהילה האחרון בסטריזוב
דער לעצטער סטריזובר ראש הקהל

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

and his opponents realized what a great loss Strzyzow suffered. They sent him a letter with an apology and asked him to return, but he refused. Later, the Kehillah leaders turned to his son Rabbi Moshe Leib and asked him to take his father's place. Not only did he refuse, but he sent back a nasty letter to the Kehillah leaders. Finally, the town gave up on the Shapiros, and turned to somebody from the Ropczyce Dynasty.

THE TZADIK RABBI ALTER ZEV HOROWITZ

A letter of invitation was sent to Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz, the great-grandson of the famous Rabbi Naphtali from Ropczyce. He accepted the invitation and peace returned to the community.

However, it did not last long.

Suddenly, Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro returned to Strzyzow. At his arrival, he was asked by the community leaders for the reason of his return, and what his future plans are, "I came back just to live here," he replied. Soon the people who still remembered the greatness of his father, and also knew Rabbi Moshe Leib's qualifications, began to urge him to claim back his Rabbinical post. And another dispute began brewing between his followers and the followers of Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz, who, meanwhile, had established himself in town and was respected by everyone. Ultimately, it was decided to bring the dispute before a Rabbinical court.

Three well-known Rabbis were chosen as judges: The Rabbi from Tarnov, the Rabbi from Rawa-Ruska, and the Rabbi from Bergsaz, Hungary. However, their decision was inconclusive, two were in favor of Rabbi Alter Zev, and one against. And the dispute lasted for generations.

Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro was Rabbi in Sassov before his return to Strzyzow. Even though he never got back his Rabbinical post, his devoted admirers supported him materially. When the First World War began, Rabbi Moshe Leib moved to Vienna where he passed away during the war.

Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz passed away in 1930, and his grandson Reb Kalonymus Horowitz inherited the Rabbinical post, including the never solved dispute. Hitler put an end to all the arguments.

Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, the son of Rabbi Moshe Leib, remained in Vienna after his father's death until the rise of anti-Semitism forced him to return home. He returned to Strzyzow in 1930.

THE ASSISTANT RABBIS IN STRYZOW

Although there were in the early years Assistant Rabbis in Strzyzow as in other towns in Galicia, to us are known only a few highly revered Assistant Rabbis during the second half of the nineteenth century and the beginning of twentieth century, until the Second World War.

Rabbi Joseph Mordechai Wiener, served during Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro. He was a popular scholar, distinguished, and a faultlessly righteous man. Reb Joseph Mordechai, was an admirer of the Rabbi from Sandz, Rabbi Chaim Halberstam. He continued to serve after Rabbi Shlomo left, and Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz took over the Rabbinical chair. His son, Reb David Wiener, was one of the jewels of the town. We will tell about him in another section in this book. A second son of Reb Joseph Mordechai was

ABOUT THE RABBIS IN STRYZOW

Reb Isachar Dov, a great scholar, pious and G-d-fearing, about whom it was said that he was holy since conception. He lived in Brzozov. His daughter was the wife of Reb Leib Friedman, the Shochet in Strzyzow. The second daughter, Bracha, was married to Reb Yacov Schiff, who was also a pious, humble man, and we also will tell about him in another section of this book. The offspring of Reb Joseph Mordechai perished in the Holocaust, except one son of Reb David Wiener, who survived in France.

Later, Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman was elected as Assistant Rabbi. He served side by side with Rabbi Alter Zev. He was acute and clever. He chanted during the High Holidays. His children were Reb Moshe Meir, one of the smartest people in town, daughter Sarah, who was the wife of Reb Elazar Weiss, and Luba, who lived in Limanov. One daughter moved to Rzeszov where she established a big family, and Tauba resided in Pilzno.

After Reb Alter Ezra passed away, the town remained without an Assistant Rabbi for a long time. It was hard to find a replacement. The more qualified Rabbis refused to settle in Strzyzow, and the less qualified, Strzyzow refused to hire, after having a tradition of such good and highly qualified Assistant Rabbis. Finally, Reb Yacov Shpalter from Illitch was named Assistant Rabbi. He was a learned man, well versed in Talmud and Halacha, but more relaxed in strictures which caused tension between him and Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro. Reb Yacov Shpalter and his entire family were wiped out in the Holocaust except one grandson, Ephraim, who lives with us in Israel.

Recently, the book Toldot Noah which was first published in Przemyśl in 1929, and reissued in Jerusalem in 1966, came into my hands. In this book it is written that the author, Rabbi Naphtali Nutman, of blessed memory, served as Assistant Rabbi in Strzyzov. His grandson, Reb Israel Nutman from Strzyzow tells in his foreword to the above book that the father of Rabbi Naphtali Chaim Nutman, was a wealthy man, but his son left the house to study Torah with the author of Maleh Haroyim. He studied day and night and became a great Torah scholar. He was well versed in religious rules and strictures, especially in authoritative laws. A Second grandson of the author, Reb Abraham Pinchos Weisman, told in the end of the book, that before his grandfathers departure (this was on a Friday), Reb Naphtali Chaim asked what time it was, and, when he was told that it was already afternoon, he said: "Master of Universe, please, let me live in this world until after the Sabbath." Soon he began to feel better. He prayed the afternoon prayer with great exaltation not appearing sick at all. On a Saturday night in May 1840, he passed away at the age of forty two. During the Hassidic controversy between Sandz and Ryzin he remained neutral.

STRYZOW AND ITS INHABITANTS

STRYZOW MY BIRTHPLACE

In my survey about the shtetl Stryzow and its Jews during the last fifty years, I tried to paint a clear and truthful picture about life in the shtetl, without any prejudice or glorification. I did not exaggerate the negative, because the dead cannot defend themselves. However, certain facts I could not hide, in order to be truthful. In my writing I relied strictly on my memory, during more than forty years of my life in my birthplace. My parents and grandparents were also born in Stryzow. I heard the Ritter story from my father and also from Reb shlomo Yahalomi. An important source of information for me was Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff, who emigrated with his family to Eretz Israel before the Holocaust. The blood libel of 1919, and the pogrom that followed I witnessed myself. As to what happened during the Holocaust, I mostly relied on what Reb Itzhok Leib Rosen told me. He lived through the tragedy and survived, also from another survivor, Reb Shimon Mandel, who just happened to be in Stryzow when the war broke out. He was visiting his grandfather and was forced to remain in Stryzow. I was unable to obtain any information about the Jews who lived in the villages around Stryzow, about their lives and sufferings during the Holocaust years. I wrote in general about common life in various cities throughout Galicia, of which Stryzow was no exception.

In describing life in Stryzow and about the Zionist movement, I had to mention also the part I played in it as a leader for eighteen years. By mentioning my part in the movement, I did not intent to boast about it but I could not avoid it either. If I left somebody out or told something incorrectly, my apology. It was not intentional.

STRYZOW

Stryzow was located in Central Galicia, in the southern part of Poland, midway between Rzeszow and Yaslo. The Wisloka River flows through the city. To strangers the name Stryzow does not mean much. It was known only to Jews living in the nearby cities in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, bordering Slovakia and Hungary. It was also known to the admirers of Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro and his son who left Stryzow and moved to Munkatch. To researchers who wrote history about Galician Jews and their Rabbis, Stryzow was well-known, because very famous Rabbis resided in Stryzow. At one time or another these Rabbis became religious leaders all over Galicia.

Cities like Stryzow one could find in the thousands in that part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Stryzow had interrelations with many cities of the Empire, commercial and by marriage, until the end of the First World War, when Galicia was included in the reestablished independent Poland. To those who were born in Stryzow, and spent most or part of

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their life there, particularly their childhood, Strzyzow never ceased to exist, and they can never forget it, because of the memories, whether they were happy or sad ones.

I will begin my story about the last period before the Holocaust, from about the end of the nineteenth century until the destruction, since I have very little information of life in Strzyzow before that period.

Spiritually, it was a very rich life, a life of work, study, and spiritual fulfillment. Youths lived a life of dreams about a better future that never materialized. We like to commemorate those people who were always busy doing something for other people, helping the poor and the sick, lending money interest-free to the less fortunate; our parents, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends who perished by the Satan of Europe. Such a tragedy should never be forgotten.

In 1895, a big fire destroyed the attic and the roof of the shul, and the entire structure of the Beit Hamidrash. The attic of the shul was used as a storage place for the pinkasim. These pinkasim were an irreplaceable source of information for the community. The period of which I am writing is about its ups and downs in the social life of the community and also about its economic life, especially after the First World War. The Zionist movement contributed to the progress and modernization of life in Strzyzow.

Nobody knows exactly when the Jews settled in Strzyzow. In Polish history books, Jews were mentioned since the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the first and oldest cemetery was an old gravestone dated 1703. There were other gravestones, but the dates were worn off. The tree trunks in the cemetery showed signs of very old age. The shul was built four hundred years ago. According to the Polish history books, Strzyzow was founded in the tenth century, and most inhabitants were shepherds, who specialized in shearing sheep. Strzyzow in Polish means shearing, that is how the name Strzyzow originated. In 1241, Strzyzow was still mentioned as a village, but at the end of the thirteenth century, Strzyzow was proclaimed a city.

Since Strzyzow served as an overnight stopover for travelers on their way from Poland to Hungary, they were permitted to sell wine and spirits, and that contributed to the economy of the city.

In the sixteenth century, the Arians, a Christian sect, settled in Strzyzow and its vicinity. These settlers contributed to the improvement of life in the city culturally and economically. The entire area was ruled by feudals for centuries. They owned the land, flour mills, brick yards, and breweries, which by the way, was the main industry of Strzyzow and its vicinity until the Second World War.

The ownership of these enterprises changed hands. It was passed on from generation to generation. Names like Jan and Mikolay Olva, Stanislaw Wielkopolski, and Strazowski were still remembered by some old people. One of the last feudal lords was the head of the Wolkowitzki family whom the Jews used to call "the old man," to distinguish between him and his son who lived in our time.

The old Wolkowitzki, took part in the Polish Uprising against the Russian Tzar, and escaped to Galicia where he married a daughter from one of these wealthy families in town, and settled in Strzyzow.

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At the beginning of the century, feudalism was abolished by the Austrian government. Old man Wolkowitzki, gained his Austrian citizenship with the title of "Count." He was awarded the monopoly to sell wine and spirits, and other taxable merchandise, and later leased these rights to Jews. These Jewish lessees had a bad reputation in the community as being mistrustful for their association with the local non-Jewish people. However, they mustered respect out of fear, and therefore, they were always elected to the community leadership. I still remember three such personalities who served as heads of the community. I will write about them later in this book.

Until the end of the nineteenth century, most of the buildings in Strzyzow were wooden structures except a few houses that were built from stone. All the wooden houses were destroyed during the big fire which I mentioned before, and were replaced with brick buildings. The big fire started in the house of Reb Yacov Sturm, the hatmaker. The oven which he used to dry the hats caught fire and within minutes, the whole town was engulfed in flames. The wooden houses with their straw roofs burnt down to the ground, and from the stone houses all that remained was the walls and chimneys. The City Hall, the roof of the shul, the entire structure of the Beit Hamidrash, everything went up in smoke. The local fire fighters with their primitive equipment were not able to help much, especially, when most of the equipment was used to save the local church. This fire was remembered for generations. It served as a milestone during conversations. People used to ask when did it happen, before or after the big fire? The townspeople of which the majority were Jewish, suffered heavy losses, and it took many years to rebuild the town, because fire insurance was unheard-of. Therefore, Strzyzow looked like a new little town just built. The town was remarkably clean, and the air was clean and fresh, because of the green meadows and fields surrounding the town, a perfect natural landscape with the Wisloka River flowing through the city. Strzyzow was located in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, 800 hundred feet above sea level, surrounded by pine woods. After the railroad was built at the end of the nineteenth century, Strzyzow was connected with rest of the country, and this was an important factor in the development of the city.

THE POPULATION IN STRYZOW

The population in Strzyzow was about six thousand people, evenly divided between gentiles and Jews. When Poland became independent after the First World War, in 1918, a redistricting took place in which a few nearby villages were annexed to the city, in order to create a non-Jewish majority. Although the people were not happy with the annexation because of higher taxation, no protestation helped, because the order came from the central government in Warsaw. Since then the population remained one third Jewish against two thirds gentiles.

Most of the Poles were farmers, even those who lived within the city boundaries. Some were employed by the government, and a few were professionals; teachers, doctors, judges, etc. The farmers sold their products to the Jews and in return they bought from the Jews supplies, and items

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that they did not produce.

HOW DID THE JEWS MAKE A LIVING?

Most of the Jews had little stores in the marketplace. On Market Day, which used to be on Tuesday, the farmers brought to town all their agricultural products, poultry, and cattle for sale. The local Jews and the Jews from the nearby towns who came to Strzyzow on Market Day, displayed their wares on tables and sold it to the farmers. Of course, there were as many sellers as buyers, and everyone struggled to eke out a living. Every city had a different Market Day. During the rest of the week, the people from Strzyzow traveled to markets in nearby cities. There were many Jews who went to the villages and bought directly from the farmers. Since they did not have any means of transportation and had to walk to the villages, whatever they bought they had to carry home on their backs. There were no factories in town except a lumber-mill owned by two Jewish partners. The workers in the mill were all gentiles. There were in town a few tradesmen, tailors, dressmakers, shoemakers, barbers, and a few sheetmetal craftsmen. Jews in the free professions like doctors, lawyers and dentists, were very few. They all came from other places. After they obtained their diploma, they settled in Strzyzow.

Livelihood was very hard. The people struggled all their lives to make a living. From time to time, a salesman from out of town or an agent would show up in Strzyzow to conduct some business. Preachers, scribes, and matchmakers, often visited Strzyzow, and offered their services. They stayed for a few days and left.

On Market Days, an acrobat or a magician would come and perform in the marketplace, and, until the end of the day, nobody would even know if they were Jewish or not until they appeared in shul for the evening services.

There was a group of Jews about whom nobody knew exactly what their occupation was and how they made a living. These people were intelligent self-educated, and used their knowledge to buy all kinds of freight bills or some kind of discount papers, and since the average Jewish merchant did not know how to read or write, they had to rely on these people as middlemen. Booksellers often came to display their wares in the Beit Hamidrash, sold religious and story books in Yiddish. Occasionally they would secretly sell to young people books from the new Hebrew literature. Out-of-town beggars frequented the town, and went from door to door begging alms. Of course, nobody ever refused them a donation.

THE RABBIS IN STRYZOW

The most famous of the Rabbis who served in Strzyzow was Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro from Dynow, the founder of the Dynow Rabbinic Dynasty. After he left Strzyzow his son, Rabbi Elazar, was elected to replace his father. After serving a few years in Strzyzow, Reb Elazar left and his son, Rabbi Shlomo became Rabbi of Strzyzow.

Reb Shlomo served the community in the second half of the nineteenth century. The older people in Strzyzow remembered him well. They called him the Munkatcher Rabbi, because he left Strzyzow for the Rabbinical post in Munkatch, the capital of the Carpathian-Ruthenian district.

Rabbi Shlomo was beloved and admired in Stryzow. He left Stryzow because Munkatch was a much larger community, and his father and grandfather served as Rabbis of Munkatch. The people in Stryzow were unhappy about his leaving. Therefore, he left Stryzow during the night. Rabbi Shlomo's mistake was that he did not secure a replacement. While living in Munkatch he groomed his older son Rabbi Tzvi Hersh to take his place and returned to Stryzow with the intent to put his younger son Reb Moshe Leib in the rabbinical chair. However, it was too late. The post was filled by a young Rabbi, Alter Zev Horowitz, from the Ropczyce Dynasty. This young Rabbi had just married and was looking for a place to settle, and, it was then that the everlasting Rabbinnical dispute began.

The young rabbi was a very bright young man and the community took a liking to him, especially the members of the Kehillah Committee and other influential people in the community. Rabbi Alter Zev bought an old house which he demolished and replaced it with a three story building, the first such building in Stryzow's history. He served the community close to fifty years. He was a very strict and demanding leader, a scholar, spent most of his time studying Torah. He was a pious man, strictly observing all religious laws meticulously, and chanted the prayers with special melodies of his own compositions. Before the High holidays he trained a choir to assist him in chanting the High Holiday prayers, and a few of his choirboys grew up to be good cantors.

Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz had many opponents in the community, and there were always scandals and arguments, especially when Rabbi Alter Zev ignored some of the Kehillah members who sided with the Shapiros in the Rabbinical dispute, which never ceased until the Holocaust. Rabbi Alter Zev always came out a winner, having the support of the central and local non-Jewish authorities. In order to understand why, I would describe the relationship between the Poles, the Jews and the Austrians.

At that time, in the last twenty years of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, when western and eastern Galicia were one entity, and the city of Lwow was the capital, the Governor of the district was always a Polish aristocrat, a devoted sympathizer of the Hapsburg Dynasty. There was an existing animosity between the Poles and the central government in Vienna, and as always, the Jews were the victims. Austria granted to the Poles complete autonomy. The German language was used in the army and railroad administration only. The Poles also ruled the Ukrainian minority who lived mostly in rural areas. The majority of the rich landowners were Poles, and very few Jews. The Poles, in order to strengthen their influence with the Austrian government claimed that the Jews were considered Poles of Hebrew persuasion. The majority of the cities in Galicia were Jews. One of the paradoxes was that in the 1910 census the majority of the Orthodox Jews, and the assimilated Jews declared that their mother tongue is Polish, just to bootlick the Poles. Many of these Orthodox Jews did not even know to speak Polish. In contrast, the Zionist Intelligentsia who frequently used Polish, declared Yiddish to be their mother tongue.

The Hassidic movement made an alliance with the assimilated Jews to help Polish candidates win their seats in the Austrian Parliament, just to hurt the Zionist candidates. Many Rabbis, leaders of the Hassidic movement, especially the Rabbi from Belz, and the Rabbi from Munkatch,

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and many smaller Rabbis urged their followers not to vote for the Zionists.

This disunity in the Jewish camp caused the Poles to consider the Jews as pawns in their political machinations. Therefore, all these Rabbis from Strzyzow and other places, by supporting the Polish rulers, have secured their Rabbinical posts.

Whenever Rabbi Alter Zev felt threatened in Strzyzow, he always had the support of the Polish authorities. His position with the authorities improved even more after his son Reb Chaim Yehuda grew up and became an active politician, because he was not qualified to be a Rabbi. Reb Chaim Yehuda Horowitz was famous all over Galicia, and was known in the government for his influence among the Jews.

Rabbi Alter Zev was an anti-Zionist in general, but he never fought the local Zionists, claiming that the Zionists in Strzyzow just happen to be good religious people. There was plenty of antagonism between his son the politician and the Zionist movement in Poland on the political arena.

The fighting between Rabbi Alter Zev, and Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro slackened during the First World War, when both Rabbis lived in Vienna as refugees during the Russian occupation of Strzyzow. In Vienna these two Rabbis met each other often like old friends. It seemed that they had declared a cease-fire. During the war Rabbi Moshe Leib passed away, and his son Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro remained in Vienna for a few more years after the war.

When Rabbi Alter Zev went on in years, he, and his family begun to worry about securing the Rabbinical seat for his grandson, Kalonymus, since his son Reb Chaim Yehuda had no intention and was not qualified to take his place. Rabbi Alter Zev had decided to hand over his Rabbinical post to his grandson while he was still alive. Rabbi Alter Zev passed away the first day of Passover 1930. He was the first Rabbi in the Jewish history of Strzyzow to die, and be buried in Strzyzow. Around his gravesite a mausoleum was erected. In 1946, when the survivors of the Jewish community visited Strzyzow, they found only a pile of rubbles at the site of the mausoleum. Rabbi Kalonymus Horowitz was a very pious, G-d-fearing man, humble, and well-liked by the community, like his grandfather. In the last few years before the Holocaust, he was active in the community aiding the German-Jewish refugees, cooperating with the Zionists. When the Second World War began, he escaped to the eastern part of Galicia, which was occupied by the Soviet army. When the Soviets arrested all refugees and exiled them to Siberia, for some unknown reason he was spared and he was given a Russian passport. He lived in Rohatyn, and from there he sent food packages to Siberia where the people from Strzyzow were exiled. After the Germans occupied Rohatyn he was killed with the rest of the Jews. His father, Reb Chaim Yehuda Horowitz, lived in the ghetto Rzeszow, and died from starvation together with his family, while hiding from the Nazis in an underground bunker.

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THE RABBI FROM SASSOV

Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro was called the Rabbi from Sassov. He was the son of Rabbi Shlomo who left Strzyzow and went to Munkatch. When he was a young man he served as Rabbi in Biecz, and later became Rabbi in Sassov. Therefore, they both were called the Rabbi of Sassov. As it was mentioned before, he did not succeed to regain the Rabbinical chair.

Nevertheless, he remained in Strzyzow and was supported by his ardent followers who never recognized Rabbi Alter Zev as a legitimate Rabbi. Before every holiday, people used to send him donations. From time to time, the Kehillah also gave him cash allowances. He often left Strzyzow and traveled throughout Czechoslovakia and Hungary where his father was well-known, to ask for financial support.

Rabbi Moshe Leib was a very capable man, and after the big fire in Strzyzow, he built himself a beautiful house with a chapel which he used as a study and to pray. He later converted the chapel into a big prayer house which was called "The Kloiz." the kloiz contributed to his income, and also added to his influence in the community.

Rabbi Moshe Leib had a very pleasant voice, and chanted the prayers on every holiday. He was an excellent Torah reader, outspoken, and refused to compromise when it concerned religious laws or traditions. He concerned himself particularly with the religious upbringing of the younger generation. If he did not like how certain parents brought up their children, he refused to let them come to the pulpit to lead the prayers. He himself kept an eye on the youngsters, and as soon as he noticed someone reading a newspaper, he grabbed the paper and tore it into shreds. (In those days, reading a newspaper was a cardinal sin in the Hassidic circles.)

Rabbi Moshe Leib passed away during the First World War in Vienna, and his son Rabbi Nechemiah remained there until 1930. Rabbi Nechemiah was an official mohel and performed most of the circumcisions in the hospitals. When he returned to Strzyzow, he also was supported by his father's admirers.

Rabbi Nechemiah was very handsome with a well-groomed beard, very educated in the holy books and knowledgeable in secular subjects as well. But, he opposed Zionism like all other Rabbis. He visited the United States twice, and, when he met emigrants from Strzyzow, he urged them to be faithful to their upbringing, especially in observing the Sabbath and keeping kosher. Rabbi Nechemiah had a very high moral standard. While in the United States he refused to accept a thousand dollar donation from a "Rabbi" who, it was rumored that he earned the money unethically.

After Rabbi Nechemiah returned from Vienna, the dispute over the Rabbinical seat flared up again, in a stronger form than before, especially after Rabbi Alter Zev passed away. It should be added to the credit of the Shapiros, that during all the years of the dispute, they avoided involving the non-Jewish authorities.

When the Nazis came, Rabbi Nechemiah did not leave Strzyzow. At the beginning he went into hiding, and later, during the occupation, he moved back to his house. One of the Nazi officers who was an Austrian took a liking to him for his knowledge of the German language, and the Rabbi

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used him to get favors for the people in Strzyzow. His fate was like all the others. The Rabbi, his wife Tila, his son Reb Shlomo with his family were among the last Jews to be taken to the ghetto Rzeszow. But they never arrived there, and nobody knows where and when, or how they died.

Another son of Rabbi Nechemiah who lived in Dukla, Reb Yeshayahu Naphtali Hertz, with his family and a daughter Fruma Ryvka with her husband and children have also perished. May their memory be blessed.

(The translator of this book, before escaping the Nazis, went to see Rabbi Nechemiah, to ask for his advice and for his blessing. Despair was the expression on his face, and he said with a sigh, "In a time when the whole world is in turmoil, and nothing makes sense anymore, what possible advice can I give you? May G-d watch over you.")

The rest of the clerical functionaries in Strzyzow, like the sextons, the ritual slaughterers, the Assistant Rabbis had little impact on the community. Their function was to obey the Rabbis and the community leaders.

Besides the two official Assistant Rabbis, Reb Joseph Mordechai, and Reb Alter Ezra Seidman, who served the town, one before the First World War, and the other immediately after the war, there was one outstanding personality who lived in Strzyzow, and I would like to tell something about him. He was a descendant of the Shapiro Rabbinical Dynasty, but his father was a simple merchant. His name was Reb Eisik Holles.

Reb Eisik Holles' occupation was to study day and night literally, and, to serve G-d. He had no official function in the community, but people, instead of going to the Rabbi with their problems, preferred to ask Reb Eisik. When the holiday came around, they never forgot to send him a donation.

The last Rabbinical Assistant was Reb Yacov Shpalter. The last two ritual slaughterers were: Reb Chaim Friedman, the grandson of the Assistant Rabbi Joseph Mordechai, and Reb Mendel Rosen. They were both natives of Strzyzow. Reb Mendel Rosen had a good voice, and served sometimes as an unofficial cantor. They all perished in the Holocaust.

THE COMMUNITY LEADERSHIP. "THE KEHILLAH"

The function of the Kehillah members was to supervise Strzyzow's few public institutions: The prayer houses, the bathhouse, including also the mikva, and the cemeteries. They also provided flour for matzot and emergency charity needs. The Kehillah paid the salaries of the Rabbi and the ritual slaughterers. The funds came from three sources: The fee for slaughtering poultry and cattle, burial fee, only from those who could pay, and a special annual tax was collected from all the community members, which was assessed by the Kehillah with the approval of the authorities. The taxes were very progressive, not too burdensome, based on income. The upkeep of the prayer houses, provision of firewood were funded by the Kehillah, but small daily expenses were donated by the worshippers. The income from the sale of kosher flour for Passover was distributed among the poor. To purchase land for cemeteries and their upkeep, an inheritance tax was collected similar to the tax which is collected nowadays. This

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tax was also very progressive, and poor people did not pay. The amount of the inheritance tax depended on the wealth of the deceased, and his generosity when he donated to charity.

The Kehillah members were not paid for their services. On the contrary, it was an honor to be elected to the Kehillah. In the second half of the nineteenth century, and at the beginning of the twentieth century, the head of the Kehillah was always nominated by the gentile landowners of the surrounding land, villages, and the town. Such a nominated head of the Kehillah was Reb Zalman Mohrer, who was a very simple man. He was followed by Reb Yacov Kanner, a member of a very rich family who lived in Strzyzow for many generations. Reb Yacov Kanner was one of the last community leaders nominated by the non-Jewish authorities.

After the abolishment of feudalism, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the system changed, and the Kehillah leaders were elected by the Jewish community. Reb Tzvi Brav who was a newcomer to Strzyzow was the first head of the community elected by Jews. Names of other Kehillah leaders were: My father, Reb Baruch Berglass, Reb Wolf Deutch, Reb Moshe Diamand, Reb Alter Nechemiah, and Reb David Dembitzer, just to name a few. These community leaders had their advisers who ran the show behind the scenes.

One time the Rabbinical dispute and the arguments over who should serve as Rabbi went so far that the Kehillah leader that sided with the Shapiros fired outright Rabbi Alter Zev. But, as mentioned before, because the authorities were on his side, they opposed his firing, and there was nothing the Kehillah could do about it.

Before the First World War, Strzyzow had two outstanding community leaders, Reb Tzvi Brav and Abraham Keh. Later the leadership went to Reb Wolf Deutch. They all passed away during the war. At the time of the transition from the Austrian rule to the Polish rule in 1918, the head of the Kehillah was Reb Abraham Tenzer. It was a very hard time for the Jews. Pogroms occurred almost daily all over Galicia and in the rest of Poland. After Reb Abraham Tenzer, the leadership passed on to Reb Yacov Greenblatt, followed by Michael Schitz. They also had plenty of trouble because this was the time when the Rabbinical dispute was at its peak. Reb Yacov Greenblatt sided with Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, and Reb Michael Schitz was Rabbi Alter Zev's man.

The last Kehillah leader that was elected in a free election was Reb Heschel Diamand. He was young, energetic, sympathetic to the Zionist cause, and was neutral in the Rabbinical dispute. Before the Nazi occupation, he escaped to eastern Poland, and spent the Holocaust years in a Soviet labor camp. After the war, Heschel Diamand emigrated to the United States.

During the Nazi occupation, the Nazis nominated as head of the Jewish community the so called "Juden Rat," Abraham Brav, and his assistants were Yacov Rosen, and Aaron Deutch. The Nazis selected these three men because they were the sons of former Kehillah leaders. These three men did all they could to help the Jews in Strzyzow. They never betrayed anybody in order to improve their own lot, and, of course, they perished with the rest of the people from Strzyzow.

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THE SPIRITUAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE JEWS IN STRYZOW

Life in Strzyzow was based on an Orthodox-Hassidic foundation, but not too extreme. The relationship between the Hassidim and the progressive segment of the population was very good. The Rabbinical dispute which lasted for generations never affected the relationship between the people. Beside siding with this Rabbi or the other Rabbi, in other aspects of day to day life, there was always peaceful cooperation.

The controversy between the admirers of the Rabbi from Ryzin (later Sadigora), and the Rabbi from Sandz, occasionally reached violent outbursts and once went too far, when the Hassidim of Sadigora caused the arrest of Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro by the local non-Jewish authorities.

The Hassidim of the Rabbi from Sadigora were a well-organized group. they used to organize Saturday night get-togethers and helped each other in time of need. Their political representative was Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff, and the spiritual leaders were Reb Baruch Diller and his son-in-law Reb Hershel Gelande.

Reb Hershel Gelande was a fine religious man, a Torah scholar, with a good voice, who for years chanted the prayers on the High Holidays. In later years, the animosity between the Hassidim subsided, and the two opposing groups became more tolerant of each other.

Until the end of the nineteenth century, one could hardly see anyone in town not wearing the typical black coat on weekdays, and a silk coat with a fur hat called a "shtreimel" on Saturday. Women shaved their heads after marriage and wore wigs. Women did not use cosmetics. Jewelry, which was handed down from generation to generation was worn. All the people in town observed all the commandments and stringent religious rules, at home and outside. Trimming beards, reading books and newspapers was forbidden.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, many changes occurred in Strzyzow. People began to wear modern clothes, wearing stylish haircuts, trimmed their beards, and many even shaved them off altogether. People began to subscribe to newspapers and read secular books. But still, until the Holocaust, one could not find anyone in Strzyzow who would not observe the Sabbath or eat non-kosher food. Traditions were strictly observed, and everybody spoke Yiddish.

The day usually started by going to the Beit Hamidrash for the morning services. Many people used to get up earlier to study the Talmud and other holy books. During the day, everybody went about their business or occupation. At the end of the day the synagogue filled up with worshippers again who came to the evening services. After the services, people remained in the synagogue, some to study, and some just to chat. There were organized study groups. The long winter nights in particular were used for studying. During summertime, people loved to spend more time outdoors, enjoying the freshness of the summer air.

Women generally stayed indoors, doing household chores and raising children. They rarely visited their women neighbors for a chat. Many women helped their husbands in the stores, especially on Market Days. In the later years, younger couples allowed themselves to take a stroll on

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a Sabbath afternoon, sometimes even a few couples together. Boys and young men spent their time studying Torah and praying. In summer afternoons, the young people also allowed themselves to go outside for a breath of fresh air, or even take a swim in the Wisloka River. But of course, girls were excluded from such activities.

In the late twenties and early thirties, the Zionists organized the youth and taught them how to enjoy life, by singing songs together, playing an instrument, or organizing a play. They read books in Yiddish or Polish. In front of the shul was a big lawn with lush green grass, where the children felt free to run around and play games. However, many times, the sexton who wanted to save the grass for his goats, closed the gates for the children. Sports were unknown in Strzyzow except summertime swimming in the river, and wintertime riding down the hill on a sled.

SABBATH AND HOLIDAYS IN STRYZOW

The preparations for the Sabbath began on Thursday when the women did their shopping. Friday at noon the bathhouse keeper appeared in the center of the marketplace and blew his horn, announcing that the bathhouse is ready for visitors. Taking a bath for the Sabbath was a joyous occasion. Even the gentiles frequented the bathhouse. Later in the day, women carried pots of chulent to the bakeries to put them in the oven to keep warm until next day for the midday Sabbath meal.

At candlelighting time, late customers were rushing into the store for last minute shopping, and the sexton Reb Eisik, circled around the marketplace, and called to close the stores, that the Sabbath had arrived and it was time to come to shul to welcome the Sabbath Queen. After Reb Eisik passed away this tradition was discontinued.

Dressed in their best for the Sabbath, the men went to G-d's house for the Friday evening services. On the Sabbath day the services lasted until noon. After a scrumptious meal, the older people took their afternoon naps, and the young people went for a stroll in the fields or nearby woods. Taking a nap on a Sabbath afternoon was one of the luxuries reserved for the Sabbath only. On weekdays nobody had time for such a luxury. Later, after the nap, everyone went back to the shul for the evening services, and if it was too early for the end of the Sabbath, they strolled up and down the marketplace, which was also the main street in town.

When the holidays were approaching, the town was bustling with preparations, and excitement, especially the Passover holiday. Actually, soon after one Passover was over, people began to get ready for the next Passover. Summertime, when the fruit season started, the women busied themselves preparing all kinds of preserves for Passover. Then, when the grain harvest came along, the Jewish farmers from the villages around Strzyzow took extra care while harvesting wheat, to keep it dry and kosher for matzo flour.

At the beginning of the winter, around Hanukkah time, the geese were at their best. Goose fat and chicken fat were staple food in every Jewish home. This was the only fat used on Passover, and therefore, it had to be prepared during the winter. On Passover nobody, even the closest

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friends, ever shared food, or for that matter, any dishes, with anybody else out of fear that they were not careful enough in observing the laws concerning kashrut and chometz.

At the beginning of this century, the wheat for matzo flour was stone ground. Later the Rabbis permitted under their supervision the preparation of flour in water mills. Flour for matzot was sold exclusively by the Kehillah, and the profits went for the poor.

A month before Passover, the bakers began to prepare their bakeries and made them kosher for baking matzot. Every household prepared a barrel of borsch for Passover. Normally the fermentation of the beets for the borsch took about a month. And of course, everybody made his own wine from raisins for the required four cups on the Seder Nights. Those who could afford it, allowed themselves to order from the big city a bottle of Carmel wine from Eretz Israel.

Everybody participated in baking their own matzot. The fresh baked matzot were put carefully into a white sheet, and carried home on a pole on the shoulders of two people. At home the matzot were hung up from the ceiling on a special hook put there for that purpose. On the eve before Passover, the Passover dishes were brought down from the attic, where they were stored during the year. The everyday dishes were taken away, and hidden out of sight. All these preparations were made with inner spiritual happiness in anticipation of the spring and freedom festival.

In the synagogues, the big chandeliers were glistening from the polish they just received. All the children wore new clothes. This was their happiest moments of the year. Later into the night the sound of Passover songs were heard from all the homes in town. Between the first two days and the last two days of Passover which is called "Chol-Ha-Moed," guests from out of town came to visit their relatives, and prearranged meetings by matchmakers of marriage candidates took place. Only on the last day of Passover the strict observance of Passover kashrut was relaxed and people visited each other to taste the delicacies which each housewife prepared and was proudly anxious to show off.

A distinctive feature of Passover was the escorting by Jewish family members the gentile water carriers to and from the city water pumps. The Jews feared that the water carriers might temper with the water and will become not kosher for Passover. (Until the destruction, Strzyzow did not have running water nor electricity.)

Between Passover and Shavuot, a light mourning period was observed. No weddings, haircuts, or swimming in the river was permitted. (The water in the river was cold anyway.) On Lag-B'Omer the mourning stopped for a day, and it was a children's holiday. The melandim and their helpers took the children out into the fields, every child was armed with a bow and arrow, and they played soldiers. The arrows sometimes caused light injuries.

On the Shavuot holiday, the homes were decorated with greenery symbolizing spring. This was the peak season for dairy products, and the menu was: Cheese cakes, cheese kreplach, sour creme, and sour milk, everything homemade.

On Tisha B'Av, the day when the Holy Temples were destroyed by the Romans and the Greeks, the tables and benches in the synagogues were

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turned upside down, as a sign of mourning. No kerosene lamps were used, only candles, everybody fasted that day, and leather shoes were forbidden. After Tisha B'Av when the days became shorter and the evenings longer, people remained in the synagogues after the services to study the holy books. These studies continued all winter until Passover.

As the High Holidays were approaching, the sound of the shofar was heard daily from the interiors of the synagogues, as it is customary to blow the shofar daily. Some people blew the shofar during the day for training purposes for the upcoming High Holidays. Many people were traveling to other cities to visit their parents' or relative's graves, as it is customary before the High Holidays. Many strangers were also seen in Strzyzow, who came to visit the graves of their relatives.

Traditional "Slichot" were conducted in the early morning hours of the last Sunday before Rosh Hashana. The Hassidim of Sadigora conducted their services at midnight. In the predawn hours the sexton went from door to door, knocked with a wooden mallet, and called: "Children of Israel, arise and come to worship the Almighty!" The services on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur were solemn. On the second day of Rosh Hashana, the entire community turned out at the river to say "Tashlich." There was a tradition that after finishing the prayer, people emptied their pockets into the river, symbolizing the throwing of their sins away. The children used to fill their pockets with challah crumbs and empty them into the river, and the fish happily devoured these crumbs. It seemed that the fish were waiting for such a treat which came only once a year.

Early in the morning on Erev Yom Kippur, the shochet went from house to house to slaughter the "Kaparot." This is an old tradition, that every Jew is required to get a chicken for each female and a rooster for each male in the family, to hold it over the head and recite a prayer. After this ceremony the chickens were either given away to the poor or slaughtered and a donation was given instead. Yom Kippur started early afternoon by praying the afternoon prayers in the synagogues. At the completion of the services, everybody passed a table with collection plates for different charities and donated generously. There was another tradition on Erev yom Kippur after the afternoon services, a very peculiar one. A small rug was spread out on the floor and all adult men lay down and the sexton with a whip in his hand flogged them symbolically as an atonement for their sins. And of course, the sexton was given gratuity for his service.

At home a lavish meal with kreplach stuffed with meat was waiting for the whole family. After the meal was finished, the head of the family, with teary eyes bestowed a blessing upon the children's heads and wished everyone a Happy New Year. Of course the women also joined in the shedding of tears, while wishing each other a Happy New Year, they asked each others forgiveness for any misbehavior during the year. Then, the entire family went to the synagogue. On the way to the synagogue they stopped at the neighbors homes and extended best wishes, and asked their forgiveness for any transgressions that they may have committed during the past year. The Jewish farmers from the vicinity around Strzyzow used to leave their homes, and their households in the hands of their non-Jewish friends,

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and came to town for the High Holidays. In later years, they established their own places of worship where they conducted the services lead by people they hired from the city.

Soon after Yom Kippur, the peasants from the villages knew already that it was time to bring to town pine branches and sell them to the Jews for the Sukkoth holidays. The branches were used to cover the Sukkoth. In every backyard a Sukkah was erected for the holiday. The decorations for the sukkah was the children's responsibility, especially the girls. A lot of effort was invested by the youngsters to show their artistic talents, by decorating the Sukkah, and preparing flags for Simchat Torah. There were no ready made flags in those days, therefore, all the children had homemade flags. Men spent time in the Sukkah not just to eat meals, but also singing songs, and entertain their neighbors. In fact, in those days, the Sukkoth holiday was exclusively a man's holiday. The women were busy preparing and delivering food to the Sukkah, and the men enjoyed themselves. Since Sukkoth is always in the fall, and in eastern Europe, fall is sometimes very cold, often the rain disturbed the sitting in the Sukkah, and forced the people to escape into the house. Then, the town joker used to say, that when it rains, he enjoys best the holiday by eating in the house. When the weather was cold, everybody had to bundle up to keep warm, nevertheless, it was fun.

On Simchat Torah night the Rabbi was escorted to the synagogue with dance and songs. After an afternoon of drinking and celebrating, the spirits were high. The shul, the Beit Hamidrash, and the kloiz were lighted bright, filled with people with shining faces, and children were parading with their multi-colored flags topped with apples. Stuck in the apple was a burning candle, and not one flag went up in flames, to the children's sorrow. A remarkable thing in all the holidays was, that, on the second night of any holiday, during the intermission between Mincha and Maariv services, the prayer houses were packed to the capacity with people studying the holy books, and it was hard to find a seat, or the desired book. People were rested and did not have to be up early next morning so they studied in a most relaxed way.

Hanukkah was not much of a holiday. However, it was a happy time for the children. When the sexton lighted the Hanukkah candles in the Beit Hamidrash or kloiz, and while he recited the blessing the children were allowed to make all kinds of disturbances, screaming and throwing snowballs at the poor sexton. This was a tradition of unknown origin. During Hanukkah, people used to gather at the Rabbi's house to watch him light the Hanukkah candles and sing Hanukkah songs together. During the ceremony the Rabbi wore his Sabbath shtreimel and his silk coat. As the people started to leave, everyone handed to the Rabbi Hanukkah gelt. No presents were exchanged in those days. The Zionists had fund raising parties for the Jewish National Fund. The next holiday was Tuv B'Shvat, which was celebrated only by eating fruit from the Holy Land, Eretz Israel.

When the Purim holiday was approaching, signs were put up in the prayer houses with pictures of two fish, a glass of wine, and clasping hands. In Jewish tradition the symbol of the month Adar is fish, because fish is considered good luck. Therefore, the month Adar in which the Purim holiday is celebrated is considered to be a lucky month for Jews.

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The clasping hands wishing l'chaim symbolized merrymaking.

On Purim, the streets were crowded with masked people, who went from house to house, performing a Purim spiel, or singing songs, for which they received a donation. Also messengers were hurrying with plates covered with embroidered hankierchiefs and filled with delicacies as it is customary on Purim to send Mishloach Manot.

Purim was a holiday of giving charity. The head of the family sat at the head of the table loaded with cakes, cookies, hammantashen, candies, fruit, wine and liquor. When people soliciting donations, or poor people who were asking alms came into the house, they were invited to sit down, have a drink and taste the delicacies. Then everybody received a generous donatin. On every holiday, including Hanukkah and Purim, the clerical functionaries used to get gifts from the well-to-do, and also from the average people. An exception were the ritual slaughterers. They had a regular salary, and wintertime, one leg from each goose or chicken belonged to them. They also had free meat from the butchers.

FAMILY LIFE IN STRYZOW

Family life in Strzyzow was generally good, even though romance as we know it nowadays did not exist. Matchmaking was made by professional matchmakers or by friends. Therefore, whenever a matchmaker proposed a match for a son or a daughter, the concerned parents began to gather information about the family background of the marriage candidate, his or her parents, and their financial situation. The information gathering was done with the help of friends and relatives who lived in the city of the proposed match. If what the matchmaker told about the candidate turned out to be true, a meeting was arranged, and both parties worked out an agreement about the dowry, wedding, and any other problems concerning the welfare of the young couple. And at last, love came for the young couple.

If the parents of the bride did not fulfill all the promises, then a dispute broke out before the wedding. However, the parents always found a way to smooth things out. These arguments never affected the newlyweds.

In later years when the Zionist organization sprang up all over Galicia, and young people of both sexes began to meet more freely, as a result of such fraternization, some marriage came about without matchmakers.

Jewish life was very conservative. Even the people who were rich and better off than others, led a thrifty life, always saving money for dowries, for their daughters, and in some cases, also for their sons. Family celebrations such as wedding or the birth of a child were celebrated only within the family or very close friends. When a baby was born, especially when the baby was a boy, men were invited Friday night to a welcome male party, during which beer and garbanzo beans were served. This was a tradition for generations. Lavish parties were unknown. However, wedding celebrations were celebrated on a larger scale. Even the not so well-to-do people used to borrow money and make a rich looking wedding. The parents of the bride had to provide the dowry, and to

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furnish the place where the young couple intended to live. Therefore, poor people with daughters found themselves in a helpless situation. The only solution for the girl from a poor home was to learn a trade, and to earn her own dowry, or leave town and emigrate. A seamstress was the most popular trade.

EMIGRATION

The emigration from Strzyzow was mainly to two countries, Germany, and the United States. After the First World War, many young people moved to upper Silesia, the industrial center of Poland. Most of the emigrants were young people who could not find employment in Strzyzow, and their parents' little stores could not absorb them. Therefore, they left Strzyzow in search for a better life elsewhere for themselves and to be able to support their parents at home. In some cases, the head of the family was forced to emigrate, and later to bring his family over. All those who left Strzyzow never forgot their relatives and friends. They never lost contact with the shtetl. In all the strange places of emigration the people from Strzyzow always met, and were in close contact.

After the First World War, emigration rose to even higher proportions. Many families who left Strzyzow during the war never returned. They remained in Western Europe. Many young men were forced to emigrate to escape the military service in the Polish army which was known for its hatred for the Jews. Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz, and Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, used to receive financial support from these emigree, particularly from people who emigrated to the United States. In the later years a Strzyzow Society was founded in the United States, with the purpose, to help the poor in Strzyzow.

THE SYNAGOGUES IN STRYZOW

Strzyzow had three synagogues. A shul, the Beit Hamidrash, and the kloiz, which Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro built. Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz, had a small sanctuary in his house. In the thirties, the religious Zionists established their own place of worship.

The shul with its enormously thick walls was four hundred years-old. It was located in the center of the town with a big lawn in front of the building. Surprisingly, the Catholic church was on a side street. This was a paradox because in most Galician cities, the Catholic church was always located in a central place.

The entrance to the shul was through a narrow low gate, and to the left of the entrance was a small window with a heavy iron grill. At the end of the nineteenth century, this window was converted to a second entrance. The entrance hall had in center a giant column, supporting the vaulted ceiling. On the right side of the entrance to the sanctuary, there was a niche in the wall with a big copper collection box. Upon entering the sanctuary, worshippers dropped coins for charity. When entering the sanctuary, a person had to bend down because it was very low, and you had to descend a few steps to reach the floor. The ceiling in the sanctuary was also vaulted. The windows were located high just

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below the ceiling, as a protection against rock throwing by the mob in time of pogroms. In the center was the bimah surrounded by four heavy columns supporting the ceiling. The ark was simple as were the benches, because all the wooden parts of the shul including the ark, an artistic woodcraft, burned down in the big fire of 1895.

Also paintings which adorned the ceiling were ruined in that fire. Only one big fish, the Leviathan, which was painted on the ceiling right in the center, above the bimah, survived. A few chapters from Psalms which were carved in the wall also remained intact. These carvings and the paintings on the ceiling were painted hundreds of years ago. During the fire, a few courageous young men jumped into the shul and saved the Torah scrolls. The huge chandelier which was made of brass was carried out by a young and very strong man, whose name was Elimelech Korn. He worked in the bakery of Reb Aaron Kanner.

After the fire the walls were whitewashed, and remained that way until 1930, when they were repainted by a painter from Przemyśl by the name of Samuel Garfunkel, and his son Aaron. Aaron was married to the daughter of the shul treasurer, Reb Leib Sternberg. The father and son teamed up and painted the shul in beautiful colors and Bible pictures. In one corner of the shul, an eternal light burned over which the sexton watched and refueled with oil whenever it was needed. There were two smaller rooms adjacent to the big sanctuary which were used for meetings of the community leaders, and sometimes a room was rented out for a cheder.

To the left of the main entrance, on the west side of the building, there were stairs leading to the attic. The attic was filled with torn prayer and study books, and maybe writings and Kehillah ledgers that were hundreds of years old, but no one ever checked them for historical purposes.

There was a little window in the attic which was used for displaying the national flag on national holidays, because it was facing the marketplace. Before the First World War, the Austro-Hungarian flag was flying and later the Polish flag.

After the big fire, a new roof was constructed to replace the one that burned down. This time the roof was covered with sheet metal. All the repairs were made during the time that Reb Tzvi Brav was the head of the Kehillah.

On weekdays the shul was closed in the evenings. Since the shul was near the cemetery, people were afraid to pass by at night, especially the children. There was a superstitious belief that the deceased from the cemetery gathered in shul every night to worship, and to read the Torah, and if a bypasser was called by his name to the Torah, he would shortly die. Daily and Sabbath services were conducted only in the summer.

Wintertime, only Sabbath services were held, because it was very cold in the shul, since it was not permitted to have an oven in shul. The people who attended services in shul were mostly simple people, peddlers, tradesmen, people who hardly knew how to pray or chant Psalms. Hassidim and Torah educated people worshipped in the Beit Hamidrash or kloiz.

In the last twenty or thirty years, when the Zionist idea started to make inroads in Galicia, the shul served as a place where the Zionists congregated to worship. On the High Holidays, Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro, and

later Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz used to conduct the services.

Under the Austro-Hungarian rule, whenever there was a national holiday or the Emperor's birthday, special services were conducted in shul under the auspices of the Rabbi and the presence of government officials. In the last twenty five years, the shul was also used for political meetings organized by the local Zionists activists.

All wedding ceremonies in town were performed in front of the shul. The young couple were led from their house escorted by all the guests while the klezmerim were playing joyous tunes to and from the chuppa.

For many years the cantor in shul, and also the Torah reader was Reb Leib Sternberg who conducted these services free of charge. He was very well liked by all the worshippers. The only reward he received for his services was that on Simchat Torah the entire congregation came to his house to escort him with song and dance all the way to the shul. The treasurers of the shul were always fine people doing their best to manage the shul's needs. It would not be fear not to mention a few of them. Abraham Minc, was treasurer at the end of the previous century. In this century the treasurers were: Reb Feivel Diamand, Reb Moshe Henig, and Reb Yehuda Gruber. During Yehuda Gruber's treasurership all the above-mentioned remodeling and repaintings took place.

The Beit Hamidrash was built during Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro's service as Rabbi at the end of the nineteenth century. The Beit Hamidrash was located in an alley which was called the Beit Hamidrash Alley.

The building was a simple structure from the outside, and simple furniture inside. The ark where the Torah scrolls were kept was a beautiful piece of artwork, made from oak, adorned with beautiful wood carvings. Along the western wall were huge bookshelves filled with holy books, Bibles, and Talmud tractates. This library belonged to the congregation, and nobody was allowed to remove any books. In the center of the sanctuary a big kerosene lamp hung from the ceiling surrounded by half a dozen chandeliers. Looking out through the windows on the northside, the oldest cemetery of the town could be seen. The Rabbis in Strzyzow worshipped in the Beit Hamidrash all year round, except on the High Holidays when they led the prayers in shul.

After Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro built his own prayer house which was called kloiz, he did not worship in the Beit Hamidrash anymore. The Beit Hamidrash had no steady cantor. On Saturdays and holidays, the prayers were led by lay people, but there was a steady Torah reader. On the High Holidays, Reb Hershel Geland, led and chanted the prayers all his life. In the weekdays, services began early in the morning and continued until noon. In the evening the Beit Hamidrash was filled with worshippers especially in the winter months when the shul was closed on weekdays. Torah studying was a tradition that never ceased. People, old and young, were studying Torah and other holy books.

Although the shul was a very nice and representative building, and was loved by everyone in Strzyzow, still, the Beit Hamidrash was the place where people came to meet and share their time in prayers and learning Torah. In time of trouble or sickness, candles were lit, prayers were recited in Beit Hamidrash, and everyone joined in in recital of Psalms, pleading G-d for help.

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The upkeep of the Beit Hamidrash came from donations. People gave when they were called to the Torah or on happy family occasions. Treasurers were always elected by the worshippers. However, since the Beit Hamidrash was Rabbi Alter Zev's domain, because he worshipped there all year round, the treasurer was always one of his followers.

The kloiz was a big solid building with a gallery for women. Actually, it served the same purpose as the Beit Hamidrash. The only different was that it was private property belonging to the Shapiros.

The house where the Shapiros resided was adjacent to the kloiz. The kloiz had simple furniture, except for the ark which was adorned with wooden carvings of lions and other Biblical animals. When Rabbi Moshe Leib built his house he added an extra room for a permanent Sukkah, with a movable ceiling and roof. The Sukkah was used during the year as a study. This was one of the most modern Sukkahs in the entire area. The architect always sought Rabbi Moshe Leib's advice in every step of the building. Like the Beit Hamidrash, the kloiz had also a huge collection of books, some of them very rare ones. The people, especially the young men, had the responsibility to watch over the books, to reshelve them, and if there was need for repair, it was their job to take them to Reb Zalman Brauner, the only bookbinder in town. Funds for the upkeep and the purchase of new books was collected from the worshippers. Every Friday, a youth went around from house to house, and asked for a donation.

Seats in shul and in Beit Hamidrash were private property. Everybody in town owned a seat, and whoever was able to pay more, owned a better seat, at the western wall. The seats were passed on from father to son as an inheritance, and so were the women's seats. In kloiz, seats were only on a yearly rental basis.

As mentioned above, in the last two years before the Holocaust, the religious Zionists had their own place to congregate and worship. The majority of the Zionists continued to worship where their fathers and grandfathers did before them.

THE PUBLIC BATHHOUSE

The bathhouse, including the mikva, was built hundreds of years ago, soon after the first Jews settled in Strzyzow. The bathhouse was the property of the Kehillah and was leased to a bathhouse keeper. At the time when Hersh Brav was the head of the Kehillah, he modernized and remodeled the bathhouse so that Strzyzow's bathhouse was up to par with many bathhouses in bigger cities.

THE CEMETERIES IN STRYZOW

Strzyzow had four cemeteries. The oldest cemetery bordered with the shul, and the next oldest, bordered with the Beit Hamidrash. The first, the second, and the third cemetery were all connected with a path leading to each other.

The last cemetery which existed until the Holocaust was located out of town on a hill on the way to the village Zarnowo. In addition, there

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was one cemetery which was shared by the Jews and gentiles. In 1880, a cholera epidemic swept through the town and hundreds of people died, and were buried in this cemetery. This cemetery was called the "Cholera Cemetery." The cemeteries were divided into separate sections for men, women, and children. Many times when someone passed away, arguments occurred about the gravesite selections. A section near the fence was reserved for people who committed suicide. In the old cemetery the inscriptions on the gravestones were unreadable, but in all other cemeteries the gravestones were easily identifiable. Almost everybody in town had some relatives buried in one of the three cemeteries. In the beginning of this century, a stone and cement wall was erected around all the cemeteries.

CHARITY INSTITUTIONS AND THEIR ACTIVITIES

As in many cities, Strzyzow had many charitable institutions, some to help the local poor, and some for the people who came from out of town. The well-known local poor used to receive support regularly, but those unfortunate who were embarrassed to ask for help, for them there was always a friend who knew about their predicament and through these friends, help was extended, whether a one time help was needed or more, especially before holidays help was always there.

Since the majority of people in Strzyzow could not afford the luxury of a hospital, when somebody became seriously ill, hurriedly, one or two people went around town and made a collection. The patient was sent on the next train to the nearest hospital which was in Krakow, a distance of seventy miles. Collections like this sometimes had to be made during the night to enable the sick person to leave with the morning train, because there were only two trains a day.

Strzyzow had some tight-fisted people, from whom, it was very hard to extract a donation befitting their ability. But nobody could shirk the responsibility entirely, and everybody participated in giving charity. There were those volunteers who were always collecting charity, ignoring the fact that they themselves hardly made a living.

There were some well-to-do merchants about whom rumors were not so kind when charity was concerned. But these rumors were not always accurate because they just gave in their own way without fanfare and publicity. As an example I like to mention two names about whom people were talking that they do not do their fair share. They were my father Reb Baruch Berglass and Reb Israel Gertner. But the fact was that Reb Israel Gertner had his own private free loan bank. The village peddlers and small store owners, whenever they needed cash to buy merchandise for the upcoming Market Day, always turned to him for a loan. On the other hand he was very particular in setting a due date for the loan and strictly adhered to collecting on time.

My father, Reb Baruch Berglass, never refused to anybody when asked for charity, but he always tried to haggle and give less than asked, but he never let anybody out the door without giving. On the other hand, feeding the poor was his life's goal. His house was always open whether

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on a weekday or Saturday and holiday. There was always one or two strangers sitting at his table together with his family. He simply did not enjoy the Sabbath meal without having a poor man at his table.

Reb Joseph Schacher, before his impoverishment, used to send checks to the needy by mail anonymously and nobody knew from where the checks came. Women like Rizha Rosenblith, and Hena Rachel Unger specialized in collecting challah and fish for the poor. Whenever a poor Jewish wanderer was arrested, these two women always stood by to help with kosher food and bail, when it was needed.

And Reb Joseph Klotz, who hardly made a living for himself, used to bring every Saturday hot coffee or tea for the poor who slept in the Beit Hamidrash. Reb Yeshayahu Mandel, a poor little man himself, always collected charity for some cause. The Shochet Reb Leib Friedman had a bed reserved in his house in case someone needs lodging. Of course, he had a guest every night.

Strzyzow was a little town with many permanent charity institutions. Some existed continuously, and some ceased to exist for lack of funds, and later reorganized. Food for Passover Appeal, was activated every year to provide the poor with food for the holiday. In the last few years before the war, funds for this purpose were received from the Strzyzow Society in the United States for distribution among the poor.

There were people who were embarrassed to accept charity at home but from the Strzyzow Society in the United States they gladly accepted. It would not be fair not to mention Reb Smauel Mussler, and Hersh Unger in New York who were active all their lives to collect and sent money for their fellow countrymen in Strzyzow.

One of the most important institutions in Strzyzow was the Talmud Torah. Their goal was that no poor Jewish child should remain without Torah education. Every Jewish child is required to study Torah, and if the parents were unable to pay, the town's responsibility was to provide such education. A special committee was elected to collect donations regularly on a weekly basis to pay for teaching the poor children. There was a tradition in Strzyzow that at every happy occasion, plates were put on the tables for different charities, and Talmud Torah was one of them.

Every year in the fall, a one-time appeal was made to help the poor prepare for the winter with potatoes, firewood, and warm clothes. Strzyzow had also a Free Loan Society, which provided loans without interest to small storekeepers, and tradesmen. Dr. Chaim Frenkel, a lawyer, was in charge of the distribution of these loans.

After Hitler's rise to power, funds were raised to help the Jewish refugees who were expelled from Nazi Germany and all their possessions confiscated. Most refugees were concentrated in a refugee camp on the Polish-German border in Zbonszin, a place in no man's land, because the Polish government refused to let them in.

When the wave of oppression started, and refugees began to arrive into Poland, a mass protest meeting was called in Strzyzow as in all other cities in Poland, under the leadership of all organized groups in town. Everybody in Strzyzow came to the meeting. The speakers were: Avigdor Diamand, the head of the Zionists, Dr. Chaim Frenkel, on behalf of the intelligentsia, and the Orthodoxy was represented by Reb Shlomo Diamand

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(Yahalomi), who was a very bright young man. Reb Shlomo Diamand, resides now in Israel. A collection was made at the meeting and everybody signed up a pledge which had to be paid monthly to the refugee fund.

A few families who emigrated from Strzyzow to Germany were expelled and came back to settle in Strzyzow. These families were helped locally, and funds collected monthly were sent to a central committee in Warsaw.

The Bikur Cholim Society in Strzyzow was an organization whose members' main duty was to stay with the sick at night to enable the family members of the sick to rest. And in many cases they also paid for the prescriptions.

Of course, a city cannot exist without a Chevra Kadisha, to take care in time of need, when somebody passed away. The Chevra Kadisha took care of everything, from removing the body from the house, to preparation of the funeral, and the digging of the grave. An initiation fee was required from each member, and yearly membership dues were collected from all members.

When a member passed away, a fee for the gravesite had to be paid separately. The money was used for the upkeep of the cemeteries, and if extra funds were available, it went to charity. Of course, all these assessments were made according to the financial situation of the concerned. Everybody in Strzyzow belonged to the Chevra Kadisha because sooner or later everybody needed them.

There were two Mishnayot Learning Societies who studied a few chapters of Mishnayot in memory of the deceased society members. The first year when a member passed away, ten members studied a few chapters daily and, thereafter, on each yahrzeit, Mishnayot was studied again by ten members, a minyan. There was an elected committee with a record keeper, who kept the records with the dates of the yahrzeits. To be a member in the Mishnayot Learning Society, a one-time fee was assessed according the financial ability of the candidate. From members who did not know to study, a higher fee was collected.

There was once a man in Strzyzow by the name of Reb Moshe Diamand, a very rich man. He owned land, forests for timber, who left a bequest in his will that the firewood for the oven in the Beit Hamidrash should be supplied from his estate forever. After many years, when the heirs wanted to sell the inheritance free of debts, they could not do so until they satisfied the Kehillah. The agreement called for the heirs to build a two story building, which would serve as a Talmud Torah school, where children will study Torah. The upper floor was to be used for classes and the ground floor was to be used as a shelter for poor people where they could spend the night. The furniture was later donated by Reb Abraham Tenzer in memory of his two sons who died in their youth.

The writer of these memories, Itzhok Berglass, and his two sisters, Nechama, and Chaya, donated the equipment for the Talmud Torah but, to our sorrow, the building never served the purpose because it was finished just when the war started.

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JEWISH TRADITIONAL EDUCATION IN STRYZOW

Until the second half of the past century, the Jewish children in Strzyzow received religious education only. A boy, when he reached the age of three, was required to begin his education. At that time, his hair were shorn, and only sidelocks were left. A ritual four cornered garment was put on him with tzitziot, and, wrapped in a talit, he was carried off by his father to the melamed in cheder. At first he was taught the Hebrew alphabet and then the vowelization.

At the age of four or five, depending on capability of the child, he began to learn the Pentateuch. A small party was given in honor of the boy who started to study Chumash. Relatives were invited on a Saturday afternoon, the boy made a traditional speech which was taught for generations. The speech was actually a question and answer dialogue with the help of another boy. The guests were treated with apple cider and cake.

Every melamed had a helper whose job was to bring the children to cheder and to return them home. The helper's job was also to provide the children with a flag for Simchat Torah and a bow and arrow for Lag B'Omer. Lag B'Omer is a holiday in springtime, half way between Passover and Shavuot. On that day the children were free from studying, and the helpers took the children for a day out into the woods where they played soldiers. There was also a tradition in Strzyzow, whenever a boy was born, the helper took the children to welcome the newborn. The children recited a prayer and were given treats.

At the age of six, the child passed on to a melamed who taught the older children Talmud. And so the children kept passing from one melamed to another according to their progress in learning until they reached the age of Bar Mitzva. After Bar Mitzva, they were capable and prepared to dwell in the Beit Hamidrash, to study Torah and other holy books alone or in groups, but always under the supervision of the older scholars who were studying Torah as a permanent occupation.

The melamdim who were teaching the children were not professional pedagogues and did not have a manual from which they could prepare their lessons. Each had a system of his own by which he taught, and the results were generally satisfactory. There were melamdim who specialized in teaching the alphabet, then others took over, and taught Chumash, Talmud, and so on. Some melamdim taught only the Prophets and the Talmud. The melamdim were also required to teach how to write in Yiddish.

The melamed prepared the boy for his Bar Mitzva, he taught him how to put on the Tefilin. Reading the Torah or chanting the Haftarah was not necessary because in Galicia this tradition was unknown.

As I mentioned above, every melamed had his system in teaching. It all depended on the disposition of the teacher. If he was an angry man he was very strict with the children, and if he was softhearted, he took it easy with the youngsters.

Reb Mordechai Rosenbaum, who specialized in teaching little tots was nicknamed "murderer" because he was very strict. But parents preferred him over Reb Eliyahu who was very softspoken. With Reb Mordechai the parents were sure that the child will know how to read. Reb Yacov Dym, who had a cheder for many years, taught the 7 to 10 age group. He was

[illegible]

ק"ה

אשר ליהודים חובות שחברתם ה' מילין מתוך
חברתה בניה ת -

דפוס וולטרסון תרמ"ב
בזמן הזה
ישראל אברהם שרגל
שנת ה'תרמ"ב

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well liked by both the parents and the children. Chaim Yacov Nuremberg taught Talmud exclusively to the 10 to 13 group. His specialty was to break up the boredom of studying the Gemara with interesting stories and legends. By contrast, Reb Moshe Samuel Friedman did not want to waste time with story telling. Pupils who graduated from Moshe Samuel came out with a perfect knowledge of the Talmud, and also knew how to write a perfect Yiddish and Hebrew. Of course, it was the old-fashioned Hebrew which was called Lashon Hakodesh. Reb Moshe Samuel did not use a pen; he wrote with a quill.

Every generation which grew up in Strzyzow had a certain type of a melamed. The melamdim had no special training. On the contrary, in the olden days nobody wanted to grow up and be a melamed, being a melamed was a shameful profession. When somebody was unsuccessful in life, being a melamed was the only way to earn a living. Usually, they began with one or two children, and if they were successful, then they started a cheder. There was no special location for the cheders in town. Every melamed used his living quarters as a classroom, sometimes with a permission from the authorities, and sometimes without. Even if the melamed obtained a license, it was always for a smaller number of children than he taught. In case of an inspection by the authorities, the extra children always disappeared.

The melamed's wife served as a nurse. When somebody hurt himself or cut his finger, she treated it with a piece of bread and butter that she put on the finger and wrapped it around with cobweb, and it always helped.

In the thirties, at the initiative of the Kehillah and the generosity of a few well-to-do people, a Talmud Torah school building was built. As I already mentioned before the children in Strzyzow did not live to study there. It was finished just when the war started. Presently, the Polish government is using it for a school.

The Agudat Israel, who had a strong following in Strzyzow, began to work toward modernization of the educational system for the children. They demanded better qualified teachers, instituted report cards with grades and rewards for outstanding students. One particular teacher whom I would like to mention, was Reb Noah Schreiber, who had a very progressive way of teaching children. As a matter of fact, he was recruited by another city to teach in a regular Talmud Torah school because of his qualifications. The payment to the teachers were seasonal, from Passover to Rosh hashana, and from the High Holidays to Passover. Wintertime, every student had to pay extra for kerosene used to light the cheder.

Studying Torah was sacred among the Jews in Shtetl, whether you could afford it or not. Parents who were able to pay, paid themselves, and for the poor, the community paid. But no child was deprived of education, Heaven forbid.

One of the painful problems was how to teach the girls to read the prayers and how to write. In the second half of the nineteenth century, the majority of women were illiterate. In the synagogue there was always one or two women who knew how to read the prayers, and the rest were sitting and repeating after them. On this account, many jokes were born about how women twisted the words of the prayers. Rarely could anyone

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in Strzyzow afford to hire a private tutor to teach his daughters. In the beginning of the twentieth century, people started to send the girls in the cheder once or twice a week after the boys left. But, the melamdim had no training whatsoever to teach neither the boys nor the girls. Eventually, a couple of young men came up with the idea to start a private class for girls for a nominal fee, and later a few of those girls started to teach the younger ones.

In the thirties, the Agudat Israel solved the problem of educating girls by opening a Bais Yacov School for girls. They brought a teacher, Ms. Diller, from another town. She was not happy in Strzyzow and left after one year. Her replacement miss. Wasserman was a very qualified and devoted teacher. The parents and the students were very happy with her. Unfortunately, within five years the school folded for lack of funds.

Soon after, the Zionist organization started a kindergarten for girls, and taught Hebrew to older girls. This school lasted until the beginning of the Second World war.

SECULAR EDUCATION

During the nineteenth century, no Jewish boy, and only a few Jewish girls attended a secular school. Those who knew Polish or German were self-educated. Rarely would anybody engage a private tutor.

Men who were about to get married and planned to join their father's business tried to obtain some education by private means. There were in Strzyzow a few self-educated people who passed on their knowledge to others for a fee. I would like to mention Reb Zalman Zagner, who authored a textbook for mathematics and accounting in Yiddish. He was very popular in Galicia. Mr. Zagner moved to another city where he became a regular teacher in a school.

Another well-educated man who never received formal education was Reb Tzvi Mohrer. He was the official registrar, who registered the Jewish newborn and the deceased. He had this concession from the government and collected a fee whenever his service was needed. He received no regular salary. Mr. Mohrer was also a teacher who taught young people to read and write. Reb Tzvi Mohrer worked for the post office under the Austrian government on a temporary basis, so they would not force him to work on the Sabbath or Jewish holidays. There was one very intelligent person who had an unofficial law office. His name was Alter Nechemiah, he knew the law as thoroughly as a lawyer, though he never attended any school. The Greenblatt family were all self-educated and were always willing to share their knowledge with others.

In the last twenty years before the war all the children were required to attend elementary school, whether boys or girls. It was hard for a Jewish boy to attend a secular school because of the way they were dressed, with sidelocks and a yarmulke. The gentile boys were very hostile to the Jewish students. It was also hard for Jewish boys because they had to attend the secular school and also a cheder. They could not neglect the studying of the Torah.

In the last ten years before the war, the number of young people who

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THE HEBREW KINDERGARTEN AND NURSERY IN STRYZOW

בן ילדים עברי

הילדים: 1) שיף, 2) דויטש, 3) לוסטגרטן, 4) גולדמן-לסט, 5) מייזלס, 6) טהים, 7) שליסלברג, 8) ברגלס, 9) גרטנר, 10) טויב-גרטנר, 11) ליכטמן, 12) הינא פייט בת שמואל ורחל פייט מסיעת בהתנדבות, 13) זלצמן, 14) קרפ, 15) שכר-הגל, 16) רוזנבליט, 17) דן, 18) ברגלס, 19) רוזנטל, 20) העוזרת, 21) המורה אלקה שולמן.

1) Schiff, 2) Deutch, 3) Lustgarten, 4) Goldman-Last, 5) Meisels, 6) Thim, 7) Schlisselberg, 8) Berglass, 9) Gertner, 10) Taub-Gertner, 11) Lichtman, 12) Hina Feit, the daughter of Samuel and Rachel who volunteered their time and helped with the children. 13) Salzman, 14) Karp, 15) Schacher-Hagel, 16) Rosenblith, 17) Berglass, 19) Rosenthal, 20) Assistant teacher, 21) teacher Elka Shulman.

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A CLASS IN THE POLISH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN STRYZOW

The majority of students were Jewish, but no Jewish teachers.



כיתה בית ספר ממלכתי עממי לבנות בסטריזוב. רוב התלמידות יהודיות. המורים נוצרים.
א כיתה סגן פוילישע פאלקסשול סאר מיידלעך. דער רוב שילערענס זענן יידישע אלע לערער קריסטן.

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continued studying Torah and dwelled in the Beit Hamidrash, dwindled to a few only. Strzyzow had also a secular high school in which Jewish students from out-of-town attended, but not local children, because of forced attendance on the Sabbath and holidays.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN STRYZOW

Strzyzow had two political parties only. The Central Zionist Organization which was an umbrella organization for different groups, and the Agudat Israel, which opposed Zionism as such. The Zionist Organization was very strong in the last thirty years before the war. They influenced the youth, and inspired them to work for the Zionist cause, namely, a Jewish homeland in Eretz Israel, which was under the British rule. About the Zionist activities I will write in broader form in a later chapter.

The Agudat Israel was founded by Reb Naphtali Chaim Halberstam, a grandson of the famous Rabbi Chaim from Sandz. He came to Strzyzow after he married the daughter of Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz. My brother-in-law, Reb Itzhok Bernstein, Reb Joel Glickman, and a very capable young man, Shlomo Diamand (Yahalomi), helped him to establish the party. The most active member who ran the organization was the secretary, Moshe Schwartzman. The main task of the Agudat Israel was in the field of Orthodox education, especially among the girls. The girls group was called Bnos Agudat Israel. With all due respect, the organization had very little success. From time to time they awakened and renewed their activity but, it soon cooled off again. Something was amiss, and nobody could figure out why. Maybe it was lack of a goal or idealism, or because they opposed Zionism.

The majority of the people in Strzyzow were religious anyway, and did not need an organization for that purpose. Even the Zionists were all religious people, and there was no need for religious propaganda.

The Zionists and the Agudat Israel had a very peaceful coexistence. The relationship became strained only once, in 1921, when the Zionists began a fundraising campaign for the just-established Jewish National Fund in which they tried to include the entire population in town. The Agudat Israel did not succeed in their opposition and the campaign was very successful.

In most elections to the Polish Parliament, the Zionists were in coalition with the Agudat Israel. But in local politics, and in the Rabbinical dispute, there were people from both parties aligned on both sides. Normally, in time of the elections to the city government, the Jews always split their support between the opposing non-Jewish candidates.

Once at the beginning of this century, all the Jews united to fight the Priest Jablocinski, who was an outspoken anti-Semite. At that time, the Jews were still fifty percent of the population, and with a little support from some non-Jews, they succeeded in their opposition, and a more liberal mayor was elected. Every time when a candidate for mayor wanted to be elected, he had to make a promise not to discriminate against the Jews.

For many years a fight for the mayoral chair was going on between

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two aristocratic Polish families, the Konieczkowskis and the Patryns. Konieczkowski was patronized by the church, which was very anti-Jewish. Of course, the Jews gave their support to Dr. Patryn, and he ruled the town for many years.

Dr. Joseph Patryn, the son of a big family, was an interesting figure. The origin of the Patryn family was Swedish. Their ancestor was a Swedish soldier who remained in Strzyzow after the Swedish-Polish War at the time when King Casimir ruled Poland. The Patryn family was very rich, well-rooted in the area, and Dr. Patryn was in our time the patriarch of the family. He was a good doctor and a shrewd politician, which is why he had so many opponents in Strzyzow. He was devoted to his allies whether Jews or gentiles, and was helpful whenever necessary.

When Dr. Patryn died, Reb Joseph Diamand eulogized him with these words, "Since I am older than he, I wish I would have died instead." This was said with true sincerity. Although Dr. Patryn himself attended church very rarely, the Patryn family were good Catholics. They even built a little chapel on a hill overlooking the city. This man had no bigotry in him and when he disliked somebody, it was purely politics.

As a mayor, Dr. Patryn did many favors. He had four brothers and each had big families. They owned almost all the land around Strzyzow. They had many Jewish business associates, and helped the Jewish needy with farm produce. Many times they set an example to other Polish families. All the Jews in Strzyzow attended his funeral, and the stores were closed for the day. Even after his death, Jews continued to support his friends in local politics.

THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT IN STRYZOW

The Zionist ideal and its movement which had spread worldwide, finally reached Strzyzow also. There were a few lovers of Zion before, but they were not organized. The first Zionists in Strzyzow, when Dr. Herzl, the founder of political Zionism was still alive, was Reb Moshe Meir Seidman. He spread the Zionist ideal in Strzyzow but did not organize anything. Following Seidman, was a young man by the name of Shalom Flaumenhaft. He dwelt in Beit Hamidrash studying Torah, but nevertheless, was active in spreading the Zionist ideal without much success.

A man by the name of Simcha Feingold, who came to Strzyzow as a representative of a lumber company, and remained in Strzyzow a long time, was a real lover of Zion. His grandson, Ben Ami Feingold, wrote an article in this book about his activities in Strzyzow.

Before the Feingold family emigrated from Strzyzow, their oldest son, Moshe, met with a group of young men, the most intelligent young men in Strzyzow, and explained to them the importance of Political Zionism. Their names were Mordechai Brav, Joel Greenblatt, Aryeh Diamand, Tzvi Elazar Sternberg, and Itzhok Tenzer. During this meeting he asked them to serve on the first Zionist committee, and the first Zionist organization was established. The Feingolds left Strzyzow in 1907.

As presiding officer, they elected Mordechai Brav, who was elected for two reasons: Because he was the community leader's son, and most importantly he was the only young man with a secular education. The rest of

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the committee were pious young men who dwelt in Beit Hamidrash studying Torah, and secretly reading secular books. The treasurer in the committee was Itzhok Tenzer, who held this office until the outbreak of the First World War. During the war, everything fell apart.

After the war, a new generation of young people grew up, a group of self-educated boys and girls who took upon themselves to restore the organization. They named as a leader, the prestigious Reb Tzvi Pfeffer, who came to Strzyzow after the war and opened the only printing shop in the entire area. He was very intelligent, progressive, and a capable leader.

In general, the people in Strzyzow did not oppose the establishment of a Zionist organization as long it did not interfere with the religious upbringing of the younger generation and they continued to observe the religious code. Only once, during the first Jewish National Fund campaign in 1921, the Zionists met a strong opposition from the extreme Hassidim. The Zionists tried to recruit donors on a permanent basis, but afterwards, the opposition weakened and the Zionists continued to be active in the community life and in local politics. There were no extremists in Strzyzow from either side.

One of the first important acts by the Zionists was the establishment of a library. After contacting the Zionist headquarters in Lwow, the organization received the first shipment of books. They rented a small room, and a Jewish library came into existence. The library was used as a home for the Zionists. The Zionist committee held their meetings in the library frequently. Now having a home of their own, they organized campaigns for the Jewish National Fund by distributing the blue and white collection boxes, and the sale of shkalim, which was equivalent to buying a membership card.

On Simchat Torah the Zionists borrowed a Torah scroll from the shul, and all the members worshipped in the library, and the donations went partly to the library and partly for the Jewish National Fund. This tradition lasted until the outbreak of the war in 1939.

At the beginning, the Zionist movement was one entity, unlike today. There were no different groups aiming at different social directions. There was only one general Zionist Party. The library gained popularity among the boys and girls, young and old, because everybody was anxious to read books, to get acquainted with Bialik, Sholem Aleichem, Peretz, and others, many began to learn Hebrew. For the boys it was not hard to learn Hebrew, but for the girls it was more complicated because they did not attend the cheder.

In 1910, the committee in Strzyzow was asked to help the Zionists from the nearby shtetl Frysztak to establish a library. But their library did not last very long. This little shtetl was ultra-Hassidic with many extremists who opposed such progress like a library. One night they broke into the place where the borrowed books from our library in Strzyzow were kept, and made a bonfire, destroying all the books. After this shameful act, the Zionists from Strzyzow wanted to press charges and take them to court for destroying their property. However, when the storm calmed down they realized that it would not be dignified for Jews to fight in a non-Jewish court. Therefore, the Zionists dropped the whole matter.

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Under the Austro-Hungarian rule, the Zionists in Strzyzow always supported Zionist candidates to the Parliament. In 1911, the Zionists had as their candidate Dr. Tzvi Syrup from Sandz who ran against a Pole, Dr. Leopold Jaworski. Because of Dr. Syrup's Zionism, the Orthodox Jewry decided to support Dr. Jaworski. When Reb Moshe Deutcher from Krakow, a representative of the Orthodox Jewry, came to campaign for Jaworski, he received such a reception from the Zionists that he had to leave town under police protection. However, our candidate was not elected because the majority of Rabbis and the Orthodox Jewry in Galicia were against Zionist candidates.

During the war, between 1914-1918, Zionist activity stopped completely because many young people were in the war fighting, and many were evacuated from the town. Strzyzow was twice occupied by the Russians. After the war, when life return to normalcy, the former Zionist committee, with the help of a few younger members, reactivated the Zionist committee with renewed energy. The first task was to restore the library, because during the war all the books were destroyed. There were many teenagers who during the war grew up to be conscientious young men, eager to participate in all Zionist activities. Tzvi Elazar Sternberg taught Hebrew to the boys, and the girls organized a girl's club named "Ruth." The program included studying Jewish history, Hebrew, and current events relating to Jewish life in the Diaspora.

When the Central Committee of the Zionists relocated to Krakow, Dr. Itzhok Schwarzbart was elected as the leader. He visited several times in Strzyzow and his visits were very inspirational.

In the 1919 elections to the new Polish Parliament, the Zionists worked very hard, campaigning for their candidates. This time the hard work paid off because the majority of the Jews in Galicia supported them, and every Zionist candidate won.

The success of the elections caused rivalry among the Zionist leadership. The younger generation was growing up, and they demanded to share the leadership. In Strzyzow this dispute had settled by itself, after most of the adult Zionists emigrated, and the few who remained, got saddled with families and withdrew from activism. The younger leaders were very intelligent, self-educated, and devoted to the Zionist cause.

Avigdor Diamand was elected as the leader of the Zionist organization. He took over the leadership from his older brother Aryeh. Abraham Brav took over the treasury from his older brother Mordechai, and also the responsibility for the library. There was an outstanding group of girls, including Hena Nechemiah, Feiga Greenblatt, Feiga Weinberg, Eta Dembitzer, Sarah Zilber, and Vita Loos. All these girls played a very important role in the Zionist activities in Strzyzow. Later, I, the writer of these memories, took over the leadership and served as the secretary of the Zionists in Strzyzow.

In 1921, the World Zionist Organization proclaimed a fund-raising campaign for the Jewish National Fund with a goal of raising twenty five million pounds sterling. The money was needed to help the first pioneers who began to redeem the land and settle in Eretz Israel. We the Zionists in Strzyzow, began this campaign with the slogan, "Every Jew in Strzyzow

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helps build a Jewish Homeland." We influenced and inspired the majority of the people in Strzyzow, by organizing a mass meeting in shul. However, at the last minute, the Polish authorities withdrew their permit, under the pretext that the shul is designated only for worshipping. By the withdrawal of the permit, the Polish authorities helped us in the success of the campaign. The meeting was held in a small room, adjacent to the main sanctuary of the shul. Everyone in Strzyzow, even non-Zionists, contributed to this campaign. There were people who pledged their jewelry. Even though these pieces of Jewelry had no big monetary value, the act itself had a tremendous moral uplift.

After this huge campaign, the Zionists realized that funds will be needed continuously, so we organized a monthly membership contribution to the Jewish National Fund. These contributions continued until September 1939. Of course, faces in the organization's leadership and the membership kept changing. The most active in collecting funds in the thirties were: Yacov Keh, Vita Loos, Sarah Rebhun, Naphtali Roth, and Peretz Pinsel from the Mizrachi, a very active Zionist.

At the beginning of each year, the Zionist activists asked for pledges, and during the year these pledges were paid off.

I was the leader until 1938. Not only were we active in fundraising for the Zionist causes, but we took an active role in the community life and the Kehillah. In time of elections to local and central government, we always made sure that the right candidate got the deserved Jewish support. We also helped chalutzim who were leaving for Eretz Israel, most of whom had no means to pay for their passage. We even helped the well-known anti-Zionist, Reb Shalom Schwartzman, who went to the Holy Land and joined the Neturei Karta. We saw to it that he got a certificate from the British authorities permitting his emigration. The Zionists used to organize all kinds of festivities for fund raising purposed. The first time we organized such an affair in 1919, when we used an egg packing plant belonging to one of our friend's father. The news about the party reached the worshippers in the Beit Hamidrash. A group of older people came to pay as a visit, to see with their own eyes what the Zionists were up to. But to their consternation, their attitude changed when they did not see anything extraordinary. From then on these parties were well accepted. In the later years, the Zionists celebrated every Tuv B'Shvat with a big party in the Polish club hall. Tzvi Shapiro, a local resident who spent some years in Eretz Israel, was the spiritual leader of these affairs.

The relationship among the different Zionist group and between the rest of the population was very good.

In 1925, a group of young men organized the first religious youth group under the sponsorship of the Mizrachi. They began to spread the idea of "Aliyah" to Eretz Israel, and this idea never ceased to inspire the young generation in Strzyzow. In a village not far from Strzyzow lived a Jewish landowner, Reb Yechezkiel Wallach, with his son-in-law, Reb Israel Wilner. They were ardent Zionists and enabled the young people from Strzyzow to establish a "Hachshara" where the chalutzim could obtain agricultural training by working in the fields. Many young people

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from Galicia, came there to be trained before leaving for Eretz Israel. Generally, it was hard to find a place for the Zionist groups to obtain agricultural training before fulfilling their dream to make aliyah. Eretz Israel had just begun to develop as a Jewish Homeland. Akiva Diamand, a farmer's son, was the first chalutz to emigrate to Eretz Israel, and after him many followed. Many young people had to emigrate illegally, because it was almost impossible to obtain a certificate from the British rulers.

After the Nazis came to power in 1933, many who emigrated from Strzyzow to Germany, were forced to leave, so they emigrated to Eretz Israel. People who escaped the Nazis in 1939, and spent their war years in Russia, when they returned, most of them also settled in Israel. This is the reason why we have such a big concentration of people from Strzyzow in Israel.

In the late thirties, the Zionists in Strzyzow were active in the illegal aliyah. After the death of Reb Hersch Mohrer, who was the official registrar of the Jewish population in Strzyzow, his son, Chaim, a member of the Zionist-Revisionist Party, and his friend Naphtali Diamand, took a stack of blank birth certificates and gave them to the Central Zionist Office, which used them as they were needed.

Joseph Diamand, a young man from Krakow, who came to work as a clerk in Strzyzow, organized the Revisionist group, "Menorah," and the affiliate youth group "Beitar." This group under the leadership of Eliezer Gruber, Feivel Schacher, Baruch Nuremberg, and Joseph Deutch, attracted many youngsters to the organization. The leader of the youth group was Tzvi Scheffler, and the coordinators, Chaim and Eta Mohrer, Pesha Roth, Chava Gruber, and Leah Kracher. They did tremendous propaganda work for the Zionist cause, and especially by inspiring the young people to make aliyah, whether legally or illegally. Joseph Diamand later went to Krakow and became the economical editor for the Zionist Polish newspaper.

The desertion of the Revisionists from the mainstream of the Zionist organization caused shock to the local Zionists, which was soon overcome, after recruiting more members into the Zionist organization. They organized two youth organizations "Akiba," and "Hanoar Hazioni." These young people worked feverishly to spread the Zionist idea and urged their members to leave Poland before it was too late. Their leaders were Joseph Schiff, Naphtali Diamand, and Naphtali Roth.

More and more youth groups were organized under the auspices of the Zionist organization. The boys' group was called Bar Kochba, and the girls' group--Shoshana. These groups were very energetic in their work, helping young people to leave Poland and emigrate to Eretz Israel. They had Hebrew classes and many other cultural activities. Once the library was closed by the authorities for no reason at all, except that it was a Jewish library. After an appeal to the higher authorities the library which was named "Hatikva" reopened, with a special section for younger readers.

The Mizrachi organized a religious group under the leadership of Elimelech Waldman, Reuven Zelig Mandel, Moshe Dym, and Yacov Adest. Waldman was a graduate from a Hebrew teachers seminary. He taught Hebrew in a nearby city but lived in Strzyzow and helped with teaching Hebrew locally. Moshe Dym was later recruited to work for the head office of

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the Mizrachi in Krakow, where he helped many from Strzyzow to obtain certificates for aliyah.

In general the dominant atmosphere in Strzyzow was Zionism. All the young people in Strzyzow found their way to Zionist youth groups, except the extreme Orthodox and those who joined the Agudat Israel.

There were no leftists in town. People who came from places where the leftists had influence, changed their attitudes and became active in the Zionist movement.

There was a lumber mill in Strzyzow which belonged to Jewish owners, Reb Moshe Johannes and Reb Tzvi Kracher. They had a foreman, Reb Yacov Eisner, who was very intelligent and a devoted Zionist, although he was strictly Orthodox. Eisner had a very good voice and always chanted in the Beit Hamidrash. He organized in the lumber mill a Hachshara for chalutzim who were getting ready to emigrate to Eretz Israel. There they gained experience and were introduced to manual labor in order to be ready for the hardship in the Jewish Homeland. In those times very few young people learned a so-called non-Jewish trade, like cabinet making, mechanical work, etc.

In 1936, the Zionists in Strzyzow did the most daring thing considering the financial situation in town. They added a few classes to the existing kindergarten and turned it into a regular Hebrew school for which they hired a qualified Hebrew teacher, a graduate from the religious teacher's seminary, Yavneh.

A committee of devoted mothers was elected to provide all the assistance the school needed. Women like Nechama Gertner, my wife, Sarah Berglass, Rachel Feit, and Sarah Shapiro, who, with the help of the entire Zionist movement, overcame all the hardships and, thanks to their commitment and devotion, the school lasted until the outbreak of the war in September 1939.

In 1938, I resigned from the leadership of the Zionist organization, and my successor was Dr. Acht, a young lawyer who just settled in Strzyzow. He was a very active Zionist and he continued to be the leader until the outbreak of the war. The last summer before the war started, a big campaign was proclaimed by the World Zionist Movement for the redemption of the Galil. A general meeting was called in the shul, where Dr. Poretzky, a special emissary from Eretz Israel spoke. In his speech he warned the people to wake up from apathy, and emigrate to Eretz Israel legally, if possible, or illegally, because Europe was not safe anymore. Who could have imagined at that time that the disaster was so close and the end of the European Jewry was so imminent. On September 1, 1939, the war broke out and on September the tenth, the Germans occupied Strzyzow. And the destruction of the Jewish community in Strzyzow, Poland, and the rest of Europe, began.

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PROFESSIONALS AND THE INTELLIGENTSIA IN STRYZOW

All the professionals who resided in Strzyzow in the last fifty years were all out-of-towners who settled in Strzyzow to practice their profession. There were doctors, lawyers, dentists, and a few clerks. The majority of them did not socialize with the gentiles, and neither were they too close with the Jews. They were isolated in their own circle. A few supported the Zionist movement, but they were not active members. They also participated in local charities. During the High Holidays, they worshipped in shul. They were the only Jews in town who dared to violate the Jewish tradition by not wearing hats and not observing the Sabbath, and their behavior was reluctantly accepted. When the Hebrew school was established, only a few agreed to send their children to study Hebrew.

NEGATIVE TYPES

There were a few bad characters among the Jews in Strzyzow. However, types like professional informers who would report to the authorities about violations of certain government rules when they contradicted the Jewish traditions, were unknown. The widow of one custom official whose record was not without blemish, lived a long life and suffered for her husband's misdeeds. There were no Jewish thieves or swindlers, and when business or inheritance disputes occurred, it was always settled by the Rabbi or by arbitration through a third party. Jews did not like to bring their problems before the non-Jewish court. There were one or two men who continuously had litigations in court, but they were considered disreputable, although, in no other way, were they different from the rest of the Jews. When it came to support charitable causes, they supported it wholeheartedly. Generally, the Jewish people in Strzyzow lived like one big family.

CONVERTS

Strzyzow had its converts too, though very few. A story was circulating that a few generations earlier, a Rabbi with a few of his followers from Grzybow, a city sixty miles from Strzyzow, were brought by the church to Strzyzow for the baptism ceremony at a well on the outskirts of the town. Later a statue was erected in their honor. We all remember the statue because it was located in a pine grove where we used to stroll on a Sabbath afternoon. Nobody was sure about the authenticity of the story.

Once, two girls who were cousins fell in love with two gentile boys, and converted to get married. Their relatives lived in town, but no one carried a grudge against them, knowing that they could not prevent it.

After the First World War, when Poland won her independence, a railroad-station manager, for the sake of preserving his job, he and his family converted to Catholicism. The conversion ceremony took place in the church with a big fanfare. His oldest son who studied in Rzeszow refused at first because of his association with a Zionist group, but later relented. This Jewish official apparently had a traditional Jewish

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upbringing. He knew a lot about Jewish traditions and rituals. After his conversion, he kept his job and continued his friendly relationship with the Jewish people in Strzyzow. Apologetically, he used to remark to his Jewish friends that Moses did not lose anything and Jesus did not gain much by his conversion, meaning that he had not been a good Jew, and he was not a good Catholic either. But still, after the conversion, he never missed the Sunday mass. However, before the conversion he rarely attended the services in shul. His conversion helped him and his family to survive the Holocaust. Long before the war, he was transferred to another place where no one knew his origin. The latest convert was a lawyer's daughter who no one paid attention to because her father was very assimilated and had nothing to do with the Jews anyhow, and neither did the girl.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE JEWS AND THE POLES AND THE POGROMS

Regarding the interrelationship between the Poles and the Jews, or rather the behavior of the Poles toward the Jews, in the past, I do not know. They probably were the same as those as to the rest of the Jews who lived all over Poland. In the last generations, the Jews resided in Strzyzow and the nearby villages among the Poles and conducted their business relations as good neighbors and oftentimes, even very friendly. But there was no danger of being assimilated, except in a few rare cases. The Jews knew everything about the Polish history because they studied it in the secular school. As for the Poles, the Jews were like a closed book. Neither one of the two nationalities ever socialized with each other. There were Jewish representatives in the city hall who worked with the Poles, but that's all. No Jew ever attended a Polish wedding or another family affair, and neither did the Poles attend Jewish affairs.

But even in the good times, the Jew knew and felt who was the ruler of the country. In the restless times, when anti-Semitic propaganda strengthened its influence among the Poles, the hatred appeared openly. In the pogroms of the years 1898, 1918, 1919, the most active participants were the peasants and the illiterates, but the city people just stood by, not reacting one way or another.

Before the turn of the century, one Jew was killed in a mysterious way near a crossing and nobody ever found out who killed him.

THE RITTER STORY

The Ritter story which shook up the Jews in Strzyzow and vicinity happened at the end of the nineteenth century.

It happened in the spring, just before Passover, that when Reb Itzhok Ritter's manure was spread on the fields, a body was found. Ritter was a farmer who lived in a nearby village. The body was identified as the daughter of a Ukrainian farmer from a nearby village, who was a servant in the house of a local priest. A few months before, she disappeared, and no one knew her whereabouts. Ritter was a simple religious, seventy years-old man. Soon after the discovery of the body, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to die, even though there was no evidence that he

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had anything to do with this murder, and the body was found in a pile of manure in a open field. After appealing the sentence, his death sentence was commuted and he was sentenced to life imprisonment. However, his family, being sure of his innocence, did not rest. With the help of influential Jewish leaders in Galicia, including Rabbi Leib Broide from Lwow, Rabbi Gedalyahu Shmelkis from Przemysl, they succeeded in getting an audience with the Kaiser Franz Joseph, the Emperor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. At the audience Ritter's daughter, two lawyers, the above-mentioned two Rabbis, and Reb Mordechai Wilner, a family friend who stood by during their ordeal, were present. At the short audience with the Emperor, he told them not to worry. Soon afterwards, Ritter was pardoned and freed. The Kaiser was well-informed about the case.

A short time later, a relative of the village priest confessed on his death bed that he killed the girl as a favor to the priest, after the priest made her pregnant. He was also the person who hid her in the pile of manure.

THE POGROM IN 1898

A few years after the Ritter affair, pogroms broke out all over Galicia. Under the influence of the anti-Semitic priest Stoilowski, Jews were beaten, store windows broken, and Jewish goods looted. The Austrian Governor was forced to call in a military unit to restore order. The soldiers acted very reluctantly and, of course, nobody was arrested. On the contrary, two Jews in Strzyzow were arrested. Reb Yacov Hagel was arrested for refusing to let the military use the shul for a stable. He not only refused, but he even dared to ask the officer why they were not using their Catholic church. The other Jew was arrested because he dared to call the mob--robbers.

Luckily, Strzyzow was spared bloodshed during the pogrom. On Sunday after mass, a big crowd gathered near the church, waiting for a signal to begin the assault, and start looting again, even though the military unit was still in town. The officer ordered the soldiers to load their rifles and get ready to fire. Still, the mob refused to retreat. It was a matter of seconds before the officer was ready to give the order to fire, but the old priest Jablocinski appeared in the front of the church, and spoke to the mob. He told them that this is the wrong way to get rid of the Jews. The proper way, he said, would be to stop dealing with them, not to buy anything from the Jews, and that will make the Jews leave the Country. Subsequently, the mob dispersed.

In Frysztak, a nearby town, the mob was not that lucky. The soldiers were forced to open fire and a few Poles were killed.

Right after the pogrom, the preaching of the priest Jablocinski, began to materialize. He urged a few Poles to open a cooperative which would compete with the Jews.

They made a big opening ceremony, with the priest consecrating the store, and anti-Jewish speeches. In his opening speech, the priest urged all the Christians to boycott the Jews and buy only in the Christian

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stores. The priest made a remark to the peasants that those who intend to steal should continue their visits in the Jewish stores. He knew well his flock. However, Jews, being forced to be merchants for generations, knew much better the trade than the Christians. They knew how to be flexible, and reduce prices by lowering the margin of profits. Therefore, the Christian cooperatives which mushroomed at that time all over Galicia, did not succeed to push the Jews out of business. The simple village people upon whom the Polish aristocrats always looked down, preferred to buy in Jewish stores. Therefore, no matter how much the priest kept preaching every Sunday in the church to support the Christian cooperatives, they did not succeed to do much damage. In Strzyzow, after the Christians opened two stores, one for groceries and hardware, and one for agricultural supplies, they were soon forced to close the agricultural supply store. The grocery department existed only because the government granted them a license to sell the monopolized items which nobody else was allowed to sell, neither wholesale nor retail. The government controlled items were salt, sugar, tobacco, and matches.

After the 1898 pogroms, the situation improved a little. Liberal winds were blowing from higher up, and the interrelationship between the two nationalities, the Jews and the Poles, were cordial, and both respected each other. They fully cooperated in the city government. A Jewish section in the slaughterhouse was provided for kosher slaughtering, and whenever a Jewish holiday fell on a Tuesday, the weekly Market Day, it was postponed to another day. The attitude toward the Jewish students changed drastically for the better. Whenever Polish students tried to harass the Jews, they were protected by the teachers. Nevertheless, the Jews had to occupy the seats in the last rows. No Jewish child dared to leave the perimeter of the town. If he did, he was always attacked by the Polish youngsters.

During the First World War, anti-Semitism rose to an all time high, notwithstanding the fact that many Jews served in the army on the front lines, and many gave their lives for the country, and many more were wounded and remained invalides for life. The hatred went so far that a member of the Austrian Parliament dared to question the government about, why the Jews did not fulfill their obligations when it concerned the army. This Parliament member happened to be elected from our district, representing the party of the farmers, and they pretended to be liberal-minded.

In the last year of the war, more and more anti-Semitic incidents were occurring. In Krakow, one Jewish father on his way to a hospital to visit his injured son, a soldier, was thrown out of the train and killed. In 1918, at a protest meeting in Strzyzow against the just-concluded peace treaty between Germany and the Soviet Union, the Poles did not blame Germany for the treaty, but the Jews. After the meeting, they went on a rampage and began to loot the Jewish stores and homes.

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MEMORIES FROM THE 1898 POGROM

By Tzvi Elazar Sternberg

In the second half of the 1898, the skies over the children of Israel became gloomy with dark clouds. Wicked winds began to blow, and a pogrom atmosphere was felt in Strzyzow. The enemies of the Jews raised their heads, and spread all kinds of lies and falsehoods, and used it to their advantage. The clergy, from their church pulpits, preached that the Jews were to be blamed for all their tribulations. Father Stoilowski, known for his obloquy, traveled from village to village, and incited to riot against the Jews. No wonder then, that the peasants attacked, murdered, robbed and looted our brothers. In addition to the anti-Jewish campaign, this was also a year of drought, and the Austrian government did not extend any help to the farmers. Consequently, the time was ripe for the anti-Semites to blame their misfortune on the Jews--the eternal scapegoats.

After the first pogrom in the vicinity, the bandleaders declared that Sunday, August the 18th, will be the day of pilferage and murder in our town. Bad news about robberies and beatings had already reached Strzyzow from the nearby towns, Frysztak, Niebylec, Czudec, and the surrounding villages. The Jews in Strzyzow trembled from fear, worrying about what was going to happen to them. Delegation after delegation ran to the mayor of the town asking him to take preventive actions. The mayor promised that with his intercession, everything would pass peacefully. The old man Wyzikowski, a venerable citizen and the head of the fire brigade, had put on his uniform which was decorated with medals from the 1866 War, and his fancy hat, with his rusty sword dangling from his belt, he came out into street assuring the Jews that he would see to it that no harm would come to them. Whoever saw him in his outfit and did not know him, could have believed that this man was a powerful personality and could do anything he wanted to do.

My father, of blessed memory, made shutters for the windows from such thin boards that the lightest breeze could have blown them down in a second. Friday morning, units of infantry and cavalry which consisted of Hungarians, Germans, and Ukrainians, arrived in town. They came from Eastern Galicia. There were also a few Jews among them. The Jewish people of Strzyzow breathed a sigh of relief. Everybody invited the Jewish soldiers for the Sabbath into their house for two reasons: To fulfill the commandment of hospitality, and to feel more secure in their homes.

The cavalry stationed their horses in the front yard of the shul. Reb Yacov Hagel, the shul treasurer refused having the horses stationed near the shul. He went to the commanding officer, and after a heated discussion, he was arrested for insulting the Christian religion, and was kept in prison until the trial. At the trial he was sentenced to a year and a half imprisonment. Handcuffed he was led away to Rzeszow to spend his jail term. During the trial, we found out what constituted an insult to the Christian religion--He asked the officer why he did not put the horses in front of the Catholic church.

My father invited two soldiers for the Sabbath. They happened to be

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from Sieniawa, his birthplace, and he knew the soldiers' parents. They told us not to be frightened, that with the presence of the soldiers in the house nobody would dare to harm us. Nevertheless, my mother cried bitterly during the Sabbath candlelighting. We, my dad, the soldiers, and I, went to the services in the Beit Hamidrash, where many worshippers were missing and Jewish soldiers took their places. It just so happened that to my uncle Reb Joseph Hersh, a son was born, his third son, Joel, but out of fear, nobody showed up to the traditional "Welcome to the male party" which usually takes place on Friday night. Whatever food Reb Joseph Hersh had prepared was given away to the soldiers. We ate together and sang Sabbath songs when suddenly a knock on the door was heard. We were startled and afraid to open the door until a soldier grabbed his bayonet, and in a ready-to-fight position, slowly opened the door. Then Rab Menashe from Lutcza, a nearby village burst in breathlessly. After my father poured him a drink, he pulled himself together and began to tell his story.

He told us that his neighbors attacked him and looted his house. They robbed him of everything. He hid behind the door with a board in his hands. After they departed with the loot, he attacked the last few who were still in the house. He beat them until they were bleeding, and then ran away to Strzyzow.

We knew Menashe. He used to sell us eggs from time to time. He was a pious peasant Jew who spoke Yiddish like a gentile.

On Sunday, August the eighteenth, the day the anti-Semites had designated to pogromize the town, peasants came from the surrounding villages, some with carts, and some by foot with sacks ready for the loot. The marketplace was swarming with peasants. Again, Wyzikowski came out spruced up in his uniform. He went around in the crowd and scolded loudly the peasants, urging them to disperse. But no one paid any attention to him. Then the infantry and the cavalry soldiers arrived. They attacked the mob who started to run toward the churchyard, with the soldiers chasing after them. Then, the old priest Jablocinski, came out and pleaded with the soldiers, promising them that he would see to it that the crowd will leave peacefully. The crowd dispersed and the Jews breathed a sigh of relief.

THE POGROM IN STRYZOW IN 1918

In November 1918, after the Austro-Hungarian Empire fell apart, and Poland became independent, the demobilized Jewish soldiers who just returned from the battle fields, had organized a self-defense group because the Jews felt insecure and needed protection. They were armed by the temporary Polish authorities. When the Polish authorities found out that the Polish mob was planning to attack the Jews, they called in all the guns and the Jews remained defenseless. The pogrom began during an anti-Jewish meeting, which was called by Jew haters and agitators. While the meeting was in progress in the local clubhouse, another group of hooligans did not even bother to attend the meeting. They began to loot

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and to destroy Jewish stores and homes. They started looting the grocery store of the partners Feit, and Tenzer, and continued to rob all the stores on the south side and the west side of the marketplace, stopping at our store.

When the leaders of the meeting heard about the looting, they interrupted the meeting and asked the people to disperse, claiming that this is not the way to get rid of the Jews. The same spiel that we heard twenty years earlier from priest Jablocinski. Now another priest, Bulok, was his name. He was the leader and the main speaker for the anti-Semites. He also claimed that by looting Jewish property, they were doing a disservice to the Polish government which had just won her independence, and were defaming Poland's reputation as a democracy. The pilfering stopped. However, in the side streets, out of sight of the authorities, looting continued. The material damage to the Jews was tremendous, particularly, the wine merchant Reb Israel Kanner. He was ruined forever. He lost his wife and a son just before the pogrom and, after the pilferers became drunk, they broke the wine barrels in the wine cellar. One Pole died on the spot from drunkenness.

The winter of 1918-19, was very depressing for the Jews in Poland in general and for the people in Strzyzow in particular. The Polish soldiers, under the command of General Haller, on their way from the western front to the eastern front, went beserk. Beating and pilfering the Jews was the order of the day. Jews were thrown out of trains, and in Strzyzow, a man whose name was Margolis, was beaten and kicked out of a train. In the city of Lwow, after the Poles won back the city from the Ukrainian rebels, they organized a pogrom in which many Jews were killed. Demobilized army personnel, instead of going home and returning to civilian life, were roaming around in the villages and cities, destroying and looting Jewish property. The Polish authorities were weak and also not anxious to stop these excesses whenever it affected the Jewish population.

These pogroms caused many young Jewish men to leave Poland in search for a better future in western Europe or in the United States of America. But for the remaining Jews, there was uncertainty in their future.

THE BLOOD LIBEL IN STRYZOW

It happened in the spring of 1919, on a Monday, the seventh day of Passover. It was the second day of Easter holiday. (In Europe, the Christians celebrate Easter for two days.) Before noon, during the morning services, two Polish women, one in her middle age and the other a young woman, burst into the Beit Hamidrash which was filled with worshippers. The women demanded voiciferously the return of the older woman's fourteen year-old daughter. They searched everywhere, under the tables, benches, and when they finished searching, they left. Some people ignored it, but some took it very seriously, knowing that such incidents could cause a tragedy to the entire community.

The same afternoon, the Chief of the Police appeared in the house of Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff, accompanied by the older woman who earlier searched the Beit Hamidrash, and a little girl about fourteen years old. The Police

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THE PLACES WHERE THE ALLEGED BLOOD LIBEL TOOK PLACE

This is the northeast side of the marketplace in Stryzow



- 1) The small opening where the girl allegedly was held.
- 2) The stoop where Golda Horowitz was sitting and waiting for her father to wake up.
- 3) The window where Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff lived.
- 4) The community bathhouse.

The building belonged to Eliezer Glatt.



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asked the little girl if she recognized the Jew who locked her up in the basement of this house, from which she claimed to have managed to escape through a small window.

The Chief of the Police ordered the Schiff family to line up, and asked the girl to identify the man who dragged her into the basement. When the girl hesitated to identify anybody, the Chief of the Police tried to persuade her to point at Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff. Luckily, the police could not convince the girl, and they left. On their way out, they saw the woman, Golda Horowitz, sitting on the stoop of her father's house. Suddenly the girl pointed at the redheaded woman that she recognized as the person who dragged her into the basement. This woman suffered a lot during the war. She was struggling to bring up two small children by herself, because her husband was in the United States and could not help her, being on the opposite side of the warring countries. On this holiday, she had come to visit her father, Reb Joshua Selligman. Her father was asleep, and she had decided to wait until he will wake up. Next door lived the milkman Reb Israel Aaron Berger. When he heard the commotion outside, he came out to see what was going on. He too was redheaded, and the girl pointed at him also, claiming that Berger and Golda Horowitz, were the two people both redheaded who abducted her and dragged her into the basement. According to the girl, she was called into the house of the Horowitz family to remove the candlesticks from the table. The plotters of the blood libel did not know that there is a difference between a regular Sabbath and a holiday which falls on a weekday. On a Sabbath Jews are forbidden to handle candlesticks, but not so on a holiday. After she did what she was asked to do, she said, the woman fed her with milk and matzo, and afterwards she was dragged by the redheaded woman with the help of the redheaded man into the basement. When she screamed, they gagged her.

Both, Golda Horowitz, and Israel Berger, were arrested. Soon the police produced an eyewitness, a semi-retarded man, who used to sleep in the Jewish bathhouse. The witness claimed that he just happened to be sitting nearby and saw the entire episode.

Within hours, a mob gathered in the marketplace and began to terrorize Jewish homes, attacking the Jews who were on their way to the evening services. Most of those who suffered were those in the Beit Hamidrash, because they were an easy target. The mob just burst into the sanctuary and began to hit everyone indiscriminately. But the young Jews did not surrender meekly. They fought back and repulsed the attackers. They pushed them out from the Beit Hamidrash. Meanwhile, the news about the libel spread to the villages around Strzyzow, and the peasants joined the city hooligans, who quietly surrounded the Beit Hamidrash, blocked the exits, and some went up to the women's gallery. Simultaneously they started a rock throwing attack at the people inside. The beating and looting went on until midnight, when the mob got tired and went home.

Early the next morning, my sister, Chaya Berglass, and Aryeh Diamand, secretly slipped out of town and went to Rzeszow, a large city nearby, to appeal for help. Their appearance caused fear, and frightened the local Jews, so they decided that a delegation of Jewish representatives with Rabbi Nathan Levin should turn to the Polish authorities and ask for help.

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But soon the Jews realized that no help will be forthcoming. The delegation immediately departed by train to Krakow to intervene with the regional authorities, with the help of Dr. Schwarzbart, the Chief Secretary of the Zionist Central Committee.

While the search for help was going on, in Strzyzow the pogrom continued into the second and third day. On the third day, a military unit arrived in town, and order was restored.

During these three days, two hundred people, men women, and children, were wounded, and one man killed. Reb Alexander Kimmel, of blessed memory, was killed. A Polish neighbor had a grudge against him over a fence dispute, so he took advantage of the situation and killed him.

The blood libel was planned in advance, preparing the alleged victim as a live witness, and a second witness who claimed he saw the crime was committed. Who the plotters were was never found out. A short time later, the stepfather of the girl was killed, and rumors were that he knew too much, and had been opposed to putting his girl through such an ordeal. The facts were that the Police Chief and the local priest with the local politicians were involved.

It was evident from the first moment, by the way the Chief behaved in the house of the Schiff family, when he tried to coax the girl to point at Reb Levi Itzhok as the man who took her to the basement. The police never bothered to investigate who the plotters were, and the Jews were troubled with the upcoming trial. The local non-Jewish population was inclined to believe in the whole story fanatically that the Jews were using Christian blood to prepare matzos for Passover. It was remarkable how far this belief penetrated their minds. Even a person like the mayor Dr. Patryn, when approached to do something about the pogrom, responded, "Why did you need the whole problem?" Meaning that he believed the story, and he was considered to be a liberal and an intelligent man.

After the pogrom was suppressed, the city was calm but tense. The Jews were afraid that the smallest disturbance would bring back another pogrom. Another delegation went to Krakow, representatives of the Kehillah. Reb Abraham Tenzer, Reb Chaim Yehuda Horowitz on behalf of his father Reb Alter Zev, and my sister Chaya Berglass, who spoke Polish very well. In Krakow, they recruited Dr. Itzhok Schwarzbart, the Zionist leader, to intervene with the authorities about the plot, and expressed their fear of another bloodbath. And the delegation's anxiety was justified, as you will read later.

A few weeks after the pogrom, a Jewish self-defense group which was active in Krakow and its vicinity, came to Strzyzow to support and protect the Jews. At the same time, a Polish military unit arrived in town. Their arrival had no connection with the Jewish group. Apparently, the Polish authorities knew that something was brewing. The local Polish authorities did not allow the Jewish defense group to act, claiming that they would cause anger among the Polish people seeing armed Jews.

On Tuesday, the Market Day in Strzyzow, an unusually big crowd arrived from near and far. Since this was springtime, the Visloka River was overflowing and the passage into the town was limited to only two narrow bridges from the east and the south. The roads from the north and the

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west were impassable. Therefore, the Polish officer ordered his soldiers to block the bridges and prevent the crowd from coming to town. When the mob tried to push their way into town, the officer warned them that he had orders to shoot, and begged them to avoid bloodshed. That is how the town was fortunate enough to escape another pogrom.

Other cities in the area did suffer. In Kolbuszow, a nearby town, ten Jewish people were killed, and hundreds were wounded.

Mrs. Golda Horowitz, and Reb Aaron Berger, were put on trial for attempted murder, but the religious aspect of the story was not mentioned by the prosecution. It would have looked ridiculous to mention that the Jews use Christian blood for matzos. The Jews were represented by the most famous criminal lawyer in Poland, Dr. Leib Landau, from Przemyśl. Although the two witnesses for the prosecution testified against the accused, the two were freed for lack of evidence. The two Poles who were tried for murdering Reb Alexander Kimmel during the pogrom were also freed. The Pole who killed Kimmel died in a mental hospital, and the witness who testified in the blood libel was around for many years. He kept coming into Jewish homes begging for food, and as usual, people soon forgot what he did to the Jews. The pogroms and the blood libel left an impression on the town for many years to come. After a Jewish delegate to the Polish Parliament protested this incident, a commission was nominated to investigate the pogroms and the blood libel. The commission came to Strzyzow and questioned some witnesses, but nothing was resolved.

Reb Alexander Kimmel's widow who was left with small children without any means of support, emigrated to the United States. Golda Horowitz also emigrated to the United States, and Reb Israel Aaron Berger, moved with his family to another town.

Soon people in Strzyzow forgot the Austrian government, and began to adjust to life under the Polish rule. In the first years of the Polish independence, Jews had their own elected delegates to the Polish Parliament. In the local government, the Jews always supported someone who pretended to be friendly to them. Culturally, Jews did not mix with the Poles.

The situation of the Jews in Poland between the two world wars was not too bad. Politically, the Zionists strengthened their influence among the Polish Jewry. Economically, the Jews may have been better off than under the Austrian rule until the beginning of the thirties. Then anti-Semitism swept through Poland, an anti-Jewish campaign started again in which the Poles were urged to boycott the Jewish businesses. The Polish government tolerated it and did nothing to stop the campaign. In Strzyzow a few Christian stores were opened as a result of that campaign.

The Jewish farmers in the villages were forced out, and many of them moved to the cities, ruined economically. The mood among the Poles was anti-Jewish, and wherever they could, they demonstrated their feelings. In Strzyzow the people liked to spend their Sabbath afternoons in the woods which belonged to Count Wolkowitzki. Suddenly a sign appeared, "Entrance to Jews forbidden." After my intervention, the sign was removed. The Market Day used to be postponed whenever it fell on a Jewish holiday, but suddenly an ordinance was issued by the city that it will not be postponed anymore. After a few Market Days without the Jews, they relented

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to the postponement again, because the farmers did not come to town. Some Poles threatened the Jews by saying: "Wait, Hitler is coming soon and that will be the end of you." In school the Jewish students felt the hatred and were defenseless.

The majority of the Poles continued the formal relationship until the outbreak of the Second World War.

THESE I WILL REMEMBER

In memory of the young students, teachers, who dwelt
in the Beit Hamidrash and studied the Torah.

By Shlomo Yahalomi

The synagogues in the cities of Poland, Galicia, and the Lithuanian Yeshivot were the creators of the Jewish soul. Between the walls of these institutions, you could find people of all ages and walks of life, the poor and the rich. Everybody was studying Torah, the holy books of the Bible, with all its commentaries, day and night, without interruption. There were some young men who considered studying the Torah as a permanent occupation, and they were supported by their families. The less fortunate could study only in the morning and evening hours, because during the day, they had to struggle for their daily bread. Some students studied individually and some in groups. The younger boys never hesitated to bother their elders with questions and asking for help. In Strzyzow, as in all other cities in Galicia, the Beit Hamidrash was always full of people learning by themselves or teaching others. The long rectangular tables were always cluttered with open books, and around these books people were discussing various religious problems and responsa. There were young men who studied all night. The majority came at four in the morning to take up their holy studies. They studied everything that was written from the early sages to the latest Rabbinical geniuses. The young men who studied in the Beit Hamidrash or kloiz were obligated to take care of the books and also to obtain funds for new books. Every Friday all the books were shelved by category.

It is impossible to list all the names of the students and scholars who spent time in the Beit Hamidrash or kloiz in Strzyzow, from the early Rabbis, generations ago, to the latest generation who perished in the Holocaust. The geniuses and religious people who dwelt in the synagogues and later graduated to become famous Rabbis would make a very long list. I will only mention a few, starting with Rabbi Moshe Teitelbaum, the author of the book Yismach Moshe, Rabbi Aryeh Leib, the author of Otot Hahamayim, Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro, whose most important book was the Bnei Yisoschor, plus several other books. Rabbi Tzvi Hersch Shapiro, the author of Darkei Tshuva, Reb Naphtali Nutman, the author of Toldot Noah, and many more famous Rabbis from the early centuries. There were scholars who studied just to fulfill their own thirst for knowledge without the desire to win fame, like Reb Moshe Krym, Reb Mendel Mannis Friedman, the son of Reb Moshe Samuel, the teacher who taught pupils for many years.

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

He was a righteous man, gentle, with a wonderful disposition, and patience to explain the most complicated passages in the Talmud to his students. Reb Mendel Mannis Friedman's son survived and is now a member in kibbutz Tirat Tzvi, one of the biggest religious kibbutzim in Israel. Another son of Reb Moshe Samuel was Reb Pinchos Friedman, who married the daughter of the Assistant Rabbi from Frysztak. He authored the book Meah Kshita. In an introduction to this book, Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro wrote that the author is a young man who knows the Torah by heart. Reb Pinchos authored a second book by the name Divrei Yehonathan, a commentary on the Five Books of Moses. I would also like to mention Reb Moshe Nuremberg, who left Strzyzow to be assistant Rabbi in Keln, a city with the biggest Jewish community in Germany.

A few of the young men in the class before us who spent time and studied G-d's teachings in the synagogues of Strzyzow were; Reb Mendel Groskopf, a scholar, a G-d-fearing man humble, who gave charity discreetly without any fanfare. After his marriage, he moved to a nearby town, Brzostek. When the Nazis occupied his town they selected him to be the Jewish community leader. Soon the Nazi Chief ordered him to prepare a list of all Jews who were physically able to work. He made a list with one name only, his own, and was executed on the spot. (The translator of this memorial book visited Reb Mendel Groskopf in his home during the Nazi occupation, when he was on his way to Strzyzow to take farewell from his father of blessed memory, before his escape to Russia. It was Hoshana Raba, the seventh day of Sukkoth 1939. He arrived early in the morning before the services which were held illegally in his house with barely a minyan. The tears of the worshippers were so heart-breaking that the scene will never be forgotten and will follow him all his life. They needed an Etrog and a Lulav to recite the Hoshanot, but there was none. There was only a dry Lulav from last year which reminded them of better times.) I wish also to commemorate Reb Mendel Sturm, the son of Yacov, a humble, righteous man, a Talmudist, knowledgeable in all religious strictures. After he married a girl from another town, he moved there where he shared the fate of all his brethren.

The brothers Yacov and Mendel Rosen who never became angry at anyone and were always in good spirits, always hoped for better times to come. They were sincere G-d-fearing people. Further on in this book more will be told about them.

Reb Wolf Mandel, one of the finest young men, knowledgeable in the depths of Torah and all the commentaries, always shared his knowledge with others, was friendly and smiling to everybody. He loved singing Hassidic melodies, especially happy ones.

Reb Moshe Yacov Schwartzman, the leader of the Agudat Israel, was a devoted Jew who gave much of his spare time for the organization. He was an intelligent young man, always willing to give a helping hand when Torah education was concerned, especially for the girl's education. He helped to open the Bais Yacov School for girls.

Reb Chaim Friedman, one of my closest friends, was the grandson of Reb Joseph Mordechai, the Assistant Rabbi in Strzyzow for many years. Reb Chaim made his grandfather proud having a grandson like him. He learned

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to be a shochet, and later became a shochet after his father Reb Leib Friedman retired. Pinchos, his brother, was also a G-d-fearing, sharp-minded individual.

Wolf Zilberman, who dwelt in the Beit Hamidrash day and night, always discussed the Talmud, defending his position fiercely.

Aaron Samuel Beitler, was a fledgling Hebrew poet with a gentle soul. The brothers, Itzhok, Mendel, Tzvi Elimelech, and Yacov Goldman, the sons of Avrehmale Goldman, were dear and likeable. Itzhok was a mathematician who could put together a Jewish calendar for hundreds of years ahead. He once met the poet Chaim Nachman Bialik, and after a conversation with Itzhok, Bialik was overwhelmed about Itzhok's knowledge and intelligence in many subjects, beside the teachings of the holy books. All of the Goldman brothers secretly read Yiddish and world literature.

Yacov Landesman, who, although he lost his father as a child, grew up to be one of the best young men. His home environment was not of the best, because of his mother's second marriage. Still, he was able to overcome all the hardships and turned out to be a Talmudic genius.

Elazar Loos, a very humble, but smart, soft-speaking, straight-forward young man, survived the Holocaust physically, but was mentally impaired, and a few months after the liberation from the concentration camps, put an end to his life. His sister in Eretz Israel never had a chance to stretch out her helping arm to him.

Meir Schiff, Samuel Schreiber, Pinchos Kracher, Israel Hauben, Motel Weitman, Paltiel Kneller, his brothers, Itzhok and Eisik, Mordechai and Hersch Tenzer, Shimon Hochdorf, David Bernstein, Joseph Mordechai and David Hersch Schiff, and Meir Mordechai Schwartzman, were young men, the best that Strzyzow had. A promising young generation which was capable and ready to follow their elders, to continue the Jewish community life, were so untimely cut down in the prime of their lives in a most cruel way. May G-d avenge their untainted blood.

THE PEOPLE WHO ALWAYS STUDIED THE TORAH

Almost all the adults in Strzyzow, no matter how busy they were making a living, found time to study Torah. Whoever did not know how to study, at least recited a few chapters of King David's Psalms daily. About twenty or thirty people regularly took part in learning Mishnayoth every evening. Reb Shalom Schwartzman, the teacher, possessed a unique talent to teach and to explain the most complicated subjects in a way that simple people could understand. Every Sabbath afternoon, Reb Chaim Yacov Nuremberg taught Midrash, the chapter of the week with its commentaries, and books of ethics. He was a master teacher. He used to tell all kinds of interesting stories related to his teachings, and the simple folks loved him for it. On Friday nights, people used to gather in groups and study Torah and Chassidic books. The teacher of this study group was the writer of these lines. Afterwards, tales about Hassidic Rabbis followed to which the participants listened to with great enthusiasm. All this took place in the Beit Hamidrash. The best people in town, whether rich or poor, took part in these studies. People like Reb David Wiener, Reb Chaim Mandel, Reb Ephraim Kneller, the

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brothers, Yacov and Mendel Rosen, and even a man like Reb Baruch Berglass who was one of wealthiest people in town, spent every day until noon studying the Scriptures. These were the inhabitants of the town.

Of course, the list is not complete. We can go on and on. We did not mention Reb Abraham Tenzer, who studied religious philosophy, Reb Shalom Schwartzman, who studied the Zohar every day, and the last but not the least, the town's most famous intellectual, Reb Alter Nechemiah, who studied and knew the Prophets and the commentaries on them.

THE YESHIVA ETZ CHAIM IN STRYZOW

In 1930, by the initiative of a few young men, a small Yeshiva was established in Strzyzow. Even though the Yeshiva was under the auspices of the Agudat Israel, it succeeded to enroll students from Hassidic families, followers of the Rabbis from Bobow, Belz, and Munkatch. Also from the religious group Mizrachi. They taught Talmud, with commentaries daily, and on Friday nights or Sabbath afternoons the Pentateuch was taught. The Assistant Rabbi, Yacov Shpalter, Reb Chaim Mandel, Reb Mendel Rosen, and the writer of these memories, were the teachers. Every Thursday, the students were examined in the presence of the fathers and supporters. The Yeshiva did not last long because the enthusiasm of the students and the teachers which was strong at the beginning, soon faded. Only a few students survived the Holocaust.

Besides the Yeshiva there was a Talmud Torah Society which provided religious education for the children of the poor. Funds for this purpose had to be raised continuously all year round. Collections were made at weddings, and other family celebrations. The Talmud Torah Society members kept a watchful eye on the quality of the teachings, and examined the students from time to time. The outstanding students were awarded small symbolic prizes, like a prayer book or a four cornered ritual garment with tzitziyot. The Society also urged the melamdin to hand out report cards. Boys who were supported by the Talmud Torah Society had to obey certain rules and ways of behavior. These rules were mentioned earlier in this book in the chapter about education in Strzyzow.

THE CHEDERS AND THE MELAMDIN

Many used to criticize the cheders of the earlier generations. Even now there are plenty of critics. The complaints were that the teachers had no pedagogic experience and the cheders were not clean enough. However, even though part of the criticism was justified, it has to be pointed out that, although the teachers had not studied in teacher's seminaries or universities, they had a wonderful way of interpretation and exceeded the professionals of today with their skills. There were also cheders which were immaculate. It is a fact that no one can deny that the alumni of cheders turned out to be scholars and educated men. Therefore, the teachers deserve a monument for their achievements. A few of them have already been mentioned and I will tell about a few more teachers that taught me or were close to me personally.

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REB MORDECHAI ROSENBAUM

They called him Reb Mordechai melamed. His silver beard and the look in his eyes gave the impression of a very strict teacher, and he was. He did not spare the whip. In his cheder the children learned to read in a prayerbook, and as soon a child knew to read, immediately he was transferred to another teacher. His wife Basha, helped him with the children in a very energetic way. From his entire family only one daughter with her family survived, because they emigrated before the Holocaust.

REB YECHESKIEL GORGIL (ADAM'S APPLE)

He taught the Five Books of Moses with Rashi's commentary and the beginning of Talmud. Gorgil was his nickname, and very few in Strzyzow knew his last name. He was also called "Yechezkiel Godower," because he came to Strzyzow from the village Godowa. He was a teacher par excellence. His method of explanation was remarkable, especially when he taught the children about how the Israelites, on their way from Egypt, built the Tabernacle, and about the breastplate which the High Priests wore. He drew a blueprint and explained it to the children in such detail that it undoubtedly remained in the children's minds even after they grew up. I still remember a little speech he used to make before he began to teach the Talmud.

"Dear children, have no fear for the studying that we are about to begin. Nobody knows before he learns, and he never regrets it afterwards." Illiterate people, he used to say, are like dry wood ready for burning. Learned people are like a growing tree, growing new branches all the time. Of course, he did not spare the whip either. When somebody did something unbecoming a Jewish boy, he used to call him over with a melodic voice and tell him the following:

"If you voluntarily remove your pants and lay down like a nice little boy, you will get only two lashes, but if I will have to use force, you will get five lashes over your behind.."

On one occasion, I too almost got to be a victim of such a lashing. It happened when we decided to play a game of imitating a gentile funeral. We picked one student who would pretend that he was dead. We dug a shallow grave and buried him. Next we covered him with boards exactly according to the rules. After a few seconds the deceased panicked and began to scream. Neighbors hearing his screaming came out to the rescue. And because I was the ringleader of this action, the teacher was going to give me a lashing ceremony, but my friend, the "deceased," begged Reb Yechezkiel not to punish me because he forgave me. And that is how I escaped the punishment ordeal.

Reb Yechezkiel was a Hassid of the Rabbi from Sadigora and he had the support of the Hassidim of that Rabbi. All of his offspring perished in the Holocaust but he died years before. After he passed away, his son-in-law took over the cheder.

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

REB YOSL FROM BRZOW

Reb Yosl, the teacher from Brzow was one of the best Strzyzow ever had. He taught Talmud to the best students in town only. Reb Yosl was very respected, not only because he was an out-of-town teacher, but also because he taught the students the principles of mathematics, and other secular subjects. He also had a wonderful singing voice. He knew all the liturgical music and songs from famous cantors around the world. Reb Yosl knew how to read music, which he taught his students. Whenever he was invited to a wedding, he was always asked to entertain with his sweet voice and the chorus of his students.

Reb Yosl was a pious Jew and a good teacher. One of his many daughters survived the Holocaust and lives in Israel.

REB ISRAEL LEIB KARP

Reb Israel was a teacher without any outstanding qualifications. He himself did not know too much, just enough to teach the eight to ten years-olds. But he did teach the children all the ritual rules and customs which other teachers ignored. He was poor, but a Hassid of the Rabbi from Sadigora, so the Hassidim of that Rabbi made him a melamed. Reb Israel Leib was a soft-spoken man, never raised his voice to a child. Therefore, the discipline in cheder was weak. However, in the rare occasion when he did get angry, he slapped in the face with such a force that the child never forgot. Reb Israel Leib was a G-d-fearing man and tried very hard to teach the children and to satisfy the parents. There were a few other teachers who taught in Strzyzow but they did not leave any strong impression on those whom they taught.

THE AGUDAT ISRAEL

The Agudat Israel was founded in Strzyzow in 1922. It was not easy for the organizers to overcome all the obstacles and hardships in establishing the party in town. There was opposition from every direction. To begin with, the majority in Strzyzow were followers of the Rabbi from Munkatch who opposed any party or organization, whether Zionist or Orthodox. The plain religious people claimed that they had no need for a religious party because everyone was religious anyway.

The Orthodox activists realized that the Zionist idea kept making inroads rapidly among the youth, and they did not want to lose their chance to influence the religious youth.

The Agudat Israel did succeed in influencing the strictly Orthodox Hassidic youth contrary to the opinion of the writer of this article who thought it was wrong to engage the Beit Hamidrash boys in party politics. In the late thirties I realized that I was wrong when I found out that many of these Beit Hamidrash dwellers belonged already to the Zionist religious organization.

At the helm of the party was Reb Yacov Itzhok Bernstein, a Hassid of the famous Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech from Blazow, a very religious man, and the devoted leaders were: Reb Naphtali Chaim Halberstam, the son-in-law

THE BAIS YACOV SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN STRYZOW.



בית הספר לבנות "בית יעקב"
די "בית יעקב" שול

THE GIRL WITH THE X OVER HER HEAD IS GITL FELDMAUS THE
TRANSLATORS COUSIN.

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of Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz, a very pleasant man, who acted quietly but decisively; Reb Moshe Schwartzman, the Secretary, a capable, talented young man, who was the moving spirit of the party, and Reb Joel Glickman, a scholar, and a G-d-fearing man who was a noted leader of the party. He and Reb Yacov Itzhok Bernstein acted with devotion. Their goal was to keep the Jewish youths strictly religious.

The Agudat Israel in Strzyzow helped to obtain qualified teachers for the Bais Yacov, a girls school. They also kept a watchful eye on the melamdim, and tried to modernize the teaching system in Strzyzow.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE AGUDAT ISRAEL AND THE ZIONISTS

The two opposing parties in Strzyzow had a correct relationship without animosity. They opposed each other ideologically but in a peaceful way, unlike in other cities in Galicia. Both, the Zionists and the Agudat Israel were strictly observant Orthodox Jews. The only difference between them was that the Zionists strove to build and to settle immediately in the Jewish Homeland in Eretz Israel, and the Agudat Israel wanted to wait for the Messiah to come. The only issue that really split the community in two camps was the Rabbinical dispute.

There were families where fathers supported Rabbi Alter Zev and the sons Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, or vice versa. Women had no influence in the Rabbinical dispute. This was strictly a man's world in those days. Many times during the elections to the Kehillah, a father who supported one Rabbi would run against his son who supported the other Rabbi.

ONE AMONG THOUSANDS

By Moshe Mussler

It is hard for me to imagine how our shtetl looks now without the Jews. It seems to me that if the Jews have gone, there is no justification for Strzyzow's existence. Our roots were there for generations. We built it. We developed it. The non-Jewish inhabitants looked like outsiders when they were in the center of town. The air in the streets and in the alleys was breathing with Yiddishkeit.

Friday at sunset, when the shutters of the stores came down and the Jewish stores were closed, you could feel the holiness of the Sabbath had arrived. It came down from heaven. In all my wanderings in this world I never had such feelings similar to those I felt on the Sabbath day in Strzyzow.

Reb Eisik the old sexton, started his stroll from door to door equipped with a wooden mallet in his hand, knocking on every door, announcing that the holy Sabbath had arrived. He called out loudly, "Let's go to G-d's house to welcome the Sabbath Queen." Everyone was hurrying not to be late, Heaven forbid, not to desecrate the Sabbath.

The peasants from the villages who parked their carts in the marketplace were also rushing home, not wanting to disturb the holiness of the Jewish Sabbath. The Polish government clerks who, at the end of the day were returning home from their offices, were also rushing through the Jewish center. Even though they were the rulers of the land, nevertheless, at this time of the day, they felt out of place among the Jews.

Those who were late finishing their attendance in the bathhouse were rushing home while others were already on their way to the synagogues, all spruced up in their best clothes. Many wore silk frocks and the traditional shtreimel, worn by almost everyone on the Sabbath in Galicia. The simple people, tailors, cobblers, and village peddlers, all worshipped in shul where Reb Mordechai the tailor led the services, and Reb Leib Sternberg pleasantly sang the L'cha Dodi, welcoming the Sabbath Queen. The services in shul did not take very long because the worshippers were tired from the labor they labored all week, and they were more than happy to hurry home to a festive meal with a little shnaps which their wives had prepared.

In Beit Hamidrash the pace was slower. Everybody recited the Songs of Songs. The words came out from their depths of the heart with a sigh and happiness simultaneously. The congregation waited for the Rabbi's arrival. But he was not in a hurry either. And when the Rabbi finally arrived, everybody rose from his seat, and the entire congregation began to chant the evening prayers.

From the open windows of the kloiz the sweet voice of Reb Samuel Moshe was heard singing the Sabbath song "L'cha Dodi." The sound of his voice penetrated deeply in everyone's soul. These are the unforgettable memories which I remember from my childhood about a Sabbath in my shtetl.

And what happened to this town? To my shtetl?

The shul turned into a warehouse, the Beit Hamidrash where our parents

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spilled their tears, begging and praying before the Almighty, was leveled to the ground. And from the gravestones, sidewalks were built. The streets and the alleys were orphaned, no more Jewish children playing in these places. Teachers are not teaching anymore. Strzyzow shared the fate of many thousands of other cities in Galicia.

May their memory never be forgotten by her sons.

WHEN DID THE JEWS SETTLED IN STRYZOW

When we were young, none of us cared about the historical past of Strzyzow as a Jewish town. To my best knowledge, the Kehillah never had a "Pinkas" which is a sort of diary, and nothing was ever recorded. The only information we could gather at the time when we planned to write these memories came from different books authored by different Rabbis in Galicia who, in their correspondence and responsa, mentioned Strzyzow on different occasions. From several remarks in these books we learned more or less when the Jews settled in Strzyzow. We assume that much valuable data was destroyed during the big fire in 1895, in which more than half of the town burned down, including the Kehillah house and the Beit Hamidrash. Not too many of us ever bothered to record anything important about Strzyzow, a fact we now regret. However, we will try our best.

There were not many Jews who were interested in historical research to supply us with data about when and how Jewish life began in Strzyzow. In a Hebrew quarterly magazine "Zion" we found a map of Jewish communities in Galicia in which Strzyzow was included. This magazine was printed at the end of the seventeenth century. My father who liked to study the past found a gravestone dated 1650. The most convincing proof about the time of the establishment of the Jewish community in Strzyzow is the shul which is still intact. If to judge by the style, the shul was built in the year 1600, because in those years every public building was built like a fortress to protect the inhabitants from outside invaders, the Tatars and the Swedes. The thickness of the walls is about two meters, and is all built with solid rock.

There were repairs made at the end of the nineteenth century, after the big fire in which the roof, tables, benches, and the holy ark were burned. Except the walls, only the big menorah which weighed over two hundred kilos, and a few smaller candelabras which were hanging from the vaulted ceiling, survived.

At the right side entrance door into the shul an iron ring extended from the wall at the level of a man's height. Apparently, the ring was used to tie up the violators of the Jewish customs, and all who passed them had to spit on them.

When entering, you had to descend a few steps to fulfill a quotation from the Psalms "Out of the depths I call to thee O Lord." The bimah was at the center of the shul to which you had to ascend seven steps. The acoustics were excellent even though the ceiling was very high. During the High Holidays when the shul was packed with worshippers and they raised their voices praying, the prayers were heard outside like the roar of the sea.

The first and second cemetery were close to each other, but the third cemetery was about two hundred meters away. They were all ancient

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

cemeteries from earlier centuries, and were not used in our time.

In my youth I would have been able to read the inscriptions and dates on the gravestones, but there was a superstitious belief that reading from the gravestones causes forgetfulness.

In the month before the High Holidays it is customary to visit the graves of relatives so I used to go out with a collection box to collect charity from people who were visiting their relatives' graves. But I never saw anybody visiting these three cemeteries. Only once was I approached by someone from another city to help locate her mother's grave. This woman was only ten years-old when her mother died years ago, which meant the first half of the nineteenth century.

All the houses surrounding the marketplace were almost new, rebuilt after the big fire in the nineteenth century. In contrast, the houses in the alley where most of the melamdim lived were old shacks. The oldest one was Reb Yehuda Nosen's house which, to this day, I cannot understand how this house did not collapse. Apparently, there were miracles in those days. The cheder of Reb Eli Dovid was very old, and I think it was built at the time when the Queen Maria Theresa was sitting on her throne.

The conclusion of all this is: It is very hard for me to establish the exact date of the establishment of the Jewish community in Strzyzow.

It breaks my heart that we do not know exactly when the Jews settled in Strzyzow, but the sorrow is even bigger that Strzyzow ceased to exist in our time, and shared the fate of the rest of the Jewish communities in Europe. The earth is saturated with the blood of our parents, brothers, and sisters.

"EARTH! DO NOT CONCEAL THEIR BLOOD
TO PREVENT FROM HEARING THEIR VOICE OF LAMENTATIONS"

FIRST RAYS OF PROGRESS IN SHTETL

It is hard to pinpoint exactly when enlightenment and progress reached our town. Even a researcher of history would not have been able to establish the exact date. In any case, it did not happen before the end of the nineteenth century. When the twentieth century began, a wave of enlightenment spread all over Galicia, including our shtetl Strzyzow. This wave caused a cultural revolution in Strzyzow's quiet life.

Like many other cities in Galicia, Strzyzow was very conservative, religious, and family-oriented. People never traveled and had little knowledge about the wide world which existed outside of the town. Echoes from the outside world did begin to filter in at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The dwellers of the Beit Hamidrash began to neglect their studying of the Torah. These studies did not satisfy their thirst for secular knowledge which was not available on the bookshelves of the Beit Hamidrash. As a result, they began to read stealthily Yiddish and modern Hebrew books.

The knowledge of Polish and German language was also very important for those who decided to obtain secular education.

In a very short time, without the help of any teachers, we began our

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secular education. Most of the young people in town participated in this so called "Haskalah" movement. Only a few, sons of very Hassidic families, remained outside the wave of enlightenment for fear of their parents.

One of the first steps by a few bold young men was to establish a library. The library contained Hebrew, Yiddish, Polish, and German books. Polish books were introduced to pacify the local authorities, and German books to assure the license from the Central Austrian Government, knowing that they would not dare to hinder the opening of a library in the official language.

I have to confess that the anxiety of the Hassidic segment, demonstrated by their opposition to the opening of a library as well as the Zionist movement, was justified. Many of us, after learning certain things in the secular books, started to ignore a few traditions. Of course, we did not turn atheists right away.

There were a few among us who progressed in their secular knowledge so much that the books available in our library were not enough to satisfy their hunger for more education. Therefore, they left town. But even so, I do not know anybody who reached any fame in the literary or educational field.

When the Zionist movement first began in Strzyzow, and the first lecturers from out of town were invited, we could never find a place for them to speak. Once we had to force our way into a locked Beit Hamidrash, when Dr. Frenkel came to Strzyzow from the Central Zionist Committee. Dr. Frenkel was later a teacher in a Tel Aviv High School. When the speaker began to speak, little by little people gathered out of curiosity, and what they heard was surprisingly satisfactory. This was the first time in Strzyzow that progress won over extremism, and from there on things went easier. The ice was broken.

The thirst for secular education and knowledge about the world of literature was so strong that a peculiar incident which happened to me comes to mind. My friend, Itzhok Berglass, was the only person who could afford to buy his own books. For this reason everybody treasured books so much that nobody would even think of loaning a book to another person. Itzhok Berglass had in his possession a book of Chaim Nachman Bialik's poems. I wanted to read it so much that when I found out that he gave this book to the bookbinder for repair, I stealthily went into the workshop, and spent the better part of the night reading the whole book. I was so happy and enjoyed so much Bialik's poems that I could not fall asleep until morning. How can we forget those long winter nights sitting around the hot stove, or the summer Friday nights, when a group of young men enjoyed having what is now called an Oneg Shabbath.

We used to sing all the songs we knew about Zion and Jerusalem, and next we discussed the latest editorials in the Hebrew papers to which one of us subscribed secretly. Who could imagine that some of us will live to see an established Jewish Homeland called Israel? If one of the readers of these lines is interested in knowing in greater detail about how renaissance of Hebrew, and the Zionist movement began, let him read the book of Shalom Yacov Agnon, Young and Old.

There were rumors in town that a few young men had some modern ideas and progressive thinking, but would not dare to share them with others,

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such as Reb Alter Nechemiah and Hersh Pfeffer. Also, the son of the Assistant Rabbi, Reb Alter Ezra Seidman, because of his progressiveness, he was forced to leave Strzyzow when his father found out that he was skipping prayer services and somebody saw him reading a forbidden book. Still, progress made its inroads in Strzyzow. The writer of these memories was also swept away with the waves and left Strzyzow. I never saw my shtetl again, but it always remained in my memories.

THE FORBEARERS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Although more than sixty years passed since that time, still, jitters go through my body when I recall one spring evening when I was sitting on my father's lap in our store when, suddenly, a rock flew in through the display window. My father hurriedly dropped the shutters and went into the backroom for safety.

The sound of smashed windows and the screaming of the mob was accompanied by looting and beating of Jews until midnight.

The only policeman who served the town disappeared somewhere in a tavern. And no authority was in sight, as if the earth had suddenly swallowed them.

That night nobody slept in his bed. Clothed, we were sitting in apprehension that at any moment the mob will attack us.

Such waiting was unnerving and one does not forget it for the rest of his life.

Next day was Market Day in a nearby shtetl Frysztak. All the local Jews whose livelihood was dependent upon these Market Days could not afford to stay home and not travel to the market.

After a few hours, they returned with bandaged heads and other wounds. The pogrom had reached them there too. Peasants who usually came to the market to do their shopping, at this time, did not shop but looted the Jewish stalls and beat the Jews. The Jews were defenseless.

Days of fear and anxiety went through our shtetl till a military unit came and restored order.

Although I was a little boy then, right there and then I made up my mind that I would not live in Strzyzow anymore, or for that matter in Galicia. I realized then that there was no future in Poland for the Jews.

When the First World War came to an end, I was a war prisoner in Italy. Returning home after Poland won her independence, I could not recognize my little town. Everybody was depressed. Sad faces walked around and very few of my contemporaries were present. I could not take it anymore, such sadness and helplessness, and one dark night, I turned around and left Strzyzow, my birthplace, never to return. I never missed it because it was not my motherland, to me it was my stepmotherland.

TO YOU, KADDISH I SAY MY DEAR SHTETL

By Pinchos Klotz Aloni

When I decided to write a bundle of memories about my childhood which I spent in Strzyzow I faced a difficult dilemma. How to describe the years of my childhood. Should the impressions be written the way I saw them as a child, or the way I see them in the present. I left Strzyzow thirty-two years ago. I might not have become wiser, but I became more experienced than before. Therefore, my memories might seem childish and naive.

I believe that writing about what I have gone through might in a certain way reflect the lives of others from the same town, because life in a little shtetl was monotonous, without events, whether small or large. Whatever happened, it happened more or less the same to everyone with minor variations.

Today, for instance, if I reminisce about how we spent our Friday nights, it seems a bit old-fashioned. But then, we all were deeply impressed and could not forget those nights so soon.

I recall when we used to gather on wintery Friday nights in the warm Beit Hamidrash by the weak light of two or three flickering candles which were on the verge of expiration. Or, on the summer nights, on the lawn in front of the shul, telling stories about the righteous, the Rabbis and miracle performers, or stories about ghosts and spirits which the childish souls absorbed with jitters, believing every word. We visualized all kinds of imaginations, and scary things. We looked out of the corner of our eyes toward the old cemetery and it seemed we saw or heard something. Even though we were sure that it was only a night bird, still, we were afraid that it might be a soul of a sinner in the image of a bird which was complaining that she could not get emendation. Fright was imposed upon us by the stories about children who fell asleep during the evening services and woke up later when the deceased came to their night services.

I still remember the dusk hours of Saturday evening, before the candles were lit, and the old Beit Hamidrash was full of mysterious shadows while the sounds of songs were heard from the people who gathered for the Sabbath's third meal.

I also recall the early mornings of the Slichot days when, looking through the windows, I noticed the night becoming paler, and the stars expiring and disappearing, one after another, and the day began. Such a scene I did not see during the year, only during the Slichot services.

Today when I think about all these things they seem childish to me. But then they possessed so much charm and I was strongly affected with them.

Since there was no entertainment in a small shtetl, we had to invent our own. One of the entertainments was to go to the railroad station to meet the trains, especially on Chol Hamoed. Even though we did not see anybody off and did not meet anyone, still it was worthwhile to walk three kilometers to see who was coming and who was going.

An important event in shtetl was a wedding. Everyone partook in it and we the children, were the happiest. We mingled with the musicians, and I was proud when they hung a big drum on my neck. I marched in the

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streets, and the musician banged with his sticks. From time to time laughingly banged on my head. My back hurt for several days after that, but it still made me happy.

Another important occurrence was the Rabbinical dispute and when something happened in connection with it. Also when the famous Rabbis came to visit. For instance, the Rabbi from Munkatch, Rabbi Chaim Elazar Shapiro, came every year for a visit. Jews and non-Jews all went to see him, and the whole town was in an uproar.

When a fire broke out, this was a holiday for us children. Even a fight among drunks on a Sunday or on a Market Day was a happy occasion for us.

The town came to life when it was visited by a cantor, with or without a choir, preachers and homilists who preached in the Beit Hamidrash, a wedding jester, or a Zionist speaker.

A major adventure was the required appearance of the boys before the military draft board. All the recruits changed their normal lives, and these quiet, tranquil Beit Hamidrash dwellers almost went berserk. The pious young men from the Beit Hamidrash neglected their studies, the serious idealistic Zionists, their books, the apprentices of all the trades left their work-benches and the helpers in the stores did not come to work. They all spent the nights in the Beit Hamidrash reciting Psalms, singing songs and melodies, telling stories and sometimes they also played cards. In addition they busied themselves with all kinds of mischiefs. They burned the oven with the wood they had brought from Jewish yards, ate everything they found in the pantries, and also did all kinds of despicable deeds. In the morning, many of the merchants found their signs on somebody else's store, and some had to go and look for them altogether. Door knobs were smeared with tar and the owners stood and polished them. Many fences also disappeared. I and other youngsters who were not even of military age dragged along and participated in those activities.

On the day when the recruits had to report to the draft board, many peasant boys from the villages came to town drunkenly singing, even though they were still sober. It was dangerous for a Jew to encounter these groups. In contrast, the Jewish recruits who had gone wild days before became serious, realizing that the decision of the draft board would decide their destiny for several years or sometimes for their entire life.

It seems funny now, but then, for twelve, thirteen years-old boys it was especially and primitively charming.

The years that I spent in cheder belong to another period. For me they were difficult years. I happened to be a very good student, but my grandfather, Reb Moshe Samuel Friedman, was my teacher. I always sat at his right and another grandson from Dynov at his left. We both were beaten for others. My grandfather was seventy years-old and, it was hard for him to get up and walk over to other students. So he yelled at them and hit us.

Therefore, I took advantage of every free moment and ran to the river for a swim. It was a beautiful river, with beautiful surroundings--forests mountains, refreshing air, and wells about which were believed to cure eye and skin diseases. On the way to one well there was a portrait of a

BY PINCHOS KLOTZ-ALONI

Catholic Saint about whom a legend circulated that he was the Rabbi from Grzybow, who came to Strzyzow for conversion. I am not sure about the truthfulness of this story. Nobody thought about doing any research. The grown ups had plenty of other worries and the children thought only about playing and having fun.

People who were doing folklor research would have found a very rich field for their research. They would have even found the source of the wonderful language which the children used during their play and was passed from generation to generation, "En ten tina, sovoroka bena" and others. The researchers could also have found the source of everyone's nickname which traditionally everyone possessed besides his given name and last name. Until this day, people are more remembered for their nicknames than their last names. But, alas, the childhood years were gone and then the real hardship began. For me too, my fight with my parents had begun. It is the eternal dispute between the parents and their offspring and it was particularly sharp in the later years in the little towns of Galicia. The children strove to go forward into the big world and towards broader horizons. Those who became influenced by the Zionist ideal strove to make aliyah to Eretz Israel, but the parents wanted to keep their children within crowded space, fearing that, Heaven forbid, they might forfeit Judaism. The tragedy was that both sides were right.

I also belonged among those who began to dream about Eretz Israel. The first step was to learn a trade and join the Zionist organization. It was then that my parents demonstrated the strongest opposition. If you learn a trade you automatically stop learning Torah, and, if you join the organization, you will read books and you will also congregate with the opposite sex.

However, parents were not able to stop life's progress. The stream was too strong. The Jewish youth saw that Poland held no future for them. anti-Semitism was growing, Jews were pushed out from their livelihood, and there were no jobs. Ultimately the parents realized that they could not stop the children.

Only then was I permitted to learn cabinetmaking in Strzyzow. For lack of a Jewish cabinetmaker, I learned the trade from a gentile. Later I moved to Rzeszow and to a training camp, and I made aliyah to Eretz Israel. There I went through a lot, but I do not want to write about it.

Now, our shtetl, like a thousand other cities and towns in Poland and generally in Europe, does not exist anymore. Our shtetl was not better than other shtetls. However, to us this shtetl was dear because it was ours. We were born, brought up, and lived through sad and happy occasions there. That is where our parents lived, our sisters, and brothers, and now they are all gone. They are not alive anymore. My dear father and mother struggled all their lives like all the other Jews, and, at the end, the murderers exterminated a third of these tortured people and put an end to my dear shtetl.

May these few pages serve as an eternal Kaddish for my shtetl, for my parents who were truly "Mentchen" and toiled hard to make ends meet.

We shall not dare to forget our martyrs. It is everybody's duty to

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remember and not to forget.

"Remember what the Amalekites did to you."

S omewhere there was a shtetl, charming beyond dispute;
 T hough it was little and minute
 R ooted in my heart, forever ingrained,
 Z ionists, devoted to a Homeland to restore
 Y ear in year out, tranquil it always remained,
 Z estful Hassidim, lively people, I sadly remember,
 O ffspring with parents killed by the world's worst murderer;
 W hile all of them, literally all, perished,
 W e will not forget you dear shtetl, we will not.

STRYZOW

By Yechezkiel-Harry Langsam

In the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, surrounded by groves, in a valley of lush greenery, at the banks of the Visloka River, there was a charming little Jewish shtetl, Strzyzow.

This shtetl has never gained worldwide fame for its personalities, but all its inhabitants were one big personality. The people from Strzyzow participated in every national or religious activity of the Polish Jewry. The Jewish youths in Strzyzow were a group of highly intelligent, national conscious boys and girls. They were members in all national and religious parties from Agudat Israel to the leftist Hashomer Hatzair. (In the last elections to the Zionist Congress, for the first time in Strzyzow there were five votes for the leftists.)

The center of the town was the marketplace, a big square, surrounded by houses, most of which belonged to Jews. On the south-western corner of the market, a little bit into an alley, the Catholic Church, the tallest building in town, stood. The building resembled a guard who was guarding the city from approaching enemies.

Regrettably, it was the source of hatred toward the Jews. The south-east corner of the marketplace served as an exit gate which led to the Jewish bathhouse, and further on to the railroad bridge, to the cattle market, and slaughterhouse. The same road also led to Visloka River.

Quiet flowed the Visloka River, with weeping willow trees on both sides of its banks whose twigs were used for hoshanot on Hoshana Raba. Not only happiness and childish laughter did the river absorb, but also a lot of pain and sorrow when somebody drowned.

It was a paradise on earth to take a stroll on a Sabbath afternoon on the narrow road on the other side of the river, to which we had to cross upstream behind the church on a narrow, single plank. Crossing the river on that plank was an ordeal. We had to hold on to a cable, and our

BY HARRY LANGSAM

young hearts trembled with fear mixed with joy.

Wintertime, the hills that led to the bathhouse was used for sledding, and it was one of the greatest pleasures. This road also witnessed another pleasant event--On Friday afternoons men trudging downhill after the bathhouse-keeper blew his pipe simulating a bugle, and repeatedly yelled, "To the bathhouse!"

The north-east corner of the marketplace simulated an entrance gate into town. Coming from Rzeszow you arrived there by descending from the Zarnowo Hill. Right there at the entrance there was a mud puddle which never dried out. Two or three houses into the marketplace, there was the alley that led to the Beit Hamidrash and the kloiz of the Rabbi from Sassov. Further on, on the same side was the shul with a lush green lawn in front of it. It was the second biggest building in town.

Strzyzow was surrounded with charming mountains, forests, and meadows. The scenery and natural beauty around Strzyzow was eye-catching, and the clear air was overwhelming.

The older generation included every segment of Hassidim, from Belz to Munkatch, from the Sadigora Dynasty to the small Rabbis from the nearby small towns. As tiny as this shtetl was, it had a large number of institutions whose main goal was the education of the younger generation. There was a Hebrew kindergarten, a Bais Yacov school for girls, a Yeshiva for boys, in addition everyone studied at home. Among the charity institutions, there were the Free Loan Society, the Talmud Torah Society to support the education of poor children, and two societies taking care of the repair and obtaining books for the Beit Hamidrash and the kloiz. Also, there was a welfare society for the poor wanderers, to save them from being forced to traverse the town going door to door to ask for alms.

A major part of the youth joined the Zionist pioneer-movement, and left their homes for the hard life in Eretz Israel.

Of the young people who emigrated to other countries, and those who escaped to Russia, these are now the remnants of Strzyzow.

With the devastation of European Jewry in general, and particularly the Polish Jewry, our shtetl of many hundreds of years was destroyed together with her customs, and traditions, the poor and the wealthy, the scholars and the simple Jews. Hassidim, Zionists, the prayer houses, and the cemeteries, everything is gone now. It does not exist anymore. Not a trace of all the things that were so dear to us remains.

Cursed and forsaken shall be those who caused such a destruction, such a disaster. G-d shall avenge the innocent and untainted blood.

THE BAIS YACOV SCHOOL IN STRZYZOW

By Golda Miller-Langsam

It pains the heart when you stop for a moment and reminisce about the past. The nice and good things are unforgettable. It was once upon a time....What is left for us? Only memories!!! A few single people, spread and strewn all over the world remained. But the shtetl does not exist anymore. Everyone's heart smolders from the memories. They cannot

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be forgotten.

Please, remember the martyrs and the untainted!

With a few simple words I would like to commemorate the children of our shtetl. The pure, holy souls who are hovering above us.

They were young and beautiful, full of life, filled with devotion to G-d, Torah, and the people of Israel. They wanted to be the builders of the Jewish nation, of the Jewish future, but they did not live to reach their goal. They were torn away from their fathers and mothers, from their people, and were thrown into one grave.

Such dear and beloved children of our shtetl!

Earth! Please, do not cover their innocent blood!

Children from all segments of the town, boys from the cheder, youths from Agudat Israel, girls from the Bais Yacov school, the Zionist youth movement, they all contributed so much for the children of the town. They aroused in the children, feelings, love, and responsibility for our nation, reverence for everything that was theirs, respect for Jewish culture, for Jewish Sabbaths and holidays, for Jewish songs and dance, for our own society.

The Bais Yacov School added to this entire program a Judaic consciousness and a Jewish culture according to the Torah.

The devoted teacher of the Bais Yacov School in Strzyzow was my good friend Breindl Wasserman, of blessed memory. She was a role model of devotion, attachment to the children, and sacrifice for Jewish religious education. Let me remember the young man Moshe Schwartzman, the active public servant, the founder of the school. He worked wholeheartedly and devotedly for the existence of the school. Especially outstanding was the student Seryl Friedman, who later became a teacher in the nearby city, Wielopole, where she herself established a Bais Yacov School under the supervision of the teacher Wasserman from Strzyzow. Actually, I was only a guest in town but when I used to come home for the holidays, I frequented the streets and observed a fresh, growing young generation. I prided myself and saw them as a promising future for our suffering people.

I still see before my eyes the big dancing circles, hand in hand, poor and rich, small and large, their sparkling eyes against the setting sun hiding behind the surrounding hills. Those heart-warming words still ring in my ears.

We are like the birds free,
We are like the flowers in the field;
Our friendship is our shield,
We the children from the tents of Yacov's tribe.

Yes, children, you really were the flowers in the field. You blossomed, you were affectionate, you were the hope for the nation's future.

To our sorrow, you were plucked during the most beautiful blossoming together with the rest of the nation, you perished by the defiled murderous hands.

G-d! Avenge their untainted blood.

HASSIDIM IN STRYZOW

By Mordechai Schiff

When my thoughts take me back to the days before the big and bitter destruction, I remember my place of birth, Strzyzow, with its dear people.

Our town stood out with her colorful population. There were simple people, hearty Jews, scholars, intellectuals, and the majority were Hassidim of different Rabbis: Fiery Hassidim of the Rabbi from Belz, like Reb Shalom Schwartzman, Reb Yacov Schiff, Reb Leib Friedman, the shochet; also devoted Hassidim of the Rabbi from Munkatch, Reb Yeshayahu and Reb Chaim Mandel, Reb Chaim Yacov Nuremberg, Reb Samuel Moshe Groskopf, and many more simple Jews. These people still remembered Rabi Shlomo Shapiro, the Rabbi from Strzyzow. There were also Hassidim of the Rabbi from Blazow, the Tenzer family, the Feit family and others with their leader Reb Itzhok Bernstein. And many more Hassidim of the Rabbi from Sadigora.

About the latter to which my whole family belonged and among whom I grew up, I would like to write in a broader form because of their extraordinary character.

Among the Sadigora Hassidim there were several groups; The Boyan, Chortkow, and the Husiatin group. They all emerged from the Ryzin Dynasty. In Strzyzow there were about thirty or forty people, who belonged to the so called "People of the clan." They had a special, brotherly relationship like one big family. On every occasion they got together with a bottle of vodka on the table. They drank L'chaim, spoke about Rabbis and Hassidism, became enthusiastic and began to dance, even on a simple weekday. They always found a reason for a get-together, a Yahr-zeit, a small unimportant holiday. They celebrated the anniversaries of the departures of all the Rabbis of the Dynasty, starting with the Rabbi, Reb Israel from Ryzin. On every holiday they sat around a table, drank beer, told about Rabbinical miracles, and, if they received a new commentary spoken by their Rabbi on a verse in the Bible, this really called for celebration. They meditated and thought about every word or meaning that they had just heard from their Rabbi's mouth, and they derived great pleasure from it. These new expressions, and commentaries were sent to my grandfather, Reb Hersh, of blessed memory, who was called endearingly "Reb Hershale B'li Neder" because to every sentence he pronounced he added the words "B'li Neder" which meant not to consider it a vow (just a precaution in case it could not be fulfilled, it might not become a broken promise).

I still remember the hearty late Saturday night Melaveh Malka meals, especially on the long winter nights in my father Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff's house, which my mother, the graceful Ryvka nee Horowitz, of blessed memory, prepared for the Hassidim. There was a hot borsht, potatoes, and leftover from the Sabbath kugel. The Hassidim sat together until after midnight, chatting about the Rabbis and their greatness, or repeating the Rabbi's teachings.

My mother was very hospitable, and we were familiar with her expression

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whenever a wayfarer showed up. "Reb Yid, go wash your hands," which meant to come to the table and eat. She also provided lodging. It was for her a privilege to cater to and serve Hassidim and scholars.

I remember when we were young we always listened to the Hassidic tales breathlessly, and stared at the flushed faces of the older Hassidim like Reb Baruch Diller, Reb Hersch Gelande, Reb Jonah Freiwirth, Reb Yechezkiel Gorgel, Reb Zalman Brauner, and my grandfather. Some of these Hassidic veterans had visited the old Rabbi from Ryzin, and they repeated what they had personally heard from the Rabbi's holy mouth. What a joy it was the preparation for a trip to visit the rabbi for a holiday. It was a preparation for a holy deed. The Hassidim who did not go sent messages to give to the Rabbi, and asked those who went to bring back the Rabbi's blessings. When the Hassidim returned home, their faces shone with a spiritual glow. They came back with an inner solemnity and peacefulness, as if they had achieved the most important achievement, to have merited to sit at the Rabbi's table and to listen to the teachings from the Rabbi's holy mouth. Their enthusiasm and belief in the Rabbi had inspired them in their daily struggle for existence.

Of thee I cry, and bitterly my heart is saddened, of all those dear, faultless, innocent martyrs who so brutally perished at the hands of the Nazi murderers, whose names shall be erased forever.

MY SHTETL

By Eliezer Gruber

When I wrote these few memories about the town of my birth, I remembered the beautiful nature that surrounded her, the mountains, forests, water-falls, and the lovely river, which in some places flowed tranquil, and in some with strong rapids. There we strolled, enjoyed the fresh air, and grew up into maturity. I also remember the comrades from the older generation who implanted into the young hearts the ideal of Eretz Israel, Jewish culture, the Hebrew language which was then called "Lashon Hakodesh," and pioneering. At the head of those comrades was Itzhok Berglass with his co-worker Avigdor Diamand, Abraham Brav, Sarah Zilber, Feiga Greenblatt, Eta Dembitzer, Vita Loos, Hena Nechemiah and others. Also Zeinvel Greenblatt who taught us Hebrew. They all met that horrible fate together with our six million brothers.

Thanks to the influence of the above-mentioned leadership, the youth in Strzyzow were different from the youth of the nearby town Frysztak. The youth of Strzyzow were Jewish, progressive, and Zionists.

We, the younger ones, cooperated with the older comrades in all Zionist activities--we learned Hebrew and prepared for aliyah to Eretz Israel. Later, we taught the younger boys and girls and continued to teach them the same ideals. We now enjoy the fruits, here in our land the State of Israel.

In 1925, we the youngsters under the leadership of Chaim Weinberg, and Pinchos Zilber, organized a spiritual center in which the entire Zionist group was included. With the help of Baruch Nuremberg, Feivel Schacher, Joseph Deutch, Joseph Weinberg, Joshua Sturm, Mordechai Schiff, and the girls, Beila Auerhun (who later became my wife), Mishkit Mandel, Rachel

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Leah Deutch (the wife of Mordechai Schiff), Ronie (Ruth) Russ, Bat-Sheva Russ, Chana and Sarah Fleisher, and others. We divided the youngsters into groups, taught them Hebrew, Jewish history, etc. This center was the first to organize the practical pioneer movement and later became the foundation of the Revisionist Organization "Menorah,"

The Revisionist Organization was organized by the young man Joseph Diamand from Krakow who later became the chief of the economic department of the Zionist newspaper in the Polish language, "Nowy Dziennik." He befriended me, and, through me, he became acquainted with a wider circle of young men. He contributed strongly to the youth in Strzyzow, culturally and organizationally, and he also influenced the youth not to wait for legal certificates but to make aliyah to Eretz Israel illegally.

From the "Menorah," the Beitar branched out which Yacov Presser helped to organize. Yacov Presser came from Rzeszow to study in the gymnasium of Strzyzow. The commander of the Beitar was Tzvi Schefler and the activists were: Chaim and Eta Mohrer, my sister Eva Gruber, Leah Kracher, Pesl Roth, Chana Auerhun, Feiga Springer, Hagel, and others. They were active until the outbreak of the war.

Besides the Zionist youth, I would also like to mention a few people from our town who stood out with their good deeds.

Everyone knew Joseph Schacher. However, few knew that before each holiday he secretly mailed checks to the needy who were happy to receive money unexpectedly to be able to prepare food for the holiday. Rizhi Rosenbluth was well-known in Strzyzow for her good deeds. I remember as a boy I once collected money for charity together with Abraham Mintz, and when she saw us, she was so overwhelmed that we were active in charity, that she gave us more than anybody else, and wished us to continue doing good deeds.

I like to mention Joseph Klotz, the city sexton, who in winter, on Sabbath mornings, collected all the strangers and the poor from the Beit Hamidrash, and took them home for hot coffee or tea. Chana Rachel, the wife of Reb Zalman Diamand from Wysoka, never allowed a poor man to pass her house without giving him a meal, and a few coins. When the poor wayfarers came to town on a horse and buggy, they always had a place in the barn of Reb Fishel Goldberg and his wife Feiga.

Feigale'h, as she was called with endearment, treated the wayfarers properly and charitably. During the last war, the Goldbergs resided in Lwow. Even though they were refugees themselves, all the lone refugees from Strzyzow who were without their families, found in their house a home. They ate there, washed their laundry, and felt as though they were at home. She was helped by her daughter-in-law Leah, the daughter of Reb Feivel Diamand. Later, the Goldbergs sent packages to those people who were exiled in Siberia.

All these people were before my eyes when I wrote these lines. Let this be my small contribution to their memory in this book.

HOW MORDECHAI GOLDBERG SAVED THE TOWN

By Tzvi Elazar Sternberg

I would like to tell a story which, when it happened, was known in the entire region, and made a tremendous impression. It is worthwhile that the younger generation should know about it, to see how the Jews of the past, simple, uneducated Jews, were willing to sacrifice for others. It happened in the year 1860. The cholera had spread its black wings over the town and tore away many inhabitants, men, women, and children. The deceased were given a Jewish burial in a mass grave on the field that belonged to Mr. Kociela, and it is called until this day the Cholera Hill.

At that time the town Rabbi was Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro, who in 1882, became Rabbi of Munkatch. The Rabbi was sitting at his table and was deeply enmeshed in studying the Talmud. From time to time he heaved a heavy sigh for the misfortune that befell his shtetl. Suddenly, his personal assistant, Reb Berish Weinberg (the father-in-law of Reb Chaim Nuremberg), came running, and, bitterly sobbing, turned to the Rabbi: "Rabbi, have mercy! we already did everything possible, we measured the cemetery, we married off Zerach the crazy in the cemetery,* and there is no let up from the cholera epidemic. Reb Pinchos Kanner, Reb Hersch Yacov and others have fallen ill. The sadness is horrendous, and it is a great danger. Save us Rabbi!" Rabbi Shlomo lifted his large eyebrows and with his eyes swollen from crying, looked mercifully at Reb Berish, and said; "Go quickly to Mordechai Goldberg and tell him in my name to help the Jews from Strzyzow...." Reb Berish did not believe his ears. But there was nothing he could do. The Rabbi's request had to be obeyed.

Mordechai Goldberg, Mordechai the horse trader as he used to be called lived in an old broken-down shack, behind Yechiel Rosen's house, which consisted of two little chambers. In one chamber he lived with his wife Sarah, and the second chamber was occupied by Reb Nachum Teitelbaum, where he also had a study and taught little children. On the left side of that house, there was a barn with straw which served as a lodging-place for the poor. On the right side, there was a stable with a few old sick horses, Mordechai's merchandise. Every day Mordechai carried a pot with barley and a loaf of bread which his wife Sarah had prepared for the poor. Reb Berish arrived with the message from the Rabbi, and approached Mordechai, thinking, "From this simpleton is expected help? Maybe he is one of the thirty-six righteous in this world...?" He almost addressed him: Holy Rabbi. But he restrained himself from doing it. He just said. "The Rabbi had sent me to you and said that you ought to help the shtetl." Mordechai burst out in laughter. "You are mistaken. It is not me the Rabbi meant, I am a simple Jew. I was orphaned when I was a child and was raised by my sister Chaya, Reb Samuel Rosen's wife. As soon as I grew up, I was inducted into the military and served the Kaiser. I cannot help. Go tell this to the Rabbi." After Reb Berish returned to

* There was a belief that marrying off retarded people in the cemetery or measuring the cemetery would end the epidemic.

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the Rabbi with his response, the Rabbi explained that what he meant was that Mordechai should cheer up the people and help them to get rid of their depression and sadness because sadness is one of the main causes that increases the cholera. After Reb berish went and explained to Mordechai Goldberg what the Rabbi wanted from him, Mordechai promised to fulfill the Rabbi's request. The next morning, Mordechai walked in the street on wooden stilts, his face blackened, and the klezmerim played the instruments, sang Polish songs accompanied by the singing of the children of the town, and he made the town merry. Everybody came out into the streets to see Mordechai play and dance on his stilts. He changed the words of the Polish songs to words from the Sabbath prayers. Mordechai continued his stunts for quite a while, until the cholera disappeared. Rabbi Shlomo later said that a reward awaited Mordechai in hereafter. However, first he promised him and his children a long life in this world, and that his children would become heroes and would impose fear in the hearts of the gentiles. The blessing materialized. Reb Mordechai with his sons, Fishl, and David, and also his grandchildren have always defended Jews from gentile hands. The gentiles were afraid of them. In 1898, when Father Stoylowski and his party incited the peasants to make pogroms in our part of Galicia and also in Strzyzow, Mordechai's sons saved many Jews from being beaten, and also from having their properties looted. In 1918, when Poland became independent and the blood libel in Strzyzow occurred, the Goldbergs heroically fought off the mob.

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MY SHTETL STRYZOW
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By Leah Loos

I confess! I never liked you, my shtetl! I did not like the place where I was born and grew up. Where my family lived for centuries. I left you many many years ago and went to Eretz Israel. Why didn't I like you? I stopped loving you the day I started to feel how restricted I was, how limited my freedom was, how everybody interfered in my personal life.

I never appreciated your beauty, never felt the positive in you, only the negative. Like a healthy person never appreciates health until he becomes sick, so am I. Now after the horrible catastrophe, when all my dear ones are gone, murdered, now I begin to feel the loss and all my complaints against you cease to exist. My heart is filled with love toward you my shtetl, and to your Jews. I feel now like a little girl who suddenly realizes how big a family she has lost. I regret that I am not blessed with the talent of a singer and cannot sing an ode of praise which I feel inside me. If only I were a sculptor and could present the most interesting individuals of my Jewish shtetl, the way I see them in the eyes of my soul, if only I were an historian and could write the history of my mother's family. Only by the many heirlooms which were locked up in the bottom drawer of our antique chest could I describe each personality. Each item contained a story about spiritual personalities, geniuses, leaders of many communities going back hundreds of years.

I am sorry that I am not blessed with any artistic talents in order

to express what I visualize. Therefore, I will try to retrieve some memories about the daily life in the shtetl remembered by one of her orphaned daughters. And this should be a monument to my dear ones.

I feel like the peasant boy in the story of J. L. Peretz, who came to shul on Yom Kippur. When he saw how the Jews prayed with reverence but not knowing how to pray, he was unable to participate. He, too, wanted to express his feelings before the Almighty so he did it with a whistle.

Now everyone in Strzyzow is dear to me, not only my immediate family. My heart is bleeding for them. Even the hot headed, red-bearded man who threatened that if I continue to attend secular high school, he would spill a pail of filthy dishwater on my head. I hated him then, but I miss him now because he was the one who guarded us and kept a watchful eye on the children of Israel not to deviate from our customs and traditions. He was alarmed that our involvement with other cultures will be detrimental to our existence.

I do not bear a grudge against him now. On the contrary, I am begging forgiveness from his soul.

With deep love and admiration I remember our distant relative, the Rebetzin with her matriarchal face. She always carried safety pins in her pocket, and when she noticed a little overexposure in a girl's dress, she asked her to close it with a pin.

And my teacher Reb Eli Dovid, who, when he found out that I considered enrolling in a secular high school, chased me out from his cheder, even though teaching was his profession and his livelihood depended on teaching. I still remember that he lived on bread and potatoes which I always saw him eating. Notwithstanding his poverty, he refused to teach me. I still visualize the rectangular shape of the dark room, and his wife Nechama, with her high-pitched voice. She was his second wife and they married not for love, but for convenience. After Reb Eli Dovid lost his first wife he needed a housekeeper, and she was a widow who needed a breadwinner. She was always complaining that he did not provide her with all her needs for the household.

My memories are still fresh of how Reb Eli Dovid, dressed in his Sabbath cloak, used to appear in our house on the Sabbath afternoons to examine my brother Elazar. He wanted to show off to my father how well his son was doing in his studies. A treat for the teacher always followed which, for us children, was an enjoyable experience.

The Sabbath in our shtetl: The preparations for the Sabbath began on Thursday morning. The first thing that everybody had to do was to buy a ticket for slaughtering a chicken. Without a ticket, the shochet would not slaughter the chicken. The slaughtering itself was for us children an unforgettable experience.

Next came the scrubbing of the wooden floors in the house which had to be done for every Sabbath. Baking the challas, a smooth one for Friday night, and a twisted one for the Sabbath day, was done at the bakery of Malka Rosa, and this was an ordeal. She was always angry and hollering, but had a heart of gold. Any hungry person who came into her house was fed, Jew or non-Jew. Yasha Kopitchuk, the town idiot, who was the star witness for the prosecution at the blood libel trial, even he found shelter in her house.

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Friday afternoon: The men were hurrying to the bathhouse and the women were carrying pots of chulent to the bakeries, where they were kept warm in the ovens for the Sabbath midday meal. The stores were closed. In each house the tables were covered with white tablecloths, fresh polished antique candlesticks with candles burning, one for each member of the family. The challas on the table, the wine cups and the wine next to the challas. All the men were on their way to the synagogues. And while the men were in the synagogues, weather permitting, the women sat on the stoops in front of the houses dressed in their best, waiting for their husbands and sons to return home, always accompanied by a poor stranger, a guest for the Sabbath meal.

Of course, not every table in Strzyzow had the same delicious food. In general, Strzyzow was not rich, but nobody missed having a challah, fish, and a chicken for the Sabbath meal. There were many righteous women who knew who needed help, and provided it. And if it happened that a Jew was jailed, he too was not forgotten.

Strzyzow, like many other cities in Galicia, consisted of a square marketplace surrounded with one-story houses. Only a few were two stories high. All the houses belonged to the Jews. One main street led to the railroad station. The rest of the alleys and narrow streets were mud puddles most of the year. The houses were built from bricks, not because of wealth, but because of the fire which destroyed the wooden structures years ago. Tuesday was the Market Day when the farmers came to town. They brought their products for sale and bought necessities for their households.

The Jews in town waited anxiously for the Market Day, because their livelihood depended on it. Sunday was a day of rest forced on the Jews by law. On this day, the only policeman in town showed up in the marketplace to see if all the stores were closed. Notwithstanding the fact that Sunday was the Sabbath for the Christians, they all tried to shop after Sunday Mass. They used to sneak in through the back doors of the Jewish stores and the owners played cat and mouse with the policeman. When the policeman showed up at the back door, he collected his bribe and left.

Strzyzow was a quiet town. The only time when it was noisy was when the Count who lived in a nearby estate showed up with his 1927, Model T Ford. Everyone came out to see this devilish wagon which drove without horses, roared like a lion, as if a devil or ghost was pushing it.

On the eastern side of the marketplace, in front of the nicer homes in town, women, fruit peddlers, were sitting and displaying their produce. They sold the fruit of the season which they bought from the farmers on Market Day. Their business was not very good, but the location was in such a strategic point, that they saw and heard everything that went on in shtetl.

These women had plenty of time to gossip. Whenever a marriage candidate arrived for a prearranged meeting with a bride, they had the first look, and also gave their approval or disapproval. They also had a talent for nicknaming everybody in town.

The railroad station was located about a mile from the center of the

BY LEAH LOOS

town, and we had two coach drivers who drove the passengers back and forth from the station. They also transported freight which arrived by train. One of the coach drivers was killed during the pogrom in 1919, and another man took his place.

Rzeszow was a bigger city about twenty miles from Strzyzow. This was a commercial center for the entire area. Regrettably, there are no Jews left in this town either. In the late twenties, a bus line connected Strzyzow with Rzeszow which hurt the coach drivers. They were the victims of progress. They hardly made a living before, but the bus line reduced their livelihood even more. The coach drivers in Strzyzow were a happy bunch, and liked to play tricks on the people in town, especially on the Sabbath before Passover, which is called Shabbath Hagadol. I remember once, on such a Sabbath afternoon, after a restful nap which followed the chulent, when my mother approached proudly the borsht barrel, removed the white cloth wrapping, and removed the wooden cover. Then she took a wooden spoon and stirred the borsht, and after tasting a little, she had a satisfied expression on her face. She also gave to us to taste, and to our father, of blessed memory. After my father expressed enthusiastically that the borsht tasted like the finest wine, my mother put the covers back and told us to leave. Suddenly, we heard a commotion outside, and what happened?

The gentile boy who worked for one of the coach drivers brought his coach to a very respectable baldheaded citizen and delivered to him an invitation for a free trip to Egypt. There was a superstitious belief that somehow baldness is connected with the sixth plague in Egypt. "The Boils." Every year as long as I can remember this joke was played on the baldheaded people in town. We, the children, used to gather around, and even made up a special song for this occasion: "Shabbath Hagadol, is a hot day, so all the bald ones go by train." Of course, it rhymes better in Yiddish. Some bald men took this joke lightly and laughed with the crowd, but some became very angry.

The preparations for the Passover holiday actually took place all year. As soon as the first fruit of the season appeared, the women began preparing all kinds of preserves and fruit wine for Passover.

At Hanukkah time, my mother prepared chicken and goose fat for pass-over. She stored the fat in earthenware pots, and the cracklings which remained after the cooking (grivenenss) belonged to the children.

We always baked our own matzot on a Sunday when the store was closed. Our whole family participated in this endeavor, and everybody had an assignment. We, the girls, had to put on cotton dresses which can be washed and cleaned before Passover to be sure that none of the dough stuck to our dresses. When I was a little girl, my job was to pour water for the mixing of the dough. When I got older, I was given a roller to roll the matzot. Erev Pesach, men only baked shmura matzot made out of flour especially preserved and watched since the day of harvesting. We, the children, enjoyed these matzot very much, because they had a special flavor. There was always a mystery surrounding these matzot, and we considered them a delicacy, although they were very hard to chew.

I never saw a queen on her throne. But a real queen was my mother

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on the seder night. Tired from the back-breaking work preparing for the holiday, the weariness showing on her face; still, her wig was perfectly combed, she wore the most expensive earrings, a golden chain around her neck, and her fingers were adorned with diamond rings. She wore her black silk dress in which she resembled a real Queen after coronation. Those experiences were renewed every year on the seder nights.

Of course, the reading of the Haggadah was a little boring because we did not understand what we were reading, except, when my father translated some passages from time to time. When time came to fill Elijah's cup, I watched the cup and was convinced that he took a few sips from the cup.

Even Tisha B'Av which is a day of mourning, was kind of a happy day for us children. We could not wait to be twelve years old to be able to fast. Fasting was an adventure for us. Even though we went into the woods frolicking and all around us the underbrush was full of all kinds of berries, none of us dared to pick a berry.

When Rosh Hashana came along, we could not wait to go to the shul to hear the shofar. When the sound of the shofar reached us, we got goose bumps from fear and we were sure that the whole world was trembling. The women's balcony was packed like sardines. I remember that once I fainted from lack of air. There was a woman who said that the reason I fainted was that I spoke a sentence in Polish to another girl, which, in her opinion, was blasphemy. And I foolishly agreed.

On Yom Kippur, before I was old enough to fast, I used to enjoy this holiday tremendously by eating a lot when others were forbidden to eat. I just could not understand why the neighbors had to ask each other's forgiveness, even though they were friendly to each other all year round. We went to shul to hear Kol Nidrei with fear in our young hearts and tears in our eyes. We joined the older people in their crying, not knowing the reason. My mother always prepared treats for the children to eat during the day, so that kept us busy running home every now and then. It seems to me that we ate more on this day than on a regular day. My mother was suffering from migraine headaches after fasting and this destroyed my fun from the day's eating.

Soon after Yom Kippur, we helped the adults in building the Sukkah. But running back and forth from the house with the food was no fun. We were rewarded when Simchat Torah came along as, with flags in our hands, we were dragged in by the grownups to dance with them, and everybody gave us candies.

These are the memories from my shtetl which probably all Jewish daughters from other cities share. Such a rich life came suddenly to a stop in such a cruel way.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS

By Shlomo Yahalomi

In this section of "Personalities and Events" we will write about known personalities in Strzyzow and the occurrence of events which, in our opinion, should be perpetuated in this book. I will write about interesting characters, some from the previous generations, and some from the last generation. About people who were G-d-fearing, Talmudic scholars, and some plain, good Jews, humble in their behavior, doing day after day good deeds without fanfare, and also about a few exceptional people.

I will write about small and big happenings that I heard from the mouths of the elderly in our shtetl, or that I personally witnessed.

I will begin from the earlier times, and later, about the Holocaust generation. The stories which I selected were chosen objectively without any prejudice to other stories about which I did not write. I will write about the ones which are most familiar to me, and please forgive me for those I have omitted. It was not intended to discriminate.

ABOUT THE OLD STRZYZOW

A ROYAL VISIT AT REB AARON KANNER THE FIRST

I heard this story from Elazar Wurtzel, and he heard it from Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro, the Rabbi of Sassov-Strzyzow, who heard it told by the famous Rabbi from Sandz, Rabbi Chaim Halberstam.

Rabbi Naphtali from Mielec, was the son-in-law of the Rabbi from Sandz. When his wife died, somebody suggested he marry the daughter of Avishal Kanner who lived in Strzyzow. But Rabbi Naphtali hesitated because he was afraid that such a marriage may offend his former father-in-law, because the suggested bride was not from a Rabbinical family. So he decided to ask his former father-in-law, Reb Chaim if he objects. When the Rabbi from Sandz heard the name of Avishal Kanner, he agreed right away saying, "I am very happy that we are going to be related with the Kanner family."

And the Rabbi from Sandz told a story that happened between him and Reb Aaron Kanner, the father of Avishal.

The grandson of the famous Rabbi from Lezajsk, was very poor and also shy, and no matter how much his friends urged him to ask for help from his grandfather's admirers, he refused. When things got worse, and his family was starving, he finally agreed to visit a few cities to ask for support under the condition that the Rabbi from Sandz and the Rabbi from Kaminka will travel with him for moral support. On the way, the Rabbis told Rabbi Naphtali that they will pretend to be his attendants and he should act like a Rabbi. They visited a few cities with little success. Then, one Friday, finding themselves near Strzyzow, they decided to spend the Sabbath in Strzyzow. On the way walking in the direction of Strzyzow, they met Reb Aaron Kanner, the father of Avishal,

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who was speeding in a carriage with a pair of fine horses. When Reb Aaron Kanner noticed the three men, he had the impression that they might be famous Rabbis.

Reb Aaron Kanner stopped for a while to greet them with a loud "Shalom Aleichem," then he went to his carriage to continue his voyage. He drove a short distance when his carriage broke down. Immediately, Reb Aaron realized that this mishap had something to do with these recently-met Rabbis whom he did not offer a ride. He approached them, turned to Rabbi Naphtali, the grandson of the Rabbi from Lezajsk, and apologized, explaining that he was in hurry to reach a sick Count in a nearby village who owed him money, and he was afraid that the Count might die before he reached him. Rabbi Naphtali responded by pointing his finger toward the Rabbi from Sandz, and the Rabbi from Kaminka, saying: "I am innocent, it is they who did it to punish you for being rude and not offering us a ride." The Rabbis accepted the apology and told Reb Aaron to continue to his destination, and collect the money. Then Reb Aaron Kanner told them that upon their arrival in Strzyzow they were to go direct to his house because he wanted them to be his guests for the Sabbath. They accepted the invitation and spent a very pleasant Sabbath. The whole town was very happy to have such important Rabbis among them.

Saturday night Reb Aaron Kanner asked the Rabbis what was the reason of their travel. They explained the situation and the predicament Rabbi Naphtali found himself in. That he was the grandson of the famous Rabbi from Lezajsk.

The Rabbi from Sandz also informed Reb Aaron Kanner, that they were already a week into their journey with little success and, if the second week will not improve, Reb Naphtali would return home empty-handed. Then Reb Aaron Kanner asked them how much they expected to collect. They told him that they expected to collect five hundred gulden (at that time it was a sizable sum). After Reb Aaron heard their ambition, he suggested that he would give them the money on the condition that they stay with him another week. Of course, they happily agreed, and every day was a holiday for the people in Strzyzow. At the end of the second week Reb Aaron paid his pledge, and the Rabbis went home. That is how Rabbi Chaim from Sandz told the story, and added: "Of course, I would not dare to oppose such a match." Years later, the grandchildren of the Rabbi from Sandz married the grandchildren of Avishal Kanner. One of these great-grandchildren is Rabbi Avishal Kanner of Haifa, Israel.

I would also like to mention that the house where these Rabbis stayed was where my parents, Reb Joseph and Dvora Diamand of blessed memory, lived until their departure to the other world. This visit was called by the people in town, a Royal visit.

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REB JOEL MARGALIT OF BLESSED MEMORY

Reb Joel Margalit was a wealthy man, an admirer of the Tzadik from Ropczyce. Once he went to the Rabbi for a Sabbath and, after the Sabbath was over, he went into the Beit Hamidrash to take farewell from the Hassidim who dwelt there, to give each Hassid a donation. When he run into Reb Hersh, a fiery Hassid, he refused to take it and demanded from Reb Joel fifty gulden, saying, "I have a one and only daughter, and the time has arrived for her to get married but I do not have a dowry for her." Reb Joel was very agitated and angrily took back the donation he wanted to give in the first place. When Reb Joel went in to see the Rabbi from Ropczyce, he complained of the "hutzpa" of Reb Hersh who sometimes served as the attendant of the Rabbi. The Rabbi listened to the complaint and said wondering, "Is that so? He demanded the sum of fifty gulden?" That is what asked, Reb Joel responded. Then Rabbi Naphtali from Ropczyce, said, "If that is the case, who knows, maybe you should have bargained with him. Perhaps he would have agreed to take less. Go back and, if you do not succeed, you may be forced to pay him the amount he asked from you." If Rabbi Naphtali asks, who would challenge the Rabbi's wish? Reb Joel went back to Reb Hersh and bargained with him, pleading and threatening him, but to no avail. The man did not budge. Reb Joel went back to the Rabbi and told him that he failed to persuade the Hassid Reb Hersh to take less than fifty gulden. "Well," the Rabbi sighed, "Go back and pay him." Reb Joel had no choice. He would not leave without bidding farewell to Rabbi Naphtali of Ropczyce, so he paid Reb Hersh the money.

Later, Reb Hersh the servant, turned out to become one of the most righteous Rabbis in Galicia. This was Rabbi Hersh from Rymanow. He blessed Reb Joel, and his blessing came true, and Reb Joel became even wealthier than before.

REB ITZIKL DILLER MAKES A CHOICE BETWEEN SANDZ AND SADIGORA

There was one exceptional person in Strzyzow during the time when Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro served in Strzyzow and this was Reb Itzikl Diller. He was a pupil of Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro, the author of the book Bnei Yisochor, and the grandfather of Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro. Reb Itzikl was not just an ordinary Jew, he was a man with many attributes, a scholar, skilled in the mystical teachings, and an enthusiastic Hassid. Notwithstanding the fact that he was Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech's pupil, and Rabbi Shlomo was his grandson, he opposed Rabbi Shlomo fiercely. There were many reasons for Itzikl's opposition which cannot be divulged. However, one of the main reasons was that Rabbi Shlomo was an admirer of the Rabbi from Sandz, who fought the Rabbi from Sadigora, and his Hassidim.

Reb Baruch Diller, Reb Itzikl's son, told me that his father used to travel intermittently, once to the Rabbi from Sandz and once to the Rabbi from Sadigora, and when the dispute between the two Rabbis broke out, Reb Itzikl decided to make up his mind once and for all, either to follow the Rabbi from Sandz or the Rabbi from Sadigora. As soon as he

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went for a Sabbath to Sandz, he returned very enthusiastic. He liked very much the Rabbi's way of Hassidism. But, on the following week, when he went to see the Rabbi from Sadigora, he saw a different world. There, everything was done quietly, without noise, and without outwardly expression. He thought to himself, "In Sandz, they serve G-d out of fear; in Sadigora they serve him with love. And our sages preferred to serve G-d with love than out of fear." And so he decided to follow the Rabbi from Sadigora.

Reb Itzikl's decision hurt Rabbi Shlomo very much, and this was reflected in their relationship. Rabbi Shlomo could not forgive him because he knew that Reb Itzikl was his grandfather's pupil.

This is not the only story that I heard from Reb Itzikl's son. Every time we talked about old times he used to say, "What do you know about those Hassidim and their ways?"

HOW RABBI CHAIM FROM SANDZ GAVE A TRASHING TO REB SHLOMO FROM ZYZNOW

My grandfather, Reb Shlomo from Zyznow, was a very rich man. He owned a lot of farmland, and timberland. In his youth he worked very hard and struggled to make ends meet. His life changed after he visited the famous Rabbi from Sandz. Here is the story as my father, may he rest in peace, told it to me.

Reb Eli Bilut who leased farmland from a big landowner in a nearby village, Lutcha, was on his way to Sandz to see the Rabbi. When he passed the village where my grandfather lived, he stopped by and suggested to my grandfather to join him in his journey to Sandz. My grandfather happily accepted the proposition, and they went together. When they arrived in the town of Sandz, they went to the Beit Hamidrash. Everybody was happy to see Reb Eli Bilut because he was known for his generosity. He always gave a big donation for the Beit Hamidrash dwellers, and treated them with a bottle of vodka to drink L'chaim. Soon Reb Eli ordered a bottle to drink L'chaim for his safe arrival, and it was not long before everyone was in high spirits. In fact, Reb Eli was a little bit drunk and my grandfather realized that he was in no condition to appear before the Rabbi for the traditional greeting.

Reb Eli ordered his driver to take him to the river for a dip in the cold water to sober up and to cool off because it was a hot summer day. As soon as they went into the water an attendant of the Rabbi came running with a message from the Rabbi. The Rabbi wanted to see Reb Eli immediately, because he wanted to go for a drive in Eli's coach.

Reb Eli was a husky man, and it was not easy for him to scramble out of the water. My grandfather, who was much younger and faster, jumped out at once, grabbed the horse and carriage, leaving Reb Eli Bilut behind. The Rabbi did not ask about Reb Eli. He just climbed into the coach and went for the ride.

When the Rabbi returned home and went into the house, my grandfather followed him in, without asking permission, which was against the rules. Immediately, he asked the Rabbi of Sandz for a blessing, spilling out before him his bitter situation and how hard he is struggling to make a

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living. Rabbi Chaim from Sandz who walked with a limp and used a cane for support, grabbed his cane and began to hit my grandfather and yelled at him, "Have you seen a hutzpa this young man has? it is not enough that he stole Reb Eli's privilege to take me for a drive, but he also demands a reward, a blessing." He kept hitting him and calling him names, and at the end gave him his blessing.

You can imagine how happy my grandfather felt because it was a well-known fact that whoever was thrashed by the Rabbi could rest assured that the Rabbi's blessing will be upon him. Hassidim used to try very hard to make the Rabbi angry. Of course, all his life Reb Eli regretted inviting my grandfather to join him in his trip.

And from then on my grandfather succeeded in all his endeavors and turned out to be a very rich man.

RABBI ALTER ZEV HOROWITZ

In the days when Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz occupied the Rabbinical chair in Strzyzow, people were not too generous to bestow unearned titles. When someone was called Rabbi, genius, or righteous man, it had to be well-deserved. Therefore, I would like to tell something about our Rabbi, Reb Alter Zev, who was a man of G-d, righteous, honest, and holy all his life.

Reb Shalom Schwartzman told me that once, when Rabbi Alter Zev was in Belz to visit the famous Rabbi, the Rabbi from Belz saw him passing by his window and he called to his son, asking him, "Would you like to see a truly G-d-fearing man? If you do, look out the window." Rabbi Alter Zev was only nineteen years old then, and Reb Shalom added, "Now you know who our Rabbi is!"

The Rabbi from Sieniawa once said that Rabbi Alter Zev could have been one of the biggest Rabbis in Galicia, and could have had a big Hassidic following. However, his humbleness prevented it.

In his childhood, he perplexed many with his behavior, and the following story will tell you how devoted he was in observing every rule and custom, large or small. Rabbi Alter Zev's father once became very upset when his son Alter Zev, was only thirteen years-old. It was on Purim, when his father read the Megillah and Reb Alter Zev was not sure that he absorbed every word, as is required. So he asked his friend Hersh Ber to stay with him in the Beit Hamidrash to read the Megillah again. Being afraid that somebody would disturb them, they barricaded the door with tables.

When Rabbi Alter Zev's father saw that his youngest son has not yet returned home after a day of fasting (the day before Purim is the fast of Esther), he went to look for him. The first place he went was the Beit Hamidrash. When he found the door locked, he began to knock on the door. Not knowing who was knocking, Hersh Ber told Alter Zev's father, "Go and knock your head against the wall." The father became angry and demanded to open the door immediately. Soon Hersh Ber realized that this was the voice of Rabbi Alter Zev's father, he removed the tables from the door and hurriedly jumped out the window. Reb Alter Zev did

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not pay attention to what was happening around him. He continued the reading of the Megillah. The father angrily slapped his son's face, an act he regretted in later years.

The following year, Reb Alter Zev got smarter. He went home first to participate in the Purim meal, and later secluded himself and read the Megillah a second time, to make sure that he did not miss a word. When Rabbi Alter Zev became Bar Mitzva, he made a vow never to laugh in his life, thus fulfilling the command of our sages that people should always be somber. He never laughed thereafter.

When Rabbi Alter Zev was elected as the Rabbi of Strzyzow, he was not even twenty years-old. He was a good-looking man, especially when he matured and his beard turned the color of salt and pepper. He had an angelic face. Even the gentiles admired this aristocratic figure. He had a very sweet voice and rumors were that in his youth he composed a melody to the lyrics of a Sabbath song. It was well-known that all members of the Ropczyce Rabbinical Dynasty were blessed with musical talents.

Rabbi Alter Zev sang and led the prayers and was upset when his helpers sang off-tune. His prayers were always prolonged, but people did not mind. It was a pleasure to listen to his chanting. He was truly G-d's servant, and he studied the Torah day and night. His daily prayers lasted until late afternoon. He was very charitable and sometimes gave away his last penny. The Rebitzin knew better than anybody else what a righteous man he was, and therefore, she watched him closely since he was the apple of her eyes. She always put money in his pocket so he would not be embarrassed if somebody asked him for alms.

On more than one occasion on Friday, after his wife lit the candles, he declared that he was not going to shul because he pledged his Shtreime for charity. Since he was short in change to put in the charity boxes, he placed his shtreimel near the boxes as a pledge. In those days were many charity boxes in every Jewish home, and every Friday before candle-lighting, people donated small change into the boxes. Rabbi Alter Zev's wife had to go to her neighbors to borrow money to put in the boxes so the Rabbi would be able to go to shul. Meanwhile, the congregation was waiting for him, grumbling, that the Rabbi was burdening them unnecessarily.

And if all year round he was so absorbed in serving G-d, imagine how he was on holidays. Let us begin first with Passover. They used to tell about the Rabbi from Ropczyce, that his soul was obsessed with the mitzva of Sukkoth, because all year round he either talked about the Sukkah, or did something for the Sukkah. His grandson, Rabbi Alter Zev, was obsessed with Passover, especially with the importance of having kosher matzot.

Rabbi Alter Zev went to the field in person to oversee the harvesting of wheat. Then he stored the wheat in a special dry place to prevent any moisture from getting on the wheat. He stood by when the wheat was ground with grinding stones, and the matzot he ate were the ones he baked on Erev Pesach, the day before the seder night. To the baking of the matzot the Rabbi invited almost the whole town. Everyone was anxious to

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help in such a holy endeavor. During the baking of the matzot, the people sang and recited Psalms with the traditional melodies from Ropczyce. When the baking ended, everybody was rewarded with three matzot for the first seder night. People carried these matzot home with pride. Rabbi Alter Zev also invited the young men who participated in baking the matzot to be his guests for the second seder night, and many accepted his invitation.

Who could forget a seder with Reb Alter Zev? There was no electricity in Strzyzow, but when the Rabbi sat at the head of the table, surrounded by his family and guests, a brightness of light shone upon all of us. It seemed like the angels from heaven provided a special heavenly light. His white gown had a special whiteness, and the Rabbi himself, with his majestic face, expressed only holiness. When he began to recite the Haggadah, silence fell upon the rooms. No one wanted to miss a word while he was chanting the Haggadah. They used to say that if people knew how the Rabbi conducted a seder, everyone would leave his house and would come to the Rabbi's seder. The Rabbi always added some interesting anecdotes about how his ancestors and other famous Rabbis celebrated their seder nights. Even the way he ate was worth watching. He ate with a certain devotion and reverence, not just to fill his stomach. The Rabbi used to tell jokes told by his grandfather, the famous Rabbi Naphtali from Ropczyce, who was known as an amusing man.

And how was Rabbi Alter Zev in the High Holidays? I don't know if anybody is able to describe Rabbi Alter Zev during the Silent Prayer on Rosh Hashana, when tears the size of pearls rolled down his face or, for that matter, his dancing on Simchat Torah during the Hakafot. I will never forget the Rabbi's last Rosh Hashana when he was unable to walk and was carried to shul on a chair. Still, he led the Mussaf prayers and, when he reached the prayer "Unesanei Tokef," the verse where it says who shall live and who shall die, we realized that he knew that his end was near.

Like all other Jews, his family had its share in the Holocaust. His sons, and daughters, and their families, all perished. Only a few of his family survived, and they continue to serve G-d. Some live in the United States and some in Israel.

RABBI NECHEMIAH SHAPIRO

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS I CALLED TO THEE"

(Psalms, Ch. 130, Ver. 1)

Attributes which are listed by the sages in the Talmud, such as good looks, cleverness, stature, and wisdom, were all possessed by Rabbi Nechemiah. Even now I still see him standing right in front of me upright with a lively expression on his face. He had sparkling eyes, through which you could see his purity and good-heartedness. All the Shapiros going back to the founder of the Shapiro Dynasty, Rabbi Tzvi elimelech Shapiro, were blessed with all merits mentioned above. Rabbi Nechemiah was a very humble man. Although he was well-known as a Torah scholar, he never seemed to be arrogant about it or boastful. On the contrary, many times during conversations with me he told me that he wished that he had been born into a poor family, and was a simple Jew, rather than to be from a Rabbinical Dynasty. He explained it by saying that G-d does not ask much from simple, uneducated Jews, as long they serve G-d the way they know. But from Rabbi Nechemiah G-d expected more and more all the time. He used to recall about the Rabbi from Ropczyce, that he always asked, "What is the difference between a simple uneducated Jew and a Rabbi of his stature?" And he answered that a simple man gets up in the morning, says his prayers, does a few good deeds, and thinks that he did G-d's will the best he could. I, a Rabbi of the stature of Rabbi Naphtali from Ropczyce, no matter how much I try to fulfill G-d's will and study Torah day and night, I still feel that it is not enough. Nevertheless, Rabbi Nechemiah did overcome his "tragedy" and was not an embarrassment to his forefathers. Rabbi Nechemiah inherited from his grandfather, the Rabbi from Sassov, the love for his fellow man and Jew. He loved everybody, friend or foe. He literally embraced them, patted their backs, gave encouragement and strenghtened their belief that G-d the Almighty had not forsaken them. Was it any wonder that the simple folk, tradesmen, hard working people, loved him so much? These people were ready to sacrifice their lives for their Rabbi if, Heaven forbid, somebody would show any disrespect to the Rabbi. He called them G-d's people. Come and see the remnants of those simple Jews who are in Israel now, some of whom, to my sorrow, left their parents ways, come and see how their souls simply go out at the mention of the revered name "Rabbi Nechemiale" as he was called in endearment.

From his maternal grandfather, the Rabbi from Sandz, he inherited devotion to G-d, and obedience of the laws of Moses down to the smallest command. He did not inherit that Rabbi's extremism. Notwithstanding all the above attributes, Rabbi Nechemiah was unlucky his entire life. He was never rich, and whatever he had, he gave away. In spite of the Sandz-Sadigora dispute, he preserved the friendship of Sadigora offspring. When he lived in Vienna, he had friendly relationship with the Rabbis,

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grandchildren of the Rabbi from Sadigora who also lived in Vienna. He did not follow their way of Hassidism, it did not go that far, he followed his own ancestors' traditions, especially Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech's. The reason for this adherence was not only because he was the fifth generation of the Shapiro Dynasty, but out of his conviction that this was the right way to serve G-d. Rabbi Nechemiah was the son-in-law of Rabbi Yeshayahu Hertz from Dynow who was a grandson of Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech.

Rabbi Nechemiah's father established his own Hassidic customs and did not follow his father's footsteps, and neither did Rabbi Nechemiah follow his father's customs. When Rabbi Nechemiah was asked why not? He responded that he was doing exactly as his father did. His mother was not pleased, but she could not change his mind.

Rabbi Nechemiah had his staunchest admirers in Strzyzow. They were the Hassidim of the Rabbi from Munkatch: Reb Elazar Wurtzel, Reb Chaim Yacov Nuremberg, and Reb Chaim Mandel. They supported him out of allegiance to the Rabbi of Munkatch who was his cousin, and they had a very close relationship.

Not only did these fiery Hassidim stand by Rabbi Nechemiah, but also simple folks supported him, especially in his dispute over the Rabbinic seat.

Rabbi Nechemiah! Where are you now? I wish you could see us now, remnants of your congregation. Now we would like to hear you chanting the Sabbath afternoon prayer, the "Vaani Tefilati" with your strong voice, how sweet it sounded. I remember one Sabbath afternoon before the Shavuot holiday, you, Rabbi, had not felt so well. The people asked you to relax and not to lead the prayers, but you refused. Later, you began to recite the "Vaani Tefilati" which means "I pray before you, O G-d!" It is time to help your folk Israel, and you also added in Yiddish your own words, "Derbarimdiger G-d, derbarim zich shoin." Which means "O merciful G-d, have mercy and respond to our prayers." Suddenly, a shriek was heard in kloiz. This was the retarded epileptic Eliezer Mussler. He fell on the floor and fainted. People whispered that you tried to help this unfortunate boy with your prayers.

When the High Holidays approached, especially at the first day of Slichot which begins one week before Rosh Hashana, Rabbi Nechemiah in his prayers demanded mercy for his flock. He always chanted and led the prayers himself with a sweet melodic voice. The kloiz was packed. Rabbi Nechemiah began the prayers, mixing in, Yiddish words, such as, "Oy tate, heiliker tate." "Father, holy Father, please, listen to your flock's prayers, and respond positively." There was such a silence in the kloiz that a fly could be heard. Rabbi Nechemiah, perspiring, his face pale, prayed with such an ecstasy that his body and soul were in it. The Rabbi always blew the shofar. He was a very skilled man in many fields; mohel, architect, and writer. Nowhere can you hear nowadays chanting like Rabbi Nechemiah chanted on the High Holidays. The young generation does not comprehend how Jews prayed before the Holocaust.

When the war began, Rabbi Nechemiah wondered aloud and asked why cannot the Almighty leave the Jews alone. Rabbi Nechemiah did not lament only on the trouble which had befallen the Jews, but also spoke

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

about all of mankind. At the beginning of the war, he tried to cheer up the people as much as he could. He, the sickly man who in normal times endured several diseases, suddenly gained strength to help his flock in these troubled times. He tried to strengthen the brokenhearted of his community. He mobilized his entire energy to convince people that Hitler's downfall was imminent. He told them stories about similar situations in the past when somehow the Jews survived, and help came unexpectedly.

However, Rabbi Nechemiah himself was not very optimistic. He confided to a few close friends that he foresaw tragedy of large dimensions to the people of Israel. He tried to prevent panic. Apparently, it was decided in heaven to help him ease the suffering of his community a little bit.

One day during the Nazi occupation in Strzyzow, a few Nazis came into his house. They began to terrorize the Rabbi, but the Rabbi did not demonstrate any fear. In a loud voice and perfect German which he knew because of his residency in Vienna, he asked them if they were able to converse in a civilized way. Surely if such a question would have been put to the Germans by a simple man, the response would have been a bullet in his body. However, Rabbi Nechemiah was tall, husky, and handsome, his attitude startled the Nazis and caught them off-balance. They did not harm him, they just left the house silently. When they left, the Rabbi thanked G-d that he escaped a tragedy. But this was not the end of the story. When the Commanding Officer of the Nazis heard about the Rabbi's knowledge of the German language, he ordered the Rabbi to report to his office. It is not hard to imagine how the Rabbi must have felt hearing of such an invitation. He decided that he would not deny what he had said to the soldiers in his house. He would tell exactly what happened, that all he asked was a civilized behavior.

When the Rabbi came to the office, he noticed that the Commanding Officer was a middle-aged man with a gentle expression of his face. Indeed, the thought that there were good Nazis and bad Nazis was far from his mind, but the looks of the officer encouraged him. "Are you Herr Rabiner Shapiro?" When the Rabbi responded positively, they developed a conversation in a Viennese accent. The officer told the Rabbi that he is also from Vienna. They ended the conversation in almost-friendly atmosphere. The officer never mentioned the incident with his soldiers. When the Rabbi left, the officer told him to let him know if he had any problems. Everybody wondered what caused the officer to behave the way he did. Many thought that maybe he knew the Rabbi from Vienna.

The Rabbi spent sleepless nights thinking about whether he should develop a friendship with the officer and use him to extort favors for the Jews. He was not sure if it was proper for a Jew, especially a Rabbi, to have anything to do with a Nazi. He also wondered what the non-Jewish neighbors would say. He feared that they would call him a traitor. But his love for his flock convinced him to do everything possible to make life a little easier for the Jews in Strzyzow. For a

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whole year, as long as the Commandant was stationed in Strzyzow, Rabbi Nechemiah succeeded to call off a few decrees which the local Polish Jew-haters tried to instigate against the Jews.

When I was on my way to escape the Nazis, I stopped in Strzyzow (by that time I was living in another shtetl), and I went to see the Rabbi. He was sitting in his room surrounded by a few of his friends and admirers. All of them had sadness expressed on their faces, knowing that heavy clouds are hanging over the Jews. Someone asked the Rabbi a question: Is it true that this was the last stage of suffering for the Jews before the Messiah's coming. The Rabbi asked the man, "Why do you think so?" The man responded innocently, "If it is not for the Messiah, why is G-d tormenting us? Is it perhaps for the sins that we sinned?" Rabbi Nechemiah got up from his chair and started pacing across the room back and forth. His face turned pale, and he suddenly raised his voice in anger, stating emphatically, "No! No! No such talk in my presence. You do not mean to tell me that we are suppose to justify the Almighty's treatment of his children." He sat down, and after a while, he started to tell the following story. Once a woman came to Rabbi Moshe Leib from Sassov and complained bitterly that her children kept dying one after the other. In her complaint she said that G-d was not fair to her. The Rabbi's wife, overhearing the woman scolded her and told her that G-d knows what he is doing and that she should not behave that way. Rabbi Moshe Leib turned to the woman and said, "Dear woman, you are right and your complaints are justified. I will pray for you, and I promise you that the next child you will bear, G-d will help you and you will live to see him or her under the wedding canopy." When the Rabbi finished the story everybody understood that the moral of the story was that there maybe a time when the children of Israel felt that G-d's treatment was not too merciful.

When I left the Rabbi, he told me, "My child, you know the prayer and the meaning of the words, "Out of the depths I called to thee." And the Rabbi began to cry. Then he said, "Nobody is able to help us now, only G-d the Almighty. The Jewish people are now in deep trouble, but let us hope that G-d will eventually have mercy on us."

THE ASSISTANT RABBI YACOV SHPALTER

Rabbi Yacov Shpalter was born in Illitch, a very small town in Galicia. He came to Strzyzow after the previous Assistant Rabbi, Reb Alter Ezra Seidman, passed away.

Rabbi Yacov Shpalter was an interesting personality. He was very sharp and well-educated in all Responsa books concerning Jewish religious code and strictures. He was also well-versed in many other holy books. Several times he had harsh disputes with Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, and other Rabbinical authorities. But Rabbi Yacov Shpalter never gave up in his discussions. He was very persistent and loved these discussions. Most of the time he found a source or precedent in the books to prove that he was right to rule the way he did.

When the Kehillah refurbished the mikva in Strzyzow under the supervision of the Assistant Rabbi, everything was done the way Rabbi Yacov

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Shpalter wanted, and he ruled that the mikva was kosher. However, when Rabbi Nechemiah came to inspect it, he ruled that the mikva was not kosher.

According to Jewish law, if a Rabbi rules or makes a certain decision, a party concerned is not permitted to turn to another Rabbi for a second opinion, and another Rabbi is not permitted to rule otherwise. Once Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro forbade something and notwithstanding this decision, Rabbi Yacov Shpalter ruled differently. Rabbi Nechemiah was very angry and upset and he turned to a few famous Rabbis, Torah scholars, for support in his criticism of Rabbi Yacov Shpalter. However, Rabbi Yacov also recruited a few scholars whom he convinced with his arguments that his viewpoint was also correct.

This dispute was never solved because many Rabbis disliked such disputes and hated to be dragged into such arguments. Rabbi Yacov never felt insulted by his opponents. On the contrary, he used to joke about it and laughed about them.

He knew all the tricks and maneuvers in the business world, and when he was asked to arbitrate a dispute between two businessmen, he was well-qualified to make the right decision. Rabbi Yacov lived in our house, and many times had asked me to be present during a litigation, or to look up a precedent in a similar case, in order to make the right judgment.

It was a well-known fact in those days that Jews avoided bringing their problems to a gentile court, and therefore, they always brought their disputes before a Rabbinical judge. It is impossible for me to retell all the stories or jokes that I had a chance to hear from Rabbi Yacov Shpalter. To our sorrow, he and his family, including his grandchildren, perished in the Holocaust. Only one grandson, Reb Ephraim Shpalter, survived and now lives in Israel.

MEMORIES FROM STRZYZOW

By Itzhok Deutch

This story was told to me by Reb Shalom Schwartzman when I went to see him in Jerusalem after my arrival in Israel. He told me that he saw this story recorded in the chronicle of the Kehillah before the great fire of 1895, destroyed the chronicle and other old documents.

It happened when Rabbi Mendele from Rymanow, was very old. When he was ill, Rabbi Naphtali from Ropczyce went to see him. There was no train in those days, so the Rabbi traveled by horse and buggy. The road led through Strzyow, where Rabbi Naphtali arrived at dawn. He prayed in shul and rested for a few hours.

At noon, Rabbi Naphtali resumed his journey and was escorted out of town by many Hassidim. When they reached the village Dobrzechow, the horses refused to continue, and they remained standing in the middle of the road. Everyone was astonished, and looked at the Rabbi.

Rabbi Naphtali became immersed in his thoughts, and it seemed as if he was trying to remember something. Then he said to the crowd: "I am supposed to convey greetings here to a great Tzadik. Please lead me to him."

The Hassidim were astounded and began to tremble because they all

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knew that there were no Jews in Dobrzecchow. The Hassidim did not know what to tell the Rabbi and where to lead him.

Finally, somebody remembered that on a side road that leads to the village Wysoka, there was a little house where a poor, simple Jew lived. This Jew was called the "Psalm Jew," and they took the Rabbi there.

When Rabbi Naphtali stepped in through the door, the Psalm Jew rose and said loudly: "Welcome Rabbi Tarphon!"

Later Rabbi Naphtali continued in his journey to Rymanow. However in Strzyzow this incident made a deep impression. The fact that there lived a hidden righteous among them and nobody knew it could not be ignored. The shtetl was in a uproar. The sick ran to Dobrzecchow to seek healing. People came from near and far, handing him notes about all kinds of problems. But the Psalm Jew refused to see anybody or to accept notes (Quitlach) insisting that he was a simple man, not a Rabbi. The people did not relent. They demanded to know what was the meaning of the greeting: "Welcome Rabbi Tarphon," So he declared to them that in the previous incarnation many generations ago Rabbi Naphtali was the Tanai Rabbi Tarphon.

In his old age the Psalm Jew moved into the city. He did not become a Rabbi, but he did lead Torah discourses. That is how he spent the last days of his life, and he was considered holy by the people of the town.

A MIRACLE

It was known in Strzyzow that many members of the local rich family, the Patryns, were friends of the Rabbi from Sassov. One of them, Jan Patryn who was called "the ox driver" because he plowed his field with oxen, was an admirer of the Shapiros. Not once did I see him unloading produce from his fields at Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro's house.

Curious about the beginning of this friendship, I once asked Jan Patryn about it.

"Yes," said Mr. Patryn, "I owe the Shapiros a lot. I owe them my life. Their holy grandmother saved me from a sure death."

"How was it possible?" I asked wondering. "Their grandmother was already dead for many years." "Listen to this wonderful story and you will wonder no more." And Mr. Patryn began to tell this story.

It was in 1914. The Russians had just occupied Strzyzow. There were rumors circulating that the Russians were committing cruelties to the civilian population and everyone sat in their locked homes and were afraid to walk in the streets. We already heard that they stabbed a leather merchant by the name Mandel, in the nearby town Czudec. The stores in town had been robbed of all the merchandise, and we thought that now they would begin to rob the houses.

About a week after the occupation began, when I and my family were sitting in the house in a depressed mood, we heard knocking on the door. We all remained silent and, at first, did not open the door. However, the knocking became stronger, and we were forced to open the door.

Two Russian soldiers appeared in the door and immediately began to look around for something to take. Apparently, they did not like my

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poor belongings, but soon they noticed the boots which I was wearing. "Give me your boots, and we will not take anything else." they said.

The boots were made from good black leather, and I had no desire to part with them. I knew I could not afford to buy another pair. There was already a shortage in everything, especially footwear for the winter. Afraid of being robbed, I had stashed away some money, but not enough to replace such a pair boots.

I decided, I am not giving up my boots. Take whatever you want, I said, but not my boots. The winter is approaching, and they are the only ones I have. I cannot walk around barefoot in the winter.

One of the soldiers withdrew his sword from its sheath, raised it over me, and said: "Take off the boots, or I will kill you."

Both soldiers grabbed me and tried to pull the boots off my feet. I fought them with all my power and, during the struggle, I grabbed the sword and broke it in two.

The two soldiers became confused and I took advantage of the situation and ran out of the house. However, I did not know where to run in order to escape the attackers. I felt that they were chasing after me and were getting closer. I was sure that if they caught me, it would be my end.

My inner instinct told me to run into the Jewish cemetery which was not far from my house. I ran between the gravestones and searched for a place to hide. In the forest of the many gravestones I noticed a big double gravestone which consisted of three parts: One large, flat stone which lay on the ground and a steel bar which connected the head stone with the stone at the foot.

An inner voice told me: "Here is the place to hide." It seemed to me that I heard a voice from the grave: "Yashek, stay here."

When I stood at this grave, I saw the two Russians coming after me. I swiftly threw myself on the ground along the stone, laying there, drenched with sweat, I saw the Russians and heard their steps. Nonetheless, even though they were so near me they did not see me. After they had searched the entire cemetery and failed to find me, they left. Only then did I breathe with relief. I rose, and thoughtfully looked at the grave. I understood that there was probably buried a holy person who had saved my life, and I was overpowered with a feeling of reverence. I solemnly bowed my head to the grave. But who was this holy person who had performed a miracle? I did not rest, but I quickly went to town to find a Jew who could tell me to whom this grave belonged. The first man I encountered was Reb Zalman Brauner, the bookbinder.

"Come with me!" I said to him. "Read to me the inscription on that gravestone in the Jewish cemetery. You will render me a big favor."

"What happened?" He asked me. "Why do you want to know and why are you so excited?"

"I will tell you all about it later. But first, let's go to the cemetery." I went with Reb Zalman, pointed to that gravestone, and asked him whose gravestone it was? "Oh, here lies the holy Rebetzin, of blessed memory, from Lancut, the Shapiros' grandmother."

I remained a friend of the Shapiros forever. I also assembled my

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entire family to tell them this miraculous story and asked them to support the Rabbinical family of the Shapiros because they were holy people.

I also told this story to my relative Dr. Joseph Patryn, and he was so impressed with this story that he decided to withdraw his resignation from the myoralty (from which he earlier resigned) in order to be able to help the Jews during the hard and difficult times of the occupation.

A JEWISH HEART

(The luck of a poor man)

It is common knowledge that a rich person is lucky. But sometimes it also happens that a poor man gets lucky not to lose the last thing he owns.

Reb Leibush Hochdorf, Reb Reuven's Sapphire's son-in-law, owned a small store with yard goods located in the house of his father-in-law adjacent to the shul in Strzyzow. From this store he barely made a living. Once, on a Wednesday morning, after the Tuesday Market Day, Reb Leibush took all the money that came in yesterday, borrowed some more money from his neighbors, and went to Rzeszow to buy new merchandise for his store. He hoped that buying for cash he would pay a lower price and, therefore, he would be able to sell easily.

After his arrival in Rzeszow, he immediately went to the wholesaler, Reb Shimon Fleisher, and announced to the salespeople that he has cash and wanted to buy cheap. He selected the merchandise for the entire sum that he had, and was happy about the prices.

When the time came to pay, he became pale and horrified because he could not find the money that he had brought with him. He searched in every pocket of his clothes, but alas, he had no money. It was gone. The salesman advised him to retrace his steps back to the railroad station where he might have possibly lost his money.

Leibush went back and searched the streets in vain. He could not find his money. He remained standing in the middle of the station in desperation and, out of great sorrow, tears came out of his eyes.

Accidentally, Reb Yacov Nathan Kanner, an important man in Rzeszow, who knew Reb Leibush and his status, happened to be at the railroad station. "What Happened? Why are you crying?" Rab Yacov asked. "Some kind of misfortune?" Leibush burst out sobbing and told him about the money he had lost. Not only his money, but money that did not belong to him. And now, how could he buy merchandise in order to be able to repay the money he borrowed.

"Do not despair, the Almighty will help, and you will find your money," said Reb Yacov. Thinking for a while, he continued. "How much money was there? Do you remember the denominations? Where did you keep it? And how was it wrapped?" Reb Leibush told him, "Four hundred zlotys in ten zloty bills, wrapped in a newspaper tied with a string."

"Calm down." I will go into the street, and I will inquire of the local Jews. Maybe someone had found it." Reb Yacov Kanner, the noble and charitable Jew, speedily went among his rich acquaintances and

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collected four hundred zlotys in ten zloty bills, wrapped it in a newspaper tied with a string, and, with a radiant face, quickly brought the money to Reb Leibush Hochdorf who sat with a trembling heart in the waiting room of the station.

Leibush, bewildered from joy, thanked Reb Yacov many times, and wished him success and long life. With great joy he ran back to the wholesale place of the Fleisher firm, showed the just-found package of money, and told about the miracle that Reb Yacov Kanner had brought the found money. The face of the salesman who had waited on Hochdorf before and heard the story, became white as chalk because he knew very well that nobody had found the money. He himself had stolen it when Hochdorf absentmindedly had put the money on the table. The salesman realized what the noble Reb Yacov Kanner had done. He was very touched, and a feeling of remorse arose in his heart. He could stand it no longer. He pulled the money out of his pocket and returned it to Reb Leibush.

HANUKKAH IN SHTETL

By Harry Langsam

Can someone imagine the joy of us children when Hanukkah was approaching? The joy was overwhelming for many reasons. First of all, we were free from studying in the evening because soon after services, the lighting of the candles was required. Afterwards, we were supposed to gaze at the burning candles and sing songs for at least half an hour. Therefore, there was not much time left to return to the cheder.

The air was frosty outdoors, and tiny, crisp snowflakes were falling from heaven. It was only the beginning of the brutal winter. The ovens in kloiz and in the Beit Hamidrash were warm and cozy, and the regular occupants of the benches nearby sat there before the services and talked politics or reminisced about the First World War, stories that have been told many times. It seemed that every winter these same stories were retold. How they evacuated to Bohemia and Hungary, and how some escaped from the prisoner of war camp in Italy.

Of course, the rich had no need to sit around the ovens in the Beit Hamidrash because their homes were warm enough, and at Hanukkah time, they already enjoyed the taste of Passover food. Hanukkah was the time when housewives prepared schmaltz for Passover and the goose cracklings were devoured immediately.

When Hanukkah eve arrived and the Almighty was good to us children and sent us down the first pure white snow, it was for us the greatest happiness and exhilaration. Snowballs were thrown at the sextons while they were reciting the blessings during the candlelighting ceremony.

I have no idea how such a tradition of throwing snowballs at the sexton started, maybe tens or hundreds of years ago. One thing we were sure of, the sextons would have felt deprived if, Heaven forbid, nobody threw snowballs at them. No sexton would have relinquished the privilege of being hit with a snowball on his head. And, when snow was not available, a wet towel, or a bucket of cold water which someone dared to spill over him from the women's gallery, was also acceptable. In addition, the

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sexton was forced to stay under such an avalanche and still try to light the wet Hanukkah candles. In the later years, the Rebetzin of blessed memory, made sure that the gallery was closed, thinking that what the sexton received downstairs in the sanctuary was enough without the bucket of water.

The festivities began an hour or so before the services, while Reb Itzikl the sexton was busy preparing the big metal Hanukkah lamp, and putting in the candles. We, the youngsters, began to carry in ammunition into the kloiz and storing them under the benches. Until this day I cannot understand how these snowballs did not melt. When the services were over and the mourners finished saying the Kaddish, Itzikl Dayches, the sexton, (Dayches was his wife's name by which he was called,) was standing with a candle in his hand like a conductor with his stick ready to begin. He began with a drawn-out and festive voice: "Baaruch A-a-ta." Soon the children began yelling and screaming, and the show began.

Hanukkah possessed many more pleasurable activities.

For instance, attending the official City Rabbi's candlelighting ceremony or, as my father and I did attending the ceremony at the home of Rabbi Nechemiah from Sassov. To be present when the Rabbi lit the candles was a spiritual uplifting. Every night a few quorums gathered in the Rabbi's house to hear him recite the blessings and light the candles in the beautiful silver menorah. Until the ceremony began, the Hassidim sat around and told Hassidic tales. The room was warm and cozy and a festive mood reigned everywhere.

Meanwhile, we the children, were playing with the dreidel, and many of us lost our "Hanukkah Gelt."

Soon the Rabbi was slowly putting on his Sabbath fur hat, his wide silk belt, on his long, silk coat. He poured oil into the bright, shining silver Hanukkah menorah while the Hassidim rose and began to sway back and forth, like a wave. Then the Rabbi recited with devotion the blessings and sang "Al Hanisim."

The soul felt so good during the ceremony. It seemed to me that these little wicks burning in oil brought a ray of hope and told the people who gathered here in the Rabbi's house that somewhere far away there was a land which, a long time ago, belonged to us. Then the gentiles tried to expell us, but a miracle occurred, and we overcame them. afterwards a small vial of oil was found, surely not bigger than the vial that the Rabbi used, and that miraculously-found vial of oil keeps bringing light for the Jews until this day.

The Rabbi sang "Maoz Tzur," and asked Reb Moshe Yacov Mandel to sing "Mizmor Shir." Reb Samuel Moshe Grosskopf sang "Or Haganuz." Next Reb Elazar Wurtzel began a Torah discourse with the participation of Reb David Wiener, and the rest of the congregants.

On Hanukkah it was also permitted to play cards. It was no sin. On this account, gambling was going on in several candy stores, and it lasted longer than Hanukkah. The Hassidic young men played in private homes, only on Hanukkah and on Christmas eve. The days of Hanukkah were over, and were followed by harsh winter days, but the pleasant experience of Hanukkah remained in our memory forever.

PIQUANT STORIES FROM STRYZOW

By Heschel diamand

Our shtetl was loved and dear to us all, and we all deserve to be proud of the good deeds by the town in general, and by many individuals in particular, especially of our glorious past, including the great Rabbis who served our community. The Rabbis contributed to the glory and brightness of Strzyzow, and they also made us well-known around the world. Nonetheless, there were some events that also brought shame and loss of respect. For instance, the Rabbinical dispute caused many small disputes among the inhabitants. These disputes seem frivolous nowadays, but at that time, they occasionally aggravated the whole town and not only resulted in hatred, but also caused us to be laughed at by others. Now I would like to tell a few tragicomical episodes from the last years before the horrible devastation.

AN AWFUL STORY ABOUT "REV'EE"

Who amongst us does not know that there exist nice, medium, and ugly aliyot (ascending to the bimah and Torah)? The third, sixth, and maftir are the choice aliyot. One who is called before maftir is medium. The fifth person who was called to the Torah was neither the best nor down and out. In contrast, if you were the fourth calling, may G-d help you. If a revered citizen, (and who did not consider himself revered?) was called to the Torah, "Rev'ee," the fourth, it was considered an insult. The frivolous gang had a ball with such a person, and they endlessly kidded him. "They could not find anybody else whom to give Rev'ee? They kept pestering him. And that caused strong resentment and arguments between the unfortunate victims and the trustee in shul, in kloiz and in Beit Hamidrash.

Well, one day, it happened during the time when the Rosen brothers, Yacov and Mendel, were trustees in the Beit Hamidrash. They decided to put an end to this ridiculous predicament. I was the leader of the Kehillah and they came to me to seek my support for their suggestion that from this Saturday on, "Rev'ee" would be given to the most prosperous, revered, worshippers and that should put an end to the discriminatory feelings. The trustees proposed that I, the head of the Kehillah, should be the first to jump into the fire. Of course, I agreed, and I was called the fourth person to the Torah reading. The town came to life and caused a tremendous uproar. And from then on, it became standard procedure. No more special privileges for the more affluent worshippers when called to the Torah. Logically, order should have been returned. But not so. Yacov and Mendel Rosen, the trustees, declared that the Rabbi, too, should get Rev'ee. At first, I was reluctant to agree to their proposition. Later, I said to them, "If the Rabbi agrees it would be fine with me." The Rabbi was traditionally called the sixth, "Shishi," once a month. The Rabbi was asked, and he philosophically responded,

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"I will keep getting my 'Shishi' once a month and also Rev'ee whenever they will call me." Understandably, such an event was historical for the town. However, the idyllic situation did not last long. A short time later, someone (out of reverence to the martyr, I cannot reveal his name) complained to the Ministry of Religion in Warsaw that the Rabbi was given an aliyah which was usually reserved for simpletons, and such an act was demeaning and an outrage, and brought shame to the entire community. The district Commissioner summoned the leader of the Kehillah to report to him for an explanation and he also called the Rabbi for an inquiry. (The Rabbi was innocent because it was done without his knowledge.) The community leader took with him Reb Chaim Mandel, a Torah scholar, who intended to prove to the Commissioner that according to the rules of the Torah reading, Rev'ee is even better than Shishi. Before we went into the office of the Commissioner the Rabbi begged me to do everything possible to avoid blasphemy. I suggested to the Rabbi that he declare to the Commissioner that Rev'ee is as good as the other aliyoth. The Rabbi did as I told him to do, and the explanation was forwarded to the Ministry in Warsaw....

HOW REB YOSL THE SEXTON HAD SUDDENLY GONE DEAF

The trustees were not always capable of running the business. There were trustees who distributed aliyot to members of their clique. Once it happened that the trustees belonged to one party and the head of the community to another party. Somebody decided to teach the trustees a lesson and arranged a deal with the sexton, Reb Yosl, a clever man who knew from where the wind blew, and saw that the majority was on the opposite side of the trustees. On a holiday eve, he agreed to accept a list of names of those he should call to the Torah reading from the trustees' opponents, and here what happened. When the trustee told the sexton whom to call, he called someone else from the list. The trustees looked at each other, and asked the sexton: "What happened?" But Reb Yosl played dumb and claimed he had not heard them correctly. At the next calling the same thing happened. The trustee said "Shlomo" and the sexton called "Yacov." Finally, the trustees understood what was going on, and they capitulated.

REB BARUCH BERGLASS

By Shlomo Yahalomi

Medium height, his back bent forward, a long beard, deep penetrating eyes, slow, careless walk, this is the description of Reb Baruch Berglass. One of the most beloved men in town. In certain ways he was one of a kind, a rare breed. The town elders used to say that in his youth he was sharp as a needle, brilliant, intelligent, knowledgeable in Talmud and many holy books. At seventeen he was a diligent student studying from three in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. He was fascinated with figures and he counted each line, letter, and punctuation mark he

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had studied. He also had a knock for finding any subject in the Talmud. When he matured and got married, he studied less, but did not stop.

His friend, colleague, and avid opponent, was Reb Shalom Schwartzman, who was also one of the beloved men in town, about whom we will tell later in this book. They never agreed on anything. Sometimes their discussions were so overpowering that they almost insulted each other but they remained friends and respected each other. Both were G-d-fearing men, realizing that their arguments were only to enhance their devotion to G-d, and abiding his commands.

Reb Baruch Berglass was a rich man, prosperous in his business. He had customers not only on Market Days but every day of the week. Although he knew that he was needed in the store, and his family would have liked him to shorten his morning prayers, but he took his time and disregarded their wishes. His prayers lasted more than an hour and followed by an hour studying, He did not just speedily whisper his prayers. No! He enunciated each word separately with devotion and reverence, understanding the meaning of each word. Certain words he repeated several times, especially the "Shema Israel" concentrating on each syllable. If some strange thought came to his mind that interrupted his concentration he started all over again. Reb Shalom Schwartzman loved to poke fun at him for his repetitiousness. But Reb Baruch did not surrender. Angrily he told him, "Mind your own business. I did not ask for your advice." Or he would laughingly say, "are you chastising me? Very well, you fulfilled your duty, thank you." And that is how he disarmed him.

Reb Baruch Berglass was a kind and charitable man, but people whispered behind his back that he was miserly. People who knew him well knew that although he did not throw his money around, he always gave with a smile and friendliness. Of course, being known as a wealthy man, more was demanded from him, and he enjoyed negotiating over the amount. Whenever he was asked for a donation, he never let anyone leave empty-handed. And, what concerns hospitality, he was the first to offer it. He always fed the poor Jewish wanderers who passed through Strzyzow. Whenever a poor man appeared hungry in shul or in Peit Hamidrash, he was immediately directed to Reb Baruch Berglass' house. For breakfast or lunch he could be sent without advance notice, but for dinner, the household had to be notified in advance.

Reb Baruch served for many years as a member of the Kehillah, always alert to community needs and generous with money and advice. He was highly respected and he always avoided political arguments. He was a truthful man, and hated hypocrisy.

His son, Itzhok Berglass, survived the Holocaust by escaping to Soviet Russia, and later went to Israel to realize his lifelong dream to live in an independent Jewish Homeland. Also many of Reb Baruch's grandchildren and great grandchildren live in Israel and in the Diaspora.

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REB AVREHMAL'E GOLDMAN

It is doubtful whether anybody in town was as popular as Avrehmal'e Goldman. Not because of his merits, but because of his wife's merits. Her name was Dvoirah Sarah. The whole family had long names. His name was Abraham, and his father-in-law's name was zelig. That is why he was called Reb Avrehmal'e Zelig's. His wife's name was Dvoirah Sarah, so they called her Dvoirah Sarah, Avrehmal'e Zelig's. Their son Itzhok was called Itzhok, Dvoirah Sarah's, Avrehmal'e Zelig's, and so they called all the sons and daughters. Reb Avrehmal'e was poor as poor can be. He himself used to joke about his poverty. He used to say that he was poor by a miracle. "If someone is poor because of bad luck, lacking a trade, or business--this is natural. But I, a jack -of-all-trades, a wholesale businessman, have dealt with everything: Building material, plasterboards, cement, roofing materials, and this is only physical merchandise. Besides the above, I have also dealt with spiritual merchandise, like being a melamed, a cantor, and I still remain poverty-stricken. This can happen only by a miracle."

Reb Avrehmal'e was very educated in Talmud and Halacha. He was a teacher for many years, a highly qualified teacher who taught only teenagers, students capable of studying Talmud and the various commentaries on the Talmud. Reb Avrehmal'e had a fine chanting voice of which his wife was very proud. She used to boast to the peasants in the market about her husband's cantorial endeavors. Reb Avrehmal'e once had a lawsuit in court against his competitor, and the case did not look so good. Suddenly, Dvoirah Sarah stood up in front of the Judge and declared proudly, pointing in the direction of his opponent. "You have the nerve to challenge my husband? When my husband begins to chant the Sabbath prayer 'Shochen Ad,' all the worshippers are chanting with him." Reb Avrehmal'e himself was always ready to sing and display his talent. He never complained about having a sore throat or being hoarse. He was always happy, telling jokes, and making fun of others, and he never got insulted if people laughed at him. Even his own sons use to tell jokes about him right to his face. About his talented sons we will tell more later in this book. G-d shall avenge his and his family's blood. No one of his family survived.

REB HERSHEL GELANDER WHO CHANTED THE MUSSAF PRAYERS

As if they were alive today, I see before me standing the wonderful townspeople, and each one deserves to be written about and perpetuated in this book, so that the future generations would know who the victims of the Holocaust were--the victims who did not leave behind their equals. These dear Jews were entirely wiped out, and some offspring who did survive, do not follow in their parents' traditions. Some distant relatives who did survive rarely remember the martyrs names. However, a few did inherit nice sayings and expressions of scholars used by these townspeople in their daily conversations. But Reb Hershel Gelande, in addition to a son and daughter, he left behind a special form of chanting.

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

You saw before you a man of middle height, long side curls that looked if somebody ironed them, and a charcoal black beard. When he was standing behind the oven, humming in a sweet melodic voice the "Zohar," you stood perplexed: Whose are those big burning eyes, expressing softness and strength at once, submerged in the book as an unseparable entity desiring only to unite and merge the holy letters from this wonderful book? And what is the source of the aristocratic smile hovering on his lips?

Reb Hershel Gelandar grew up and was educated in the courtyards of the Sadigora Rabbinic Dynasty. There he spent his day and nights in Torah, Hassidism, and songs. He was a choirboy and helper of cantors, Reb J. Shorr, and Samuel from Ustrzyki, and others. From them he learned how to chant. He used to say that it is very important to know how to chant properly, not only to intone loudly. The principal rule is: A cantor must not be an actor. Asblowing the shofar is a science and not a trade, so is chanting. The science of chanting is to remember that we are praying before the King of the Universe. He who realizes that he is praying to the King of the Universe, will not fail and will be assured that his prayers will be accepted in heaven and on earth.

Reb Hershel was a clever man, vigorous, a scholar, pious, and an enthusiastic Hassid of the Rabbi from Sadigora. He did not ponder about it. He just believed firmly in Hassidism. Not because he was unable to ponder but, he said, "A person should be straight. As the sages used to say, 'One who is straight cannot be crooked.'" Generally speaking, who needs to rake and research? There is no benefit in climbing a mountain and trying to understand things which are above our perception. We will never comprehend the ways of the holy ones (meaning the Rabbis of Sadigora). But what? Whoever has open eyes and good sense understands that the important thing is not the knowledge but the belief. Is it not what the Rabbis of Sadigora preached? This prefaced each of Reb Hershel's discussion about his Rabbis and, he added, "I do not intend to recruit believers in my Raabis." But still he could not resist demonstrating his beliefs. He learned from his Rabbi to love his fellow Jew, every Jew. He opposed Zionism fiercely but never insulted a Zionist personally. When he once overheard someone cursing the Zionists, he became very upset.

Reb Hershel Gelandar revered many Rabbis but his Rabbi most of all. He was very conservative and he always remained in the background. Few people knew that he got up every day of the year at four o'clock in the morning and headed straight for the mikva, summer or winter. After the immersion in the mikva he studied the holy books at home until nine o'clock. Then he went to the shul for the morning services. He prayed quietly with devotion. He used to tell that the Rabbi, Reb Israel from Ryzin once said: "It is better to move one little finger for G-d than to make a big noise dishonestly."

All year round he made a living as a small merchant, but in the anticipation of the High Holidays, he stopped his secular trade and began his preparations for the holidays, rehearsing the holiday chantings. He prepared himself not only physically but spiritually as well. His chanting penetrated into each Jewish soul. On those days he never laughed

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or joked, spending his time in the Beit Hamidrash where he led the prayers every year. His voice was not loud. It was a sweet mellow voice. People followed him in the prayerbook word by word. People from other prayer-houses used to come in to listen to his chanting. In the High Holidays he was assisted by a group of young people whom he trained before the holidays. The writer of these memories was one of these youngsters. I was so well acquainted with his chanting that it made Reb Hershel proud to think that someday I would take his place.

When I was getting ready to escape to Russia, I went to see Reb Hershel to say goodbye. We embraced and kissed each other. Then Reb Hershel said: "It is G-d's will that the Jewish people should suffer so much. Only G-d knows how long this will last, but if..." and at this point he broke down and began to cry. Later he composed himself and finished his sentence by saying to me: "You are younger and healthier than I am. Please, do not forget me and my prayers." May G-d avenge his innocent blood. He perished and shared the fate of his six million brothers and sister. However, I carried with me his form of chanting throughout Siberia, and after the war to Germany, and finally, to Israel. Since then whenever I, his pupil, chant, I always see his face before me.

MY FATHER, MY TEACHER, REB JOSEPH DIAMAND

My father was a highly esteemed and outstanding citizen in town. His spiritual features were: Strong faith in G-d and perpetual belief in eternity of Israel. He had a fatherly approach to every individual as well as to the community. He was a social activist, always occupied with the need of the community with no expectation of reward. He was also blessed with positive merits: Always being content, always happy, always full of hope that everything will turn out all right, and he shared his happiness with everyone who came in touch with him. These merits, in addition to his cleverness and wisdom, put him in the center of community activism. Although there was no lack of disputes in town, whether spiritual or not (in which he was sometimes also involved), but people knew that even when he was angry, his anger was only pretended. More than once during a heated exchange he would throw in a funny remark or tell a joke, and soon the tempers were cooled off and the loudmouths lost their tongues. He knew how to raise himself from his individuality, and judge each problem from the perspective of what is good for the community. Whenever an urgent need arose to mediate between real or imagined adversaries, or to extricate someone from a mire, they turned to Reb Joseph, and he with his cleverness and patience, settled everything in a way that left both parties feeling victorious. And it was all done with a smile on his lips. They said about him--according to Rabbi Alter Zev, "What he could achieve with a funny sharp remark in the right place and in the right time, ten wise men could not accomplish." Generally speaking, he was never agitated or angry and if, on occasion he became agitated, it was very easy to appease him. He used to say, "My theory is if somebody tells me 'Shalom Aleichem' my answer is 'Aleichem Hashalom.'"

He had a warm Jewish heart and helped whoever turned to him, no matter what kind of help it was needed, advice on how to extricate himself

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from entanglement or for help to obtain a favor from a gentile master. He was active in a very sensitive, delicate field: Freeing Jewish sons from military service. As it was known in Galicia, every year in each shtetl a military commission visited, and gave physical examinations to those who were eligible for military service. Our Jewish brothers were not too happy to serve in the gentile military. On the contrary, everybody tried to avoid this "privilege" to suffer and sometimes to get killed for a fatherland which was not his. And it is an old story that you could always find a good Jew who acted to free our Jewish brothers from the claws of the gentile military. In our shtetl was also one who was active in this field, my father Reb Joseph Diamand. He did this holy work without any expectation of being rewarded. He always tried to contact the members of the commission, and to come to an "agreement" in this sensitive matter. The middle man between the military doctor and the Jews, most often was Dr. Patryn, the mayor of the town, who was a medical doctor by profession. The fact that he was a doctor gave him a chance to express his professional opinion that the Jewish recruits' physical condition might not be suitable for military service. Sometimes he influenced the military doctor without a bribe and sometimes there was a need to pay a sizable sum. On very rare occasions, somebody from the shtetl was recruited but, if such an incident did occur, the townspeople did not leave a stone unturned, they always found a way to cancel the first commission's decision and to bring the recruit before a second commission and be freed.

At this point I would like to tell a terrible incident that once happened in town. On the initiation of my father, Doctor Patryn offered a sizeable sum of money to a military doctor on the condition that he free all the Jewish recruits who would appear before him.

However, the military doctor refused to accept the bribe but he fulfilled the request anyway. But, this episode had unfortunate results. And this what happened: The military doctor told about the proposition to his colleague, the presiding officer of the commission, a major. Subsequently, when the major quarrelled with the doctor, he reported the affair to the military prosecutor. The mayor, Dr. Patryn, was summoned to a trial as a defendant accused in an attempt to bribe the military doctor, for which he could have received a severe punishment. If the court would have found him guilty, he might have been sentenced not only with imprisonment, but they would also have revoked his right to practice medicine, and not be permitted to continue to serve as mayor of the city. It is easy to imagine the uproar that this trial stirred in the whole region, especially in the town. Most of all, this affair touched the heart of the Jews. If the mayor would have been convicted, it could have caused distress and resulted in dire consequences for the Jews.

This incident hurt my father directly, because he was the cause of it. In his defense, the mayor claimed to have said: "If they, the military, will not discriminate against the Jews, the Jews will make a sizeable donation to the Red Cross." Since the military doctor did not understand Polish very well, he misunderstood what was said. But the military doctor said resolutely that there was no misunderstanding:

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"Ihrtum-ausgeschlossen." (Misunderstanding--impossible.)

After many intercessions and tremendous effort, the defense was able to get a change of venue from Vienna to Rzeszow, a central city in Western Galicia, and to arrange a second investigation of the parties and witnesses. My father was also summoned to the second trial as a witness for the defense, besides the defendant and the army doctor. My father was supposed to have testified that Doctor Patryn told him that the Jews would make a donation to the Red Cross, as the defendant claimed. Torah authorities requested that everything possible should be done to save the defendant who endangered himself in favor of the Jews. Their biggest worry was how to save the Jewish reputation, since a harsh sentence might provoked vengeful feelings among the gentiles toward the Jews.

The night before the trial was dreadful to all the participants. The military doctor was probably also angry because he was dragged from Vienna to Rzeszov, and was already anxious to testify and name the accused in order to teach the gentile mayor of Strzyzow a lesson. He himself was Jewish---Although the mayor was a friend of the Jews, he could not ignore the fact that it was because of them that he found himself in such a predicament. My father, Reb Joseph, thought and searched for a tactic that would relieve them from the bad situation unscathed. That is to say, how to save the mayor and the shtetl. As much as he tried, he came up with only one bit of advice, the quotation of our sages: "The only one to lean on is our Father who rules the Universe." He hoped that at the last moment, he will somehow find an exit from this entanglement. Oh yes, one more person, someone very special, was awake that night before the trial: The town's Rabbi, Reb Alter Zev, blessed be his memory. He did not let out of his hands the book of Psalms and other mystical books. He summoned all his righteous ancestors, calling out to them by their names: The holy Shlah, Reb Itzhok Horowitz, from Hamburg, the Baal Shem Tov, especially his grandfather Rabbi Naphtali from Ropczyce. He called them all out and demanded help for the shtet in distress---At dawn, when my father went to him to ask for his blessing before his trip to the trial, the Rabbi said to him, "By the authority of my righteous ancestors, I hereby bless you, that you shall succeed in your mission." He thought for a while and added: "The month of Nissan is the month of many great miracles, and the holiday of freedom. May it be the will that G-d should make a miracle and show us wonders."

When Reb Joseph disembarked the train in Rzeszov, he unexpectedly saw the military doctor leaving the train which had just arrived from Vienna. At this moment he felt as though somebody had pushed him forcibly towards the doctor, and they suddenly were face to face. Both turned pale as chalk. The doctor tried to look the other way but, as he later told it, it seemed to him that an elderly man with a dignified face insistently pushed him to Reb Joseph's side....And Reb Joseph? Girded with strength, and with a clear, decisive voice, as if he were giving an order, thundered at the doctor, "Would you listen, my master, revered doctor? Today they are going to prosecute a gentile who wanted to help Jews. The only accuser is you--a Jew--have you thought about

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how many more Jew-haters you will create after the gentile is found guilty? Jew-haters, who will probably in time strike you, too, my revered master!"

These energetic words were said dangerously but from a warm Jewish heart, and they did the job. When he appeared before the judges, the doctor said, "Ihrtum nicht ausgeschlossen" (there is a possible mistake). And there was light and relief for the Jews in shtetl.

Reb Joseph passed away in 1929.

Of his offspring survived a son, Abraham Joshua Heshel, who was the last president of the Kehillah in Strzyzow, presently in New York, and a second son Shlomo Yahalomi, the writer of this story. Blessed be G-d from above for the privilege to build anew our house and beget sons and daughters—may they live a long life.

REB ELAZAR WURTZEL, THE MAN OF HINTS AND GESTURES

If we would have said that Reb Elazar did not talk too much that would be an understatement. He spoke less than people who do not talk much. His problem was that he spoke in cues and hints, half sentences, but, if you were lucky and guessed what he wanted to say, you enjoyed it.

He was a distinguished scholar in the scriptures, Talmud, and all Talmudic commentaries. He did not study fast like one doing piece work. No! He studied slowly, in depth, and spent unlimited time penetrating the depth and the mysteries of the subject. He always asked, "What is there to rush?" And apropos, he told a story that once Rabbi Itzhok Shmelkis from Lwow visited Rzeszow where his son-in-law served as Rabbi. Traditionally, when a famous scholar came to town, the local students, the Beit Hamidrash dwellers, gathered for a discourse with the visiting scholar on different Torah subjects, and to hear from him some new interpretations. One student who was a prodigy, brought before the Rabbi a very complicated problem being certain that the Rabbi will explain it to him. The student spoke very fast. The Rabbi stopped him and said to him: "Slow down, let me hear you word by word about this problem of yours." After the student slowed down and told about his problem, he suddenly realized that there was no problem at all. That is what Reb Elazar wanted to point out, that studying slowly, and thoroughly, makes it easier to understand. He studied day and night. If something was not clear to him, he was never tired to study it again and again, until he understood it. When this happened, a sparkle lit up his eyes, and a smile appeared on his face. His studying was not in quantity but in quality.

If one of the younger students asked him to explain something, he would spend unlimited time with him until the student understood the subject. Not many dared to bother him because of his peculiar way of explanation, with hints and gestures. He used to advise the student to look up in this book or that book or maybe in a third source, and then, come back to him if it was still not clear to him.

Reb Elazar was very humble, soft-spoken, and he never raised his voice, even when his opponent in a discussion got excited and angry, not realizing that he was wrong. It did not bother Reb Elazar at all.

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Reb Elazar showed no interest in local politics, especially in the Rabbinical dispute which never ceased. Neither did he participate in the dispute between the Zionists and their opponents. Although he was related to one of the Rabbis with whom he sympathized, he never openly expressed his opinion. I remember once, when somebody said something derogatory about Doctor Herzl, the Founder of the Zionist Movement, he objected right away with a hint and gesture like: Nu! Oh! And that is all that he said, meaning that it was wrong.

Few knew that he was well-informed in current events. At least once a day he spent a short while scanning the headlines in the daily newspaper. Some people in town frowned upon it, and there were even rumors that he carried around progressive ideas in his head, although he never expressed them. But, he had everybody's admiration. There were certain times when Reb Elazar was talkative. This was only when he talked about the Rabbis he admired most, such as the Rabbi from Sandz, Reb Chaim Halberstam, and his son, Rabbi Yechezkiel from Siniawa. He became a master storyteller when he began to tell about their greatness, holiness, and about all the miracles they performed.

He was also talkative at the Passover seders when everybody is required to tell and retell the story of the redemption of the Jews from Egypt, and the miracles that happened at the Red Sea. Many of the Beit Hamidrash dwellers used to pay him a visit on Passover night to hear him tell the Passover story.

Reb Elazar was a widower and lived with his daughters. The son-in-laws were not big Torah scholars. They were simple people, but they respected their father-in-law, and put up with all his whims. If I would have had the foresight of the annihilation of the European Jewry, I would have taken notes of all my conversations with Reb Elazar, whether on Torah subjects or secular. What I do remember, I hope I will someday put in print for future generations. Unfortunately, no one from his family survived the Holocaust.

REB DAVID WIENER

Reb David Wiener was a special asset to the community--a wonderful type, a great scholar, and a G-d-fearing man. On one hand he was a shrewd and clever businessman, and on the other hand a shlemiel in his personal life. He studied Torah with devotion. He never did both in the same time, and he always knew what to do and when to do it. When he studied Talmud, he always hummed a melody. It was a pleasure to listen to him, because it seemed like you were listening to a wonderful composition. Reb David liked the Beit Hamidrash dwellers who studied Torah daily. He preached to them the ethics of Jewish behavior, not in a strict, but in a fatherly way. Reb David spoke softly, like a father to his sons--never uttering a bad word and, when he wanted to needle somebody, he did it jokingly.

On occasion when he detected that a young man shaved his face, which was strictly forbidden according to the Jewish custom, he touched the fellow's face with his hands. When the culprit smiled blushing as if he were caught in a misdeed, Reb David remarked to him: "You are

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laughing and I am hurting," because the stubble always irritates when you caress it, both literally and figuratively.

The young people in Beit Hamidrash used to complain that although he was such a wise man, he would not accept a little progress. He insisted that once you ignore a small infraction you never know when to stop. He used to say, "My father was a G-d-fearing man and I am a G-d-fearing man, and so should everyone be." His father was the Assistant Rabbi in Strzyzow. His name was Reb Joseph Mordechai Wiener.

When the Nazis came to town, he said, "Now the time is ripe to get ready for the sanctification of the Divine Name." He did not pay attention what was happening around him, but he continued to lead the same life style, as though nothing had changed. He studied even more and, when the Nazis came to his house to take him away, they found him bent over the Talmudic tractate and studying with a sweet melodic voice. He did not pay any attention to the representatives of the master race. The Nazis were enraged by such behavior. When they asked him why he does not respond, he said, "I have nothing to say to you. All I want is time to study the scriptures and not be interrupted." He was killed immediately and that is how he gave his life for the sanctification of the Divine Name, while humming a song.

REB FEITEL LAST AND HIS SON SHLOMO

You saw before you a Jew of medium height, lean and gaunt, with a long silvery beard, which covered almost a third of his height. His head was a little tilted, and it looked like it was coming off his very thin neck. His back was also bent a little forward, only his face was attractive and gentle. Sometimes radiant and sometimes expressing a little anger.

Reb Feitel was not a great scholar, but he absorbed in his youth the fragrance of Torah and most of all, the belief in the Righteous Ones, especially in the offspring of the Dynow Dynasty and its founder, Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro. If someone dared to criticize his Rabbi in his presence, he would attack him, ready to tear him apart like a fish. On a good day, if he was in a good mood, happy, content, and relaxed, he would react with only a scolding and name-calling.

Reb Feitel was a model of cleanliness. You could never find a spot on his ancient clothes. The Jokers in town use to say that he inherited these clothes from his great-grandfathers. In every spare moment he would moisten his finger with his tongue and pick the tiniest piece of lint from his coat, pants, or shoes which, according to the testimony of the town elders, he bought on his wedding day, approximately forty years hence. They were always polished and looked like new, as if they had just left the shoemaker's hands yesterday. It was no wonder that he walked so slowly, counting every step, so as not to soil the soles. When he saw people walking fast and carelessly, he stopped them and shouted a fatherly reproach, "Nu, you are ruining your shoes, you are violating the commandment 'You shall not waste.'"

Reb Feitel was a happy Jew, jesting at the weddings of his good friends. He was an unpaid jester. He knew many folks songs and

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Hassidic melodies. On Saturday nights after the Sabbath was over, he strolled back and forth in the kloiz of the Rabbi from Sassov, and sang the traditional song "Hamavdil" in a melody and lyrics which he himself had composed. The lyrics were about how sad it is that the holy Sabbath Queen was leaving us and the drab week was beginning. His admirers formed a chorus around him and they sang with him. Woe to those who sang a false tune.

On the yahrzeit of his parents', he led the prayers and tried to show off his cantorial talent which, unfortunately, he did not possess. At one such performance on a Friday night, Reb Feitel began to chant the Kabbalat Shabbath prayer which begins with L'cha N'rannah, and repeated the word L'cha several times which means let's go. Rabbi Moshe Leib became irritated and told him, "Go, go, and come back tomorrow night to sing the "Hamavdil."

And now let us return to the Saturday nights. When Reb Feitel concluded his singing, he sat down at the table and began to tell tales. He had a few stories that he repeated hundreds of times. His favorite two stories were about a pupil of the Baal Shem Tov, who wanted to convert to Christianity, but the Jewish legendary preacher from Mezritch saved him with his powerful preaching. And the second story was about Rabbi Meir from Premishlan who, in his childhood used to tell his neighbor, the butcher, which cattle will be kosher and which not. If one of the Beit Hamidrash dwellers wanted to have fun with Reb Feitel, he would interrupt him and tell him that the story was not exactly the way it happened. Reb Feitel would raise his head, with his angular chin and long beard, put his hand under his chin, and say: "Nu, by all means, let us hear it!" And the young man would intentionally twist the story around. Soon Reb Feitel would stop him and, with mockery, he would declare that the teller did not know what he is talking about, and silenced him. Then Reb Feitel would continue the story with a victorious look on his face.

He used to say with a sigh: "What do you know? There was once.... What do you know children? Where can you get today a holy Reb Shlomo? He was a Tzadik." He was referring to Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro, who served as Rabbi in Strzyzow, and ran away to Munkatch, as it was told earlier in this book.

Reb Feitel's biggest opponent was his son Shlomo. The son was his "adversary," and, in general, a big philosopher. The father called him "My son the philosopher." And there was a lot of truth in it.

Shlomo was really an enlightened young man, who studied many research books and books of ethics. He could not tolerate his father's tales about the miracles of the Rabbis, and on this subject there were eternal discussions and arguments between father and son. "Your destructors and demolishers will come from among your own," a quotation from the Prophet Jeremiah which his father used to quote with sadness and complaint. And if they did so all year round, on the Sabbath and holidays, they argued even more. His father practiced all kinds of customs on the Sabbath and holidays, imitating the Rabbis from Dynow, of which his son, the intellectual, did not approve. And so they always fought. Whatever the father did the son refused to do and sometimes the son even joked about it.

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Just as much as Shlomo was more educated and enlightened than his father, so was he sharper than his father. For understandable reasons this is not the forum to tell about all the fights between the father and son. We will tell only about a fearful true story, which could have ended in a bitter tragedy. Only through a miracle was the outcome good. It appeared that Reb Feitel was a good provider for his household. They were never deprived of anything. Even though he was a little stingy on weekdays, for the Sabbath and holiday he spared nothing. It happened on the first seder night on Passover. As in every Jewish home they prepared in his house "maror," (bitter herbs). And as it might seem strange and amazing--these bitter herbs were year after year the source of a heated exchange between the naive father and the enlightened son. The father prepared an oversized portion of bitter herbs, that would be sufficient for each member of the family to consume as much as it is required by the commandment, and he intended to force everybody to eat the whole portion. The son not only did not agree with his father's intention, but he tried to prove to his father that he was wrong about the size of the portion. Shlomo called his father a "Bitter herbs glutton"....This bitter fight over bitter herbs brought bitterness, and more than once did the father call his son "Goy," but the son also reacted with sharp words. This argument took place not only before the seder, but during the seder as well. There were a few people who stood in the back of Reb Feitel's house on the seder night and listened to the bitter arguments and poked fun at them.

Once a dreadful incident happened during the eating of the bitter herbs. Reb Feitel, while eating the oversized portion being angry and shouting at his son, a piece of horseradish stuck in Reb Feitel's throat, and he almost choked. At first the family did not realize the seriousness of the matter, and the son continued screaming "maror maror." Suddenly, he saw that his father lost consciousness and a tragedy was imminent. The family began screaming, "Please help! Mercy!" one of the neighbors ran to bring the doctor to help save Reb Feitel. After he regained consciousness, Reb Feitel's first word to his son was, "Goy."

When he recovered his disposition, Reb Feitel said: "Do you know who saved me? Nu, by all means, tell me who? The son who had also already recovered from the ordeal, was almost ready to start the fight again. But he restrained himself as his father continued: You know who saved my life? None but Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech himself. His spirit should protect us and all of Israel. I swear by my life." He continued to speak with emotion and enthusiasm. "When I thought that my end was near, I saw him, the Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech, may he be remembered with blessings. He simply approached me, stuck his finger in my throat and pushed the 'maror' down my throat. When I wanted to kiss his hand and thank him for the favor that he did to me, he disappeared and ascended into heaven...."

It is superfluous to remark that the educated son did not believe the story, but this time he did not react.

Reb Feitel was more fortunate than others, he died of natural causes. but his son Shlomo and the rest of his big family perished in the Holocaust.

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REB CHAIM MANDEL

You saw before you a short, shrunken, thin man, with veins visible from under his facial skin; an oblong head, a wide forehead, and a few strands of hair instead a beard; big clever eyes illuminated and happy, and also expressing a lot of energy and fiery sparks. He was always on the move. He did not walk—he flew. A renown Talmudic scholar, skilled, sharp, acute, quick-oriented, and capable of resolving complicated Talmudic problems. This was Reb Chaim Mandel. He dealt with leather, but in reality he was everything except a merchant. His mind was in the Talmud, Hassidic tales, local politics, and in his continuous fight against Zionism. He was also active in the Rabbinical dispute, a teacher to many students and, finally, conducted a little business. His supposed livelihood was from the leather business, but his main source of support was his mother-in-law, the woman of valor, the capable Esther Hinda, who owned a big grocery store which was like a present day supermarket. From all these resources, the income was not enough to feed the family, but he never complained and you never saw him worried. On the contrary, he was always content, always with a happy face, and he was not a sigher. By nature, he was an optimist. He always put his fate in the Almighty, and most of the time, a smile hovered on his lips with a little irony hidden behind his eyebrows.

Reb Chaim Mandel was considered a little more sophisticated and different from his fellow townspeople who never left town. He did some traveling in his youth, and spent some time in Hungary and Germany. In Hungary he studied with the famous Rabbi Saul Brach, where he befriended many Rabbis and Torah authorities. No one in town knew as much about the customs of the Hungarian Jews as Reb Chaim Mandel. Their customs were different from the Galician customs, and he made fun of many of these customs.

Reb Chaim was an amazing man. There was no one like him in town, a man who was nicknamed "the burner," because, when he prayed or entered into a discussion, he always became so ecstatic that his face turned red, as if a fire burned inside of him. On the other hand, he was also beloved and amiable, and liked to listen to a good joke.

He opposed Zionism fiercely. When his daughter Seryl announced that she was leaving for Eretz Israel he let out a bitter outcry, saying that not only had she converted and left the Jewish fate, but she would cause the conversion of his entire family.

"Those hands will not build Eretz Israel!" He used to say sarcastically pointing to the hands of a few who, according to him, unloaded their religious yoke for their convenience and joined the Zionists. Nevertheless—many at a time during an angry tirade on the Zionists and loud screaming about those "Goyim," he would let out a sharp-witted jesting remark and a smile appeared on his lips, at once lowering the heat by ninety degrees.

In his opposition to Zionism, he was influenced by Rabbi Chaim Elazar Shapiro, the Rabbi from Munkatch. Reb Chaim Mandel was an enthusiastic Hassid of his Rabbi who was born in Strzyzow. When the

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Rabbi's grandfather, Rabbi Shlomo, left Strzyzow, the grandson, Rabbi Chaim Elazar, was eight years old. Most people in Strzyzow admired the Rabbi from Munkatch, because his ancestors, Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech and his father Rabbi Shlomo, both served as rabbis in Strzyzow. Reb Chaim Mandel was a confidante of this Rabbi. He was the teacher of the Rabbi's future son-in-law Reb Baruch Rabinowitz who, at present, lives in Cholon, Israel. (He later moved to Petach Tiqa.) Reb Chaim Mandel taught him Torah when Reb Baruch spent some time in Strzyzow with his grandmother, the righteous Rebetzin Chana Shapiro. She was the granddaughter of the Rabbi from Sandz. Even after Rabbi Baruch's engagement (at his Bar Mitzva) the Rabbi from Munkatch invited Reb Chaim Mandel to continue to teach his future son-in-law. Therefore, Reb Chaim's opposition to Zionism was natural. Still, nobody believed that someone like Reb Chaim Mandel was capable of hatred. He was beloved by the people and he respected them. But, he said, "Because I love them--I must warn them to stay away from the Zionist agitators."

During prayers and when he studied, his whole body swayed to and fro. All the parts of his body participated in the action. He was always well prepared before giving a lesson to his students. He had a very good memory and knew how to locate the source of his interpretation. He used to get fired up when he failed to convince someone that he was right. Once he had trouble with me, the writer of these memories. He became so angry that he slapped my face for daring to challenge him. This was on a Thursday night when we used to be up all night studying. Early next morning, Reb Chaim walked in into the Beit Hamidrash, with a book under his arm, slowly approached me, and asked my forgiveness. It appeared that he, too, was up all night and searched for the disputed subject after the previous night's discussion, and found out that I was right.

Both his sons were scholars too. Reb Wolf, the older son, was a very fine pious man who was not such a sworn opponent of Zionism. The younger son, Naphtali, although he dwelled in the Beit Hamidrash and studied Torah, secretly belonged to the Religious Zionists and studied philosophy. The father, Reb Chaim was no fool. He knew about this, but he hid his frustration.

His wife, Kreindl Bracha, was a righteous woman. She adored her husband and put up with him lovingly. They had six daughters, all good-looking and self-educated. Two of them left Strzyzow and went to Eretz Israel and, at present, live there with their families. But the rest of the family perished in the flames of the Holocaust.

REB YESHAYAHU MANDEL HACHOEN

A G-d-fearing man with unlimited merits. Reb Yeshayahu was an enthusiastic Hassid, and an ardent admirer of the Rabbi from Munkatch, but, he was not just a blind follower, to agree whatever the Rabbi said or did. He did not like to hear anyone slander people, even Zionists. His principal belief was that all Jews are good Jews.

During the absence of Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro from Strzyzow, Reb Yeshayahu conducted the prayers in the kloiz on the High Holidays. After

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Rabbi Nechemiah returned to Strzyzow, Reb Yeshayahu chanted only part of the prayers. He was a charitable man and was always busy doing something useful for others. A week did not go by that he would not collect money for some worthy cause. Reb Yeshayahu was always in debt because he borrowed money for charitable needs and later raised money to pay it back. That was the custom in Galicia. If someone came to town, whether a charity case himself, or raising funds for others, either he collected right away, or Reb Yeshayahu borrowed from someone and gave it to him. and, on a later date, Reb Yeshayahu collected from the townspeople to repay the person from whom he originally borrowed it. He himself had no money. Reb Yeshayahu was the one who took care of these charity cases. He did it with such simplicity and without fuss, so naturally, as if that was they way it should be. His motto was: If he would not worry about others, who will?

Being used constantly to borrow money from the rich people in town, and later pay them back, people used to tease him that he was collecting money for the rich.

He was a dear soul, a rarity in the days before the Holocaust. Imagine if he were alive today.

From his entire family only one son survived, a Torah scholar and G-d-fearing like his father of blessed memory. He passed away in Israel. Also a grandson lives in Israel, a concentration camp survivor. One son of Reb Yeshayahu who emigrated long ago, right after the First World War, lives in Switzerland.

REB CHAIM YACOV NUREMBERG

Reb Chaim Yacov was one of a kind. There is a Hassidic tale that Rabbi Baruch from Mezibush once said to Rabbi Hersh Leib Malik, "Haven't you heard--people consider me to be one of a kind?" Rabbi Hersh Leib responded, "I am also one of a kind." Then Rabbi Baruch asked him, "How is it possible to have two one of a kind?" Reb Hersh told him, "Why not? The Passover Haggadah song, 'Chad Gadia,' is about one lamb and we repeat 'Chad Gadia' twice." Reb Baruch thought for a while and said, "Yes indeed. It is possible to have even four one of a kind. I am one of a kind, a Torah scholar, you are one of a kind in wisdom. Reb Mordechai is one of a kind, a G-d-fearing man, and Reb Shalom from Prohobeshitz is one of a kind, a staunch believer in the Kingdom above."

This dialogue explains in a simple way the expression, "One of a kind." It does not mean one in the whole world, it means that there can be a few one of a kind, of different kinds. There were in our town a few dear personalities who were one of a kind, each one being something special. Reb Chaim Yacov Nuremberg was one who possessed many merits and virtues. He was a scholar, a lover of Jews, and a complete believer in G-d and his teachings. His chanting was like a burning fire. When he chanted the prayer, "And for our sins we were exiled from our land," the thresholds trembled. If Reb Chaim Mandel was called "The Burner" while he chanted, Then Reb Chaim Yacov exceeded him in pouring out his soul and tears. Our sages stated: "The gates of tears never closed." This saying refers to

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people who prayed like Reb Chaim Yacov. Many people were swept away by his tears, especially the simple folk who were influenced with his style of chanting.

The majority of the simple folk in town were Reb Chaim Yacov's followers. He was a successful teacher of torah, and his teaching the Midrash was especially interesting.

Reb Chaim Yacov was a master storyteller of Hassidic tales. His tales were a thoughtful work of art. He knew how to describe in detail the geographical surroundings, and the appearance of the houses of the heroes in his stories; even the clothes they wore, to the smallest detail. He imitated the voices of the long-departed Rabbis of his stories. Everything was filled with mystery. Whoever heard Reb Chaim Yacov tell a story seemed to see those righteous people vividly, not as in a dream. Once he told a terrible story about trouble in a shtetl, and how the people came to the Rabbi asking for help. Reb Chaim Yacov was so carried away with the story, imitating how the people were yelling, "Help! Help!" That outside, passers-by ran into the Beit Hamidrash frightened, thinking, G-d knows what happened, and wondering what all the screaming was about. Soon they realized that Reb Chaim Yacov was only telling a story. No wonder that Reb Chaim Yacov attracted the young people who were always ready to listen to his stories, even for the hundredth time. His stories always sounded new because of his talented storytelling and the extra flavor he added which only an artist could portray.

Meritoriously, part of Reb Chaim Yacov's family survived, and live in Israel and the Diaspora.

"A PRAYER OF THE AFFLICTED WHEN HE IS OVERWHELMED"

(Psalms, chapter 102, v.1)

In memory of Reb Shalom Schwartzman

Morning services on the Sabbath and holidays consist of three parts: P'sukei D'zimra, Shacharit, and Mussaf. The P'sukei D'zimra contain chapters from Psalms which express praise to the Almighty for his wonderful creation of man and nature. The Shacharit portion is a service which contains the Amidah and Kriat Shema, in which the Jew expresses his devotion to G-d, Torah, and Israel. These two parts are recited daily and on holidays, but the third part, the Mussaf, is recited only on the Sabbath and holidays. It is a prayer in which we reminisce about the way these holidays were celebrated at the time of the Holy Temple before the destruction, and in which we express the sadness of losing the Holy Temple and our land.

After we memorialized the personalities who chanted the prayers on the High Holidays, Reb Hershel Gelerand who chanted the Mussaf prayers, Reb Yacov Schiff, who chanted the Shacharit, it would be proper to mention the ones who chanted the P'sukei D'zimra. Indeed they did not have to sing or chant them at all. Only a nice recital was sufficient,... but they did split heavens with their fiery enthusiasm. Their prayers ascended to the heavens to appear before the Almighty. After their

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P'sukei D'zimra, the road was paved, easy and smooth, for the chanters of Shacharit and Mussaf that followed. The Satan had already received a stinging slap in the face, his power was weakened, and it was easy to subdue him. It is worthwhile to mention the chanters of P'sukei D'zimra, whether from the aspect of their personalities or their chanting. They were men who stood tall spiritually in the days before the Holocaust. And if they were alive today, they would have been prominent in their righteousness and exalting merits. Let us describe the first one, Reb Shalom Schwartzman.

You saw before you a man who stood out in a crowd, tall, upright, strong; a marvelous, distinguished man, with a full, long beard; the hair on his big head, the very long side-locks, straight like sticks, had prematurely turned white from much grief and sorrow. His big eyes penetrated your inner chambers, expressing indescribable energy and fiery sparks that added outward splendor and majesty to his inner being. Reb Shalom's life was a long chain of trouble, pain, and tragedy on one side, and a high spiritual strength, withstanding many difficult trials, and sanctifying the Heavenly Name on the other side. He was a G-d-fearing, enthusiastic Hassid, who fought G-d's battles, a proselytizer, a preacher of morality and reverence for G-d. He watched over the young people in the Beit Hamidrash so they would not become corrupt, Heaven forbid! He led the fight against atheism. Since his youth, he taught and educated young and old in the Torah and the reverence for G-d. He particularly emphasized reverence. His net was spread over the Beit Hamidrash. He was the spiritual father and guide of the innocent lambs the Torah students. He preached ethics, Hassidism, told Hassidic tales, and guarded the watchpost so that the youth would not deviate and reach out toward secular cultures, read secular books like Bialik's poems. Corrupt was considered he who bought a Zionist "Shekel" and, of course, a real Zionist! Reb Shalom was an extremist who stubbornly fought Zionism. He was even against the Mizrachi. Once, when a Zionist speaker came to town and wanted to speak in the Beit Hamidrash, Reb Shalom organized his young people, the Beit Hamidrash dwellers, and his mature students, whom he taught Mishnayoth, to study aloud so that nobody would be able to hear the speaker. However, the truth has to be told. His fight was not against the Zionists but against Zionism. He loved every Jew, and he had a good relationship with the Zionist activists in shtetl.

The Zionists on the other hand, never insulted him, they revered and respected him, knowing that all his deeds were for heavenly purpose. They were not angry at him even when Reb Shalom rebuked those who spoke during the prayers, "Sha Goyim...." He was adored by every soul in town, because of his honesty, righteousness, and his rare spiritual strength.

Reb Shalom's suffering were very heavy, as in the Biblical story of Job. In spite of his suffering, he remained righteous from the beginning to the end. His young wife suffered an untimely death. His only son, the dear Moshe Joshua, was perfect and pious, a scholar with many merits, humble, and his spirits were exceeded only by his youth. His daughters, the righteous and educated, Risha and Yetta, who were married to wise and G-d-fearing men, and all the grandchildren--they all passed away.

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He himself suffered a lot of pain besides these many troubles. Nevertheless. Job--Reb Shalom--did not sin, and he never questioned why. Habitually, he quoted the saying of older Hassidim: "The believer has no questions, the non-believer has no answers." He remained righteous, he remained Reb Shalom. On every happy occasion, especially on Simchat Torah, he sang and danced as if he were the happiest man in the world.

Reb Shalom's material situation was not any better. He always made a meager living, and sometimes he even lived in poverty. There were times when he worked for others and his providers treated him with reverence and respect. My father, Reb Joseph Diamand, told me that when Reb Shalom worked as a trustee in his father's business, Reb Joseph was in charge over him. At the same time, he was also Reb Shalom's Torah student. On the weekdays my father was the boss, directing the work of his employee, Reb Shalom, and on the Sabbath, Reb Shalom was the teacher, directing and giving orders to his student Reb Joseph. The relationship between the boss and the employee and the teacher and his pupil were friendly and most intimate. Sometimes they teased each other. On the weekdays when Reb Shalom felt like "aggravating" my father, his provider, he kiddingly said to him, "Wait, wait, soon the Sabbath will be here and the situation will reverse. I will be ordering you around." On the Sabbath, when Reb Shalom disciplined my father during the third Sabbath meal, my father used to threaten him, "Soon the Sabbath will be over"--meaning that he will be the boss. Such was the relationship between the boss and his employee. After a time Reb Shalom went out on his own and began selling alcohol and wine, but he hardly earned a living. Reb Shalom divided his day, half for Torah and worship, and half for his livelihood. His nights were also divided: Half for midnight prayers, and the other half for sleep and rest.

He was number one in the Mishnayoth Society. An hour and a half before the evening services in the summer, and after the services in the winter, he sat daily and taught Mishnayoth to many residents, among whom were the rich and distinguished. He was an excellent lecturer and did not spare his labor and exertion until all the pupils understood the Mishna completely. It was a pleasure to watch Reb Shalom and his students when he explained to them the mathematics of the tractate "Kilaim" (Diverse Kind). Like a born mathematician he spread before them the mathematical principles of the Rambam, and Bartenura, and people thirstily drank his words.

Reb Shalom was also an excellent letter writer, most significant in those days. When he was very young and dwelled in the Beit Hamidrash, a book with exemplary letter-writings was published containing a few of his letters. His style and penmanship were wonderful. He formed buds and flowers with a double purpose--for the beauty of the handwriting and the beauty of the rhetoric, according to the best compositions of our holy language. The young men in the Beit Hamidrash who were engaged to be married and did not know how to write a nice letter to their bride's parents, turned to Reb Shalom for assistance. And of course, he also wrote to the bride with holy purity. When a young man went to visit the bride's home, (although Reb Shalom was not comfortable with it.)

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Reb Shalom instructed him on his behavior, what to do, and how to find grace in the eyes of G-d, and man, and of course, in the eyes of the bride too. Everything was for the sake of heavens.

How innocent Reb Shalom was....This writer who had strong, intimate bonds with him and revealed his heart to him, knows many many things to tell about--the innocence and naivete which were derived only because of his righteousness. He was convinced that no secular writer was capable of writing a letter to a bride that she would like as well as one written by a bleiever. He and only he knew with the help from above how to find the key to the heart of a bride because G-d helped him, and all his expressions like: To the beautiful, the gracious, as the sun and the moon, whose wisdom reaches the highest height and the deepest depth." He used to include verses from the love songs of Reb Yehuda Halevi, not forgetting to point out the source. It is easy to understand how proud a groom was, seeing how wonderful and splendid his letter was, and thinking that when it will reach the bride, it would surely make a strong impression.

And because it is written, "You shall be active in many ways," Reb Shalom was active in the community needs, sometimes in things that seemed small and insignificant. "There is no vacuum in this world. Everything is Torah, everything is reverence for G-d!" He expressed his opinion on every problem, small and large. He sometimes clashed with his most intimate friends, like Reb Baruch Berglass, the rich man who prayed mystically, and dared to pronounce fully the mystical "Names." In spite of their friendship and closeness, they always disagreed. Not only did Reb Shalom warn Reb Baruch that it is forbidden to pronounce those "Names," but in other subjects, they also had sharp disagreements. What one built, the other tore down, and vice versa. This writer also had many disagreements with Reb Shalom but, whether we agreed or disagreed, Reb Shalom had all our respect!!!

Add to Reb Shalom's merits swiftness, and you find him to be perfect. He was very swift in performing a mitzva, a deed of merit, quick with everything. Everything he did was done with the maximum speed. Whether it was for lack of time, or whether such was his nature, young men could not compete with him when it concerned quickness. He was that way in his childhood and when his hair turned white. He was that way in days of ease and in days of trouble. "The day is short and there is a lot to accomplish," was his motto.

We already described enough about his personality in general, but we missed the most important attribute: Reb Shalom's praying.

As one of the great righteous used to say: There are three kinds of chanters and three kinds of chants." Chanters like Moses and his chant, King David and his chant, and the poor man's chant. Moses and his chant means, one who chants, but has no voice and does not know to intone a melody or to sing. He may also stutter a little, but he is considered in the category of Moses, who stuttered but was our teacher. Such chanting is satisfactory and acceptable. King David and his chanting means a cantor who chants pleasantly, has a sweet voice, and is fluent in the prayers, like King David who was the singer of Israel. Such chanting

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ascends and goes through to the heavens. Besides these two, there is the chanting of a poor man, a man who is not necessarily the most righteous man in his generation, and is not in the category of the singer of Israel, but he is a man distressed, in pain and poverty, whose heart is broken. Of such a man it was said, "G-d is close to the broken-hearted and the spiritually distressed he helps." And such chanting is received in the heavens as the chants of Moses and David bound together. In addition, sometimes such chanting ascends to the highest heavens. And the preacher of Mezrich already said: There are different keys to locks, but there are thieves who can open any lock without a key. They just break the lock. G-d the Almighty likes such a thief who can break such a lock and spill his heart before him.

That is how Reb Shalom Schwartzman was. Although he was qualified to chant as Moses, because he was very G-d-fearing, and as King David, although he did not know how to sing, his voice was strong and heart-rendering; most of all he was qualified because there was no one like him in shtetl to chant as a poor, inhumanly pain suffering person. Who else could express in his prayers all the sadness and hurt, sorrow and bitterness accumulated in his heart, and move the will of the Lord? Even in the weekdays, his prayers were flaming, inspirational. Imagine how he prayed in the High Holidays. It was enough to see him going to the mikva and immersing himself in the cold water before his prayers to recognize that a tempest was nearing. He was all terror and fear even before he reached the pulpit. And the chanting itself--only he who had seen and heard him knew what chanting was. He began with the blessings and all his bones trembled. He said them with a loud, strong voice, word by word, especially emphasizing words which expressed the thankfulness of man for the mercy of G-d. These words were said with much feelings and mighty weeping. His voice kept going stronger from minute to minute and, suddenly, he was hoarse and began choking with tears.

He chanted: "Weeping may lodge with us at evening, but in the morning there are shouts of joy." (Psalms.) At this point his heart almost stopped. Drops of sweat fell on his white beard, as though he was entirely drowning in sweat. All eyes turned on Reb Shalom. Will he come through? Will he return to roar in his strong voice? Soon came the answer. "To you G-d I call and of You G-d I plead!" This outcry sounded as if a bombshell had fallen from heaven. At this point, the congregation felt that he had broken the lock! That is how Reb Shalom chanted, alternating, first begging for mercy and compassion, and next issuing a demand to be helped like a son who sinned before his Father in heaven and then, with a bit of chutzpa, demanding forgiveness. First slowly, and then with the speed of lightning that made the thresholds tremble.

When he uttered, "Until now you helped me compassionately," he was unable to continue. A long silence ensued--everyone felt that he had reached the drowning point and, in the women's section, they realized that Reb Shalom was in danger of collapsing, Heaven forbid. A gruesome wailing was heard from there. Everyone cried, as if the world had come to an end. They all lost their places in the prayerbooks. Then the

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voice of Reb Baruch Diller was heard. He was an ardent Hassid of the Rabbi from Sadigora who never became excited or aroused from wailing. "Nu! Oh!" He protested. According to the tradition of the Sadigora Hassidim, you are not supposed to wail. You just pray with heart. Some worshippers were ready to lynch Reb Baruch for such a rude interruption, and some said, "On the contrary. Reb Shalom needs to be encouraged." In the meantime, the storm passed. Reb Shalom woke up and, with more enthusiasm, ended his chanting in the tradition of the Rabbi from Dynow. When he finished, he returned to his seat perspiring, his clothes looking as if they were just laundered. Thank G-d he survived and was well.

To encourage Reb Shalom after such chanting, the people used to ask him to speak on the subject of prayers. Reb Shalom willingly and with great satisfaction told them Hassidic stories, Hassidic quotations, teachings from the Torah and Ethics. When someone asked Reb Shalom why he perspires so much during his chanting, his response was: "It is sufficient for a person merely to realize before whom he is praying, and his entire body turns into water. Whoever is praying and does not perspire from fear of his Creator is only reciting prayers and is not really praying." He used to say, "Do we know how to pray? The Rabbi from Blazow, he knew how to pray! However, he who heard the Rabbi from Blazow chant, at least know how much a person need to pray to G-d, to be worthy of praying properly."

Still, the story of Reb Shalom Schwartzman's life is not finished. His livelihood kept collapsing from day to day. To put it simply, he went broke, without a penny left in his pocket. From all his labor, he was left with only one grandson, and with a second wife. They were both sickly people and needed medical attention, but the house was empty. Reb Shalom decided to do everything possible and immigrate to Eretz Israel. He forgot about his previous opposition to Zionism and turned to the Agudat Israel and to the Zionists for help. He also turned to the famous Rabbi Cook and some other famous Rabbis with a plea, "Please help me emigrate from Poland!" After much intervention, his own, and his friends', (In which I too had my share in this mitzva), he emigrated with his wife and grandson Meir Mordechai. His life in Eretz Israel was not pleasant either. Maybe someday we will describe it in more detail what happened to him there. As of now, we will only mention the bitter epilog, as was written in the newspaper "Hatzofeh" dated August 1938.

"The hands of the murderers attacked again from their hideout in Jerusalem, and tore the thread of life from a Yeshiva-dweller, the young Meir Mordechai Hacohen Gutwirth, who was nineteen years-old.

Yesterday at 11:15 p.m., an Arab truck traveling on the road between Sanhedriyah and Ramah, about one kilometer from Sanhedriyah, found the body of Meir Mordechai alongside the road. The driver immediately notified the neighbors who called the police and the Red Cross. His head had holes from knife stabbing and from stoning....This martyr immigrated three years ago from Strzyzow near Rzeszow in Western Galicia, with his grandfather Reb Shalom Schwartzman, who settled in Meah Shearim. This was the only grandchild left to the grandfather. A sizeable crowd participated in the funeral, mostly young men from the Yeshivot. He was

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eulogized by Henoch Sienkewicz, the Dean of the Yeshiva 'Sfat Emet.' At the request of the grandfather, he was buried in the brotherly cemetery of Galicia."

That is how the martyr Meir Mordechai Hacoheh died. The last of Reb Shalom's family. Meir Mordechai was my pupil.

A few years ago, Reb Shalom Schwartzman passed away in Jerusalem. He was ninety and some years-old. He performed many good deeds in his lifetime. Because of his merits and the merits of his chanting, the chanting of the poor, the remnants of Strzyzow survived, to remember him every day of the year, especially on the High Holidays and moreover what chanting the prayers is all about.

REB YACOV SCHIFF

Reb Yacov Schiff was a holy man, literally. Reb Yacov was the son-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi, Joseph Mordechai Wiener. It was enough to take one look at this short man with the blue childlike eyes and lean face to realize that before you stands a man of holiness and glory. Even the gentiles called him "the godly man." And what was the greatness of this adorable man? He was not one of the great scholars in town. He was considered an average learned man who never discussed the Talmud with others. He was a shy man who kept to himself. Even though he did study in Beit Hamidrash day and night, nobody ever bothered to draw him into a discussion. Therefore, it was hard to judge the extent of his knowledge. Reb Yacov was an ardent admirer of the Rabbi from Belz and was respected by the Rabbi very much. He had many students whom he taught Talmud but he was modest about it. Everyone in town knew that he was second to none in his piety and faultless in his devotion. To Reb Yacov, every day of the year was like Yom Kippur. His reverence of his Creator was constant. He was humble, quiet as the flow of water in a quiet river, and low as meadow grass. That is how the Rabbi from Belz described Reb Yacov Schiff's personality.

Reb Yacov Schiff never stood out. He never argued with anyone, never chastised anyone, and never preached morality. But when he taught his students, he was very strict and demanding. He taught older students only, in the ages between seventeen and twenty. He watched over them, not only when they were his students, but also when they studied on their own. He always wanted to know how they progressing. Sometimes he surprised them by peeking in through the windows of the Beit Hamidrash, standing on his toes because he was a short man. He stood there without uttering a word. His silence had inspired the young men more than the yelling of others. The students feared him, when they were caught off guard away from their books, embarrassment covered their faces.

Reb Yacov used to chant Shacharit on the High Holidays. If You think that he was a good cantor--absolutely not. But what? What was his power? The townspeople declared: We have not found a better defender before G-d than Reb Yacov Schiff." Not with a strong voice, but rather with a low-key voice with a broken heart and reverence. And such a man cannot be ignored by G-d.

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Reb Yacov ate very little, and many days he fasted altogether, especially during the month Elul, before the High Holidays. Reb Yacov Schiff did not sleep much either. Only as much as was necessary to sustain his health. His wife used to beg him, "Have mercy on yourself," but to no avail. He claimed that he could not indulge himself on such fearful days, days when fish in the sea were trembling for fear of the Day of Judgment. And this was only before Rosh Hashana. Can anybody imagine when Rosh Hashana came along? He slept even less. Twice a day he went to the mikva to cleanse himself. Reb Yacov Schiff claimed that he was the congregation's messenger to the Almighty.

When he began his chanting, the entire women's section started to cry and the whole congregation followed. No wonder. Who could compete with words emanating from the heart? And a heart like Reb Yacov's at that. His chanting was not stylish. He chanted and sang simple traditional melodies, not copying any Rabbis. His words were heard loud and clear, but with reverence. When Reb Yacov chanted no one dared to speak. Everybody remained quiet and still, and felt assured that all the gates to heaven were open for Reb Yacov's prayers. When he finished, he was perspired and his clothes were soaked in sweat. Everyone in the congregation went over to compliment him and shake his hands. Not only because they wanted to thank him, but to receive his response, "Blessed be thou." An opponent of Hassidism once remarked: "If Reb Yacov would like to become a Rabbi, I would be one of his first followers."

In later years, Reb Yacov was mortally ill and could not continue to chant or even to study. His wife had to be the breadwinner. She had a little grocery store from which they barely eked out a living, but they stubbornly refused to accept help. People used to send them checks by mail anonymously. When the writer of these memories once made a remark to Reb Yacov that he was wrong not to accept help, he responded by saying, "He who gives life, will also sustain and support."

Because of his righteousness, he was more fortunate than others in Strzyzow. He died of natural causes. His family perished in the Holocaust and nobody, absolutely nobody, survived from his family.

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HALF OF THE REWARD IN THE HEREAFTER

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PART I

Whoever saw this man for the first time could not have avoided being impressed with his aristocratic looks and his beautiful, majestic expression. Upright and tall with a gentle face expressing joy and happiness, his childlike eyes expressing honesty and innocence. His oversized white beard and his hearty laughter subdued many hearts and attracted the attention of strangers. He was not very intelligent, but he sometimes said certain things that even wiser people than he wished that they have said it. He was one of a few, or maybe the only one in town, who finished all the Talmudical tractates year after year. People used to say that he studied the Talmud wholesale. He kept advancing without stopping at complicated portions or twisted segments in the Talmud. He

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used the simplest commentaries, if by chance, a student from among the Beit Hamidrash dwellers would ask him to explain something, he would explain it the way he thought was right. When the student later found out that he was wrong, he would go over to him and challenge him. As soon as he was told that he was wrong, he would become angry and call his opponent names, claiming that they are ignorant.

His name was Reb Levi Joseph Wind. There was only one student whom, upon receiving a wrong answer from Reb Levi Joseph, would quietly tell him that he made a mistake. To him Reb Levi Joseph would reply, "You devil! You have such a sharp mind. How come I did not think of it?" And that student was I, the writer of these memories. Reb Levi Joseph was a Hassid of the Rabbi from Sieniawa and visited his Rabbi very often. Later, when the Rabbi from Sieniawa passed away, he traveled to his grandson, the Rabbi from Koloszyce. He always told of the miracles his Rabbi performed. If someone expressed doubts about his stories, he felt very insulted. I used to listen to his tales patiently and pretend that I believed in those stories.

Reb Levi Joseph was not a poor man. People may have considered him to be richer than he really was. Nobody knew the truth.

His only trouble was that he had no sons, only daughters who were very particular in selecting their mates. When they finally got married, they all remained childless. He pleaded with the Rabbi to pray for them, and he sent his daughters to famous specialists. But nothing helped. Finally, he received a promise from his Rabbi that he would have a grandchild, and his older daughter gave birth to a baby girl. The joy of the grandfather was tremendous and the whole town shared his happiness. Then Reb Levi Joseph gleefully challenged everyone, saying: "Nu, you see? You did not believe that my Rabbi can perform miracles." His granddaughter grew up to be a beautiful girl and made her grandfather proud.

PART II

In 1946 I arrived in the Displaced Persons Camp in West Berlin, Germany. Soon after my arrival, I was asked to see the camp Rabbi immediately about an urgent matter. When I arrived, the Rabbi welcomed me with the following words: "I waited for you like the Jews are waiting for the Messiah." And soon he revealed to me the following story.

There is an unfortunate Jewish woman with a husband who is not Jewish. They have two boys. She visits daily and spills out her bitterness before me. The man with whom she lives risked his own life during the Holocaust to save her from the Nazis. At the beginning, he did it without an ulterior motive. But later she could not ward off his demands and bore him two sons. He promised her that after the war will be over he will convert to Judaism. Now he wants to fulfill his promise and is willing to go through the circumcision ritual together with the two boys. The boys are Jewish anyway....According to the laws of Moses, children born to a Jewish mother are considered Jewish. The camp Rabbi's opinion was that the man should be permitted to convert without delay. But there is another Rabbi, a Lubavitcher Hassid, who opposes the conversion. His

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reason is lack of trust in the wholeheartedness of the man. Therefore, I was asked to help the camp Rabbi to convince the other Rabbi that he is wrong.

When I heard the story I was astounded. I could not believe it. How can anybody, especially a Rabbi and a Lubavitcher Hassid stand in the way of such a conversion. Even from a humanitarian point of view it was wrong to deny this Jewish woman her happiness.

In the books of Ethics, our sages warned us to be careful in solving problems in general, particularly, marital problems. Therefore, I decided first of all to pay a visit to the couple and speak to them. When I entered the people's home, my head began to spin and I had the shock of my life. Before me was standing the granddaughter of Reb Levi Joseph Wind from Strzyzow.

From this day on I was restless. Not only was the fate of this woman touching my heart, but the memory of her grandfather shadowed me wherever I went. I dreamed at night that he was standing behind my back and demanding justice for his granddaughter. And I was thinking to myself, "Is it possible? Hitler destroyed his whole family, and she is the only survivor, and we dare to deny her a chance to build a Jewish family? No! Never! Whatever happens, this family belongs among us. I cannot do this to her."

A few days later when I went to the office of the camp Rabbi, the Hassid, the Rabbi was there and they were discussing the matter. The Hassidic Rabbi still refused to give in. I told him a story about the Rabbi Dov Ber from Mezritch how he once heard a voice from heaven telling him that he should not expect any reward in the hereafter because of some trespass or sin. At the beginning the Rabbi was sad, but later he announced that he was very happy because from then on his devotion to G-d would not depend on the expectation of a reward. I paused a second, and then I said to them that after all the tragedies that had befallen the Jewish people, every Jew should be prepared to help his fellow Jew without expecting a reward in the hereafter. Continuing the argument, I said, "Let's consider for a moment that I am wrong and, by prodding you to permit this man's conversion, I am committing a sin for which I might lose my reward. Even so, I am ready and prepared to bear the consequences."

I looked straight in the eyes of the Hassidic Rabbi and noticed that my statement impressed him. I continued, "On second-thought, since you are a Rabbi and a Hassid, why should I lose my reward in the hereafter. Let us both lose. I should lose half and you should lose half. At least something will remain for me and for you."

The Hassid of the Rabbi from Lubavitch began to laugh and said, "You convinced me. Let's be partners."

I left Berlin, and in a few weeks later, the camp celebrated the Brit Milah of the man and his two sons.

A few years later while walking in the streets of Tel Aviv, the writer of these memories saw this Hassidic Rabbi, and we recognized each other. After a few polite exchanges, I asked him what he was doing. To my surprise, he told me that he joined a kibbutz where his son was a

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member. What kibbutz did he join? A kibbutz which is affiliated with the non-religious kibbutzim. Suddenly, it dawned on me to ask him, "And what about the other half of the reward? Maybe you don't need it anymore?" He departed without a response. Apparently, he was afraid I might ask him some more questions.

"WHEN THE WORLD SHALL BE PERFECTED UNDER THE REIGN OF THE ALMIGHTY."

(Quotation from the prayer "Aleynu")

IN MEMORY OF THE FAULTLESS AND SIMPLE JEWS

This time I would like to tell about the plain Jews in Strzyzow. In essence, when you looked at one of them, you would think there is nothing much to tell about him. But this writer thought otherwise. Namely, this type of people were the real humankind who were oftentimes misjudged by others. In heaven they do know about these people. They know who was big and who was small.

As all the stories which are told here have only one purpose, to light a memorial candle in the memory of the martyrs who perished in the Holocaust, so is the intention of this story to perpetuate the simple people of Strzyzow. In reality, these simple people, when they were alive, were almost unnoticed in the community. But they do deserve to be remembered at least as much as the upper-class in town, if not more. Although to us, they were simple, in comparison to the present Jews, they were holy and righteous in their daily lives.

And so let us remember one of these simple and uneducated man, Reb X, and his family.

You saw before you a man of middle height, wide shoulders, a stout body, an enormously big head, with a face mostly covered by his beard. On his face you could notice the signs of beauty and charm. His forehead was described by the town jokers as the forehead of the Rambam, the Rabbinical philosophical personality of the tenth century. It meant, in simple words, that he had a forehead of a genius. His eyes expressed softness and warmth, love, mercy and goodheartedness, notwithstanding the myth that redheads are angry and explosive people.

His only vulnerability was, a derogatory remark aimed against the apple of his eye, Reb Chaim Elazar Shapiro from Munkatch (which he pronounced "Umkatch), for which he was prepared to explode into violence.

Indeed, his material situation could never disturb his patient nature and contentment. All these attributes stemmed from one basic merit with which he was blessed; namely, humility. He recognized how little education he had, how little he knew about proper behavior. Therefore, he never dared to be ill-tempered. If you ask: What did you expect of him? Wasn't he lacking education, wisdom, and in addition, he was, an oppressed poor man? The answer to this question would be that there are plenty of poor uneducated people who are not humble at all.

With all the above-mentioned merits, his manners befitted in many ways an uncultured and ignorant man because he lacked the education and the elementary rules of behavior in his parents' house. Therefore, he

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was routinely seen doing things that boggled your mind. He walked around in the market with a pocketful of bread, pinching off pieces and stuffing them in his mouth. This was almost a daily ritual for him, after which he would go over to the water pump, bend down and drink a third of a pail of water. He also loved horses. He would go over to the horses, embrace and caress them, as people caress their only child. Fortunately or unfortunately, he had two very enlightened sons. Especially, the younger son who possessed a sensitive heart with a poetic and gentle soul. His father's behavior hurt him and caused him a lot of pain. The son spent a lot of energy lecturing his father, and asked him to cease the deeds that degraded him and the rest of the family. All the begging was in vain. This is how his father responded: "Before you preach morality to your father, about his outwardly faults, you had better go and teach ethics to those 'nice' Jews and tell them about their hidden faults, about their hypocrisy, haughtiness, self-elevation, etc." Indeed, one might ask, such nice and wise words, from where did Reb X, get them? from where did such meaningful words reach him? It was a legitimate question. The answer to this question was that it is doubtful whether he realized the meaning of such piercing words. Indeed, he often heard such words from the mouth of Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, of blessed memory, who habitually inserted such words in his sermons on the ethics of our forefathers at his Sabbath third meal table. The hero of this story was a faithful admirer of Rabbi Nechemiah and, he heard these words from him and repeated them. Although Reb X, did not fully comprehend the meaning of such words, the son, who was thoughtful and diligent in morality and philosophical books, knew very well how right his father was.

Here the writer wishes to tell something about the son. The son in his father's house was like a rose among thorns, because his mother was no more distinguished in education and merits than his father. Therefore, he suffered very much. He felt inferior and unhappy. He confided in me, his best friend, many times. Even though I was the son of a rich family, he chose me as a friend because we had the same level of education and knowledge. "How I envy you. You have it so easy to fulfill the commandment 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' You honor them not only because G-d ordered you to do so, but because they are truly worthy of your respect. But I...." I tried to console him. That respecting his parents is even a greater mitzva. But he did not seem to accept my consolation.

Now let us return to Reb X. If in his behavior he was not outstanding because there were a few more like him, in one field, a very important field, he was the only one in town. Namely, in reciting Psalms. At present in Israel, when people are suffering from too much leisure time. they are searching for ways to kill time with nothingness. However, in Shtetl such a problem was nonexistent. Either they studied Torah or they just came into the Beit Hamidrash to see, hear, and enjoy the echoes of the sound of Torah coming from the Beit Hamidrash dwellers. Others just sat there with Psalters in their hands and recited Psalms. The hero of this story had a great deal of spare time on his hands because he did not own a store, and he did not have a permanent livelihood. How did he make a

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a living? He used to go around in the nearby villages and buy "bargains" from the peasants, and in return sold them something they needed. On his way to the villages, he recited Psalms which he knew by heart, after reciting them hundreds of times. Wherever he went or traveled, Psalms always escorted him. He did not understand what these words meant but he knew their importance. He had heard from the Rabbi from Munkatch or, in his pronunciation the Rabbi from Umkatch, if you recite Psalms with tears in your eyes, G-d helps. Therefore, you could always see him wandering in the villages whispering, with tears flowing from his eyes. He often complained that the travel in the villages was getting harder for him, not because he had to walk a lot, but because he could not refrain himself from crying. This all happened when he was away. However, in his house, and more so in the Beit Hamidrash or kloiz, he cried freely. His voice thundered like thunders in heaven, and surely his crying was heard there. He simply attacked the Psalms, although he did not understand them and the words did not come out perfectly. According to what he heard from Rabbi Nechemiah, the most important thing in reciting Psalms is the good intentions. And what did he intend with the Psalms? To beg for a livelihood? Heaven forbid! He would not dare to think of such foolishness while reciting Psalms. Only when you are praying are you permitted to ask for something. That was his theory. But what was the recital of Psalms for? Only for the coming of the Messiah. The subject of the Messiah was for him of utmost importance. And this how he explained it. "When the Messiah will come, there will be a resurrection. And when all the dead will be resurrected, that means...(and here a smile appeared on his face) people will not die anymore, which means no more dead." Apropos, a wise man once said, "What an uneducated man can invent out of his simplicity and innocence ten wise men cannot invent."

If during the year Reb X was busy reciting Psalms; imagine how busy he was when the days of mercy and repentance arrived. He gained an additional pastime, the recital of Slichot. There is no need to point out again that there, in the Slichot, he was lost altogether, turning the words around with an off-tune melody. The language of Slichot was for him a double puzzle. He did not understand the words and because of their mystery, they brought out from him a deep admiration for these prayers. When he was reciting the Psalms, he needed to recite a few chapters to warm up and begin to cry. With the Slichot, all he needed was to open the book and soon the pages were wet. Reb Mendel, a fiery Hassid and Scholar, remarked to those who would tease Reb X, "Believe it or not, Satan is more afraid of his tears than the reverence of R. H. ." (Out of respect to the deceased I will not mention who R. H. was.)

This was all in normal times.

When the terrible years of the Nazis came, a double suffering began, physical and spiritual, affecting everyone, the poor and the rich. The rich were the first targets of the wicked who degraded and disrespected them publicly, requiring them to do all kinds of backbreaking labor. The poor were the first to starve from hunger, not having food even for one day. Reb X was dazed. He used to consider as natural the division of the town, in particular, and the world, in general, into two categories

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of people. People who had everything, and respect belonged only to them, with all the splendor that came with it, and people like him, the real poor who thought that such is their fate, to suffer silently. Suddenly before him--such an upset. Everyone was suffering. He tried very hard to digest the abnormal phenomenon without success. At first he did console himself that the division between the rich and poor, notwithstanding their degradation, still existed. The rich still had food to eat, but not the poor. Later, when hunger penetrated everywhere, he was lost. The world had come to an end, he stated. "I am telling you, gentlemen, it is the end of the world. There was a world since the Creation ruled by a permanent order. There were smart, foolish, poor, rich, the respected, and the despicable. Now they have come and they want to make a new order. They are crazy! They will never succeed!"

A small consolation for Reb X, was that the clothes of the rich were still in better shape than the clothes of the poor. That meant that the world is not in complete anarchy yet. He consoled himself in opposition to a statement made by an acquaintance of his who happily declared openly, "The equality of the poor and the rich has arrived." Reb X could not stand it. With his great humility and suffering, the spiritually depressed and true lover of Israel could not bear the shame and suffering of those whom he always considered to be superior and privileged. And surely, he would not think of finding satisfaction in his so called "equality" and, moreover, expressing happiness about it.

Indeed, worse times had arrived when not only was he equal to the privileged but suddenly he saw that everyone had to stand in line for selections, the same line for the rich and the poor. Not only being in the same line, but such dear privileged were equally beaten. He, the simpleton, the eternal beggar, was liked by "them." He never considered his strong body and muscles to be an asset. On the contrary, a Jew should look like a Jew and not look like a peasant, and here he was preferred for his strength. When they began to send Jews to the place of no return, he and others like him were left behind, being needed for the war effort. It pained him to see all the abnormal things. He thought that he would gladly go in their place. He suffered a lot. He suffered for his family, and for others, and I could not decide which suffering hurt him most.

And so, on these High Holidays, these days of awe, held a double fear, fear as High Holidays, and fear and danger of being caught by the Nazis praying together. Reb X was among the secret worshippers. I want to point out here that despite those hard times during the rule of the despicable, the Nazis, Reb X did not carry on so much with his recital of Psalms. He actually never stopped reciting whenever it was possible, but quietly, almost in a whisper. You could hardly hear him, and he did not cry. Surprised? How come? was it because his situation has improved? In days of murder and mass killing? Logic dictates to the contrary. But here is what he said. "In a time when everyone is crying, the Rabbi, the scholars, the rich, and the educated, why should I mix my cheap tears with theirs? If G-d will not respond to their crying, would he listen to me?"

Nobody paid attention to the change in Reb X's behavior. Who was he

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that he should interest anybody? But the holy Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, did notice and did not rest. He was not calm. He pledged to do everything to open Reb X's well of tears. Rabbi Nechemiah said that in such troubled times, all the tears are needed from every Jew, especially the tears of the simple and the innocent. If in normal times G-d lusts for tears of the simple people, surely in times of fright and darkness, he craves them even more. Before the High Holidays, the Rabbi gave to Reb X a prayer-book with a Yiddish translation, so that he could read and understand what he was saying. When Reb X began to read in Yiddish, his eyes lit up and a whole new world opened up for him. How sweet those prayers were. How unfortunate that for years he did not understand the words of the prayers, and now...with the translation, the well of his tears reopened. Beginning in the days of Slichot, he started to cry and cry and, when Rosh Hashana came along, he let himself go. He knew when the congregation recited the prayer "Unesanei Tokef," everyone supposed to cry, especially at this time, in their situation. There was no limit to the tears he spilled.

"As a shepherd seeks out his flock, making the sheep pass under the rod, so dost thou make all the living souls pass before Thee." At this juncture he exploded in a bitter spasm, because he had reached the most sensitive point of the prayer to him personally. The words "All the living souls," shocked his heart deeply. All are equal, large and small --can the world exist that way?!...Master of the Universe, he began to sob, return the world to its former state, that all shall know that there is a G-d and that all are not equal.

His crying grew stronger until, suddenly, he became silent and fainted with the words: Make the world a better world....

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE BELOVED

By Moshe Mussler

REB EISIK HOLLES

There never was lacking, and there never will be a lack of pious, G-d-fearing people as long there is a Jewish people in this world, who are anxious to fulfill the Creators commandments whether a light mitzva or a harsh one. There were numerous such people, and you could have found them mostly in the small towns throughout the Diaspora. Our shtetl was also considered to be a shtetl of Hassidim, and the majority were men of deeds.

In fact, even among the pious, there were different categories, some who named themselves pious or were crowned by others, without deserving such a title.

Among the few who reached the upper level of piety and reverence to the fullest, according to my humble opinion, was Reb Eisik Holles. He was endearingly, called Reb Eisik'l by all the people in town. Even though he was not officially nominated by the community leaders to judge and solve religious problems, to judge what is forbidden and what not,

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many knocked on his doors to ask, and always obeyed his decision.

He served the public without expectation of reward, and revered everyone, especially children, who were sent by their mother with questions about kashrut.

Indeed he lived in such meagerness that in this day and age we can hardly comprehend it. To me, it was a wonder how this man had the energy to study literally day and night. His face radiated from the light of the Torah and an expression of natural humility was spread all over it. I think that the painter who painted the portrait of the Genius from Wilno, used Reb Eisik's face for a model. Whenever I remember him, although many years have passed since then, I still feel the deep respect which my soul felt then.

My father of blessed memory, who was not considered a Hassid and was well known as an opponent of Hassidism, was an ardent admirer of Reb Eisik'l. My father was a frequent visitor in his home with my accompaniment. I remember wintertime, when we returned home after such a visit, we were frozen to death. The oven in his house never knew the taste of heat.

A testimony to his kindheartedness will be the following episode which happened in his private life. After his wife did not bear children during the ten years of their marriage, his mother demanded from him that he divorce her. Reb Eisik'l refused, justifying his refusal by saying: "She married me when she was young and pretty, and now where would she find someone to marry her?"

When he was among people, he never raised his voice and, of course, there was never a complaint on his lips. He suffered silently and, the not-too-many years of his life were spent praying and studying.

===== REB EISIK THE SEXTON =====

It is a well-known fact which no one in his right mind could deny that being head of the Kehillah was preferable to serving as a sexton in the community. The first has its rewards, respect and power, but the second has only poverty and degradation.

However, in the case of Reb Eisik the sexton, the above well-known fact was null and void. People from our shtetl awarded Reb Eisik more respect than to the community leader. They related to him as to a person without whom the shtetl could not exist.

On Friday and holiday eves, as soon the sun disappeared from the tree-tops, Reb Eisik appeared in the market equipped with a heavy wooden mallet which was passed on to him from past generations. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he ran hurriedly around the marketplace knocking on each gate once or twice, and announcing in a loud voice, "In shul a-r-a-a-n." (Come in shul.)

His voice echoed all over the market, and immediately the stores were closed. You could not find a person who would risk his soul and leave his store open after Reb Eisik's announcement.

One day a new District Commissioner arrived in town, who did not like the tradition of knocking on the doors, and decided to abolish it.

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The community leader was summoned to appear before the Commissioner and was warned to stop this tradition. Indeed, the community leader tried to claim that this tradition had been in shtetl for many generations, and it was part of religious worship just as ringing the church bells was traditional for the Christians. However, the Commissioner, who was a well-known anti-Semite, did not bend, and the order remained intact.

When Reb Eisik found out about it, he went to the community leader, reported to him with a knock of the mallet on the table, and said: "It never entered my mind nor will it in the future to obey the Commissioner, even if it means being arrested; I will not stop this tradition. Mitzva emissaries never get hurt. I was promised by the Rabbi from Sandz the founder of the Sandz Dynasty, when his holy hands rested on my head, that as long as I live, nothing will ever happen to the shul where I serve as a sexton.

The end of the story was, that in the same week that the Commissioner issued the order, he was ordered to leave town, and he never returned. Needless to say, the order was rescinded, and Commissioner's replacement ignored the whole thing.

Reb Eisik was very much respected and adored by the children. He ruled not only over the living, but also over the dead.

There was a myth believed by all inhabitants of the shtetl that the deceased gathered nightly in shul to pray. No one dared to enter the shul in the night hours. If someone happened to pass nearby after sunset, particularly in the alley between the shul and the cemetery, he cut it as short as he could, as though his life were in danger.

Imagine how much more we, the children, were frightened and afraid of the dead. For nothing in this world could entice us to be found in the vicinity in the evening hours. However, where Reb Eisik was concerned, fear for the dead did not exist. Maybe it did, but we did not know it.

In the days of forgiveness and mercy, the High Holidays time, Reb Eisik walked into the shul in the early hours all by himself. First, he knocked once or twice on the gate with his mallet to notify the deceased to clear the premises and return to their resting places. Later, he refueled the eternal light which was located in a niche, lighted the lights in G-d's house, and then he ran to knock on the doors of each house. While knocking, he called out in a monotonous voice in Hebrew and in Yiddish. "Arise to serve the Creator. In shul a-r-a-a-n."

In addition to his service as a sexton which brought very little income, he also dabbled in baking. His cakes and bagels were not the most attractive, but they were distinguished by their special Jewish taste. That is to say that they were peppered and salted in the winter, and stuffed with blackberries and raspberries in the summer.

Notwithstanding his old age, we the children were afraid of him. It was enough for him to lift his cane and we disappeared.

Only once a year, he let us turn the shul upside down. This was on Tisha B'Av. As soon as we were released from cheder and were free, we began the job of turning all the tables and benches in shul upside down. Everything that was not tacked down to the floor was moved to make the destruction look like the destruction of the Holy Temple which we mourn on Tisha B'av.

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Reb Eisik was a simple man, but he merited to see two of his sons to become scholars who taught Torah in our shtetl. His third son immigrated to London and became a leader of the London Jewish community.

When he passed on, the glory of the shul went with him. The community felt orphaned, losing one of the best sextons the community so respected.

THE TEACHINGS OF MOSHE MENDELSON

It is certain that we seniors from Strzyzow, whatever we achieved as youngsters in learning Torah and prayers ought to be thankful to the cheder of Reb Eli Dovid, and his two helpers. And we should not forget the whip which hung on the wall over his head, and the pointer which he constantly held in his hand. Undoubtedly these two tools went to heaven with Reb Eli Dovid, where they received their reward.

The people in Strzyzow knew that Reb Eli Dovid was authorized by the Rabbi from Sandz of blessed memory, to be a melamed. The people were also certain that their offspring will grow up to become Torah scholars and G-d-fearing Jews.

Reb Eli Dovid was not the biggest scholar in town, but in the elementary teachings of reading and the Pentateuch he was the best. What he had hammered into the child's head remained there forever.

If someone were to ask where Reb Eli Dovid obtained his knowledge and ability to teach and explain the Chapter of the Week, nobody knew. We, the little four-year-olds, who repeated after him like parrots, still remembering it now, never looked to the source of the matter.

Moreover, after I grew up and having studied many many books, I was still puzzled and did not understand where our teacher Reb Eli Dovid learned all those German words which he used in his explanations, since he never left town and did not know any foreign language. This mysterious puzzle I solved many years later, and here is how it happened.

During the First World War, I had the "honor" to be a soldier in the army of the Kaiser Franz Joseph the First, and I wore his uniform. During my service, I once received a forlough for a few days to visit my parents.

After I rested for a while, I noticed that my little brother was not in the house. I asked my mother, of blessed memory, where he was, and she told me that little Avrom was in Reb Eli Dovid's cheder. So I decided to surprise him and pay him a visit.

When I entered the cheder wearing my uniform, Reb Eli Dovid jumped up from his chair startled and almost fainted. It was known that the Polish District Commissiioner forbade the Jews to teach their children unless they had proper approved accomodations similar to those which the Austrian authorities provided for the government schools. Otherwise, they did not issue a license to teach children in a cheder. From time to time, gendarmes would come into the alley where most cheders were located, to check if the teachers were abiding the law.

If they found a teacher who had no license or had more children than he was licensed for, a report was issued and the children were dispersed and sent home. The teacher was also warned not to teach anymore. The fine was paid by the Kehillah because the teachers were all poor, and

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hardly eked out a living. Surely, they could not afford to pay fines.

In fact, as soon as the trial of the melamed was over, he started to teach again. The commandment that it is forbidden to interrupt the teachings of the Torah to Jewish children was stronger than the order of the Commissioner. Although there is another commandment that Jews should not break the law of the land in which they live, the Jews were convinced that these laws were discriminatory, and their purpose was to obstruct the religious teachings of the Jews. Therefore, the Jews ignored these rules.

No wonder then that Reb Eli Dovid thought that I was a gendarme, and that is why his face turned pale and he remained in his seat as if he were suddenly paralyzed.

I rushed up to him, asked to relax and greeted him with the traditional "Shalom Aleichem." It took him a while to relax and regain his composure, and his breath returned to him. My eyes began to wander around the room, trying to find my kid brother. To my surprise, nothing had changed since I was a toddler. The whip, the pointer, and the books from which I obtained my knowledge were in the same places. The whip was at his left side, the box with the snuffing tobacco was at his right, and his pointer behind his ear. The pillow which he used to lean his elbow on had gained a few more spots, and his beard changed color.

Suddenly, I found myself looking at a book from which he had taught me the first chapter from the book "Vayikra," with all the outlandish words the teacher used to teach me....Although many times I did not totally comprehend their meaning, I still remembered them word for word.

Like a man finding a fortune, I grabbed the book and opened it. On the title page was printed an acknowledgment that this book was translated by the scholar of the German language, Moshe Mendelsohn. This was Mendelsohn the scholar and philosopher from Berlin who was excommunicated. (He started the Reform Movement in Germany.) It was known that the Orthodox-Hassidic world had censured this book and forbidden its use. Surely it was forbidden to teach children from this book. Then I realized where my teacher had learned all these German words of explanation.

I suppose that G-d was patient with this simple, innocent man, and did not punish him for his deviation, because the progressive freethinking ideas of Mendelsohn were unknown to Reb Eli Dovid. The children's parents never found out about the book, and, what concerns the blessing that he claimed to have received from the Rabbi of Sandz, of blessed memory, to be a melamed, I am not responsible for its accuracy. I only repeated what I heard from the elders in town. His blessing partially came through, because a few of us grew up to be G-d-fearing Jews.

A TREE WAS CUT DOWN PREMATURELY

Our city was not listed among the cities who produced men and writers that became famous in the Jewish world. I am referring to secular knowledge only. Indeed, concerning Torah literature and everything connected with it, I am not a qualified authority to judge.

To tell the truth, there were among us a few who were outstanding in their knowledge. But there were such people among the Beit Hamidrash

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dwellers in every shtetl who, had they been given the opportunity to receive a standard education, would probably have reached the ranks of scholars in Judaism and , maybe also in secular professions.

One of them undoubtedly was our comrade Chaim Gertner, who specialized in bibliography. He possessed a remarkable memory. He remembered every article and the names of the authors as well as the place and date of publication. There were among us a few that, although they had never attended school, knew perfect German, and were very knowledgeable in the German literature. The thirst for knowledge and enlightenment overcame many obstacles. We, the younger generation of half a century ago, were used to such intelligent types, and they did not seem to us to be out of ordinary. They were everywhere in Galicia, not only in Strzyzow.

What I am about to tell happened in the summer of 1938. On a Saturday night, a man suddenly appeared in my apartment in Antwerp, Belgium. He was young, about thirty-five or a little older, and he introduced himself as Itzhok Goldman from Strzyzow, the son of Reb Abraham Goldman who once was my teacher. During our conversation, he told me that two years ago he and his family left Strzyzow and traveled to England to see if they would be able to settle there.

He lived there for a while but could not legalize his residence in London in spite of the intervention of well-known personalities. Therefore, he was forced to settle in Amsterdam where he was a teacher, giving private Talmud lessons to Jewish students.

When he found out that there was an opening in the religious community school in Antwerp, he came to ask my advice, whether to accept the position and move to Antwerp--since I was from Strzyzow and was his father's pupil.

I remembered him sitting on his father's lap when his father taught me the most complicated segment of the Talmudical tractate "P'sachim."

Who would have thought that this child would in time reach the rank of a scholar, expert in the Talmud, and a phenomenal mathematician?

In my conversation with him I had a chance to recognize a little of his quality and character. Consequently, I found out that he was authoring a book about the principle of determining leap years, a commentary to Reb Moshe Maimonides (Rambam). (See the letters of Chaim Nachamn Bialik who read part of his essay and urged him to continue his important work.) It would not be an exaggeration to say that whoever dared to get involved in such a complicated subject would be considered a prodigy.

It was past midnight when we parted. I never saw him again. After the war, I found out that he had died a sanctified death with the rest of the Dutch Jews in the ovens of Auschwitz. Neither he nor we attained to enjoy the fruit of his labor. If he would have survived, we would all have been proud of his achievement.

I searched everywhere and questioned many people, remnants of the Amsterdam Jewish community. I asked if they knew anything about him or his book, which had remained in manuscript. To my sorrow, not many had heard of him. The unfortunate one was wise but humble, and nobody had paid attention to him. What a pity that such a tree was cut down before its time.

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

THE FAULTLESS

Even though sixty-five years passed since then, I still visualize him as if he were alive. Short, his back bent, his fast walk, his cane in his hand marching ahead of him.

He was a rich poor man. That is to say, he owned a house which was named, "The ruins of Reb Yehuda Nosen." The name fit the house.

I do not remember the epitaph on his gravestone. I doubt that whoever wrote it knew how to appraise the quality of this man. I am convinced that it was the stereotype text that was used for the average person who, let us say, prayed three times daily. It sounded like this: "Here rests an innocent, straight man, etc."

Such a description was not always true. Not everyone who was innocent was also straight, and vice versa. Indeed, when it concerned Reb Yehuda Nosen, it was completely true. He was innocent and straight, without a speck of exaggeration. And this is not even a small part of the deserved praise. In my humble opinion, he deserved an epitaph on his gravestone consisting of a few words: "The most righteous of his generation." That is what he really was.

When he was younger, his livelihood was teaching. As he grew older, he sold vodka and bagels in the Beit Hamidrash. He kept his merchandise in a locked box under one of the benches.

The highest grade of humility was endured by him, nevertheless, no complaint ever reached his lips. Moreover, I am sure he never dwelled on the way the Creator handled things.

Once a native of Strzyzow came from the United States to visit his parents' gravesite and to observe the Yahrzeit of their departure. After the services, the guest invited everyone who was present in the Beit Hamidrash to have a drink. Reb Yehuda Nosen's hands got very busy. Such a sale did not happen every day....Guests from overseas were a rarity in Strzyzow, particularly people who still followed their parents' footsteps.

When the reception and the traditional well-wishing was over, the guest handed Reb Yehuda Nosen a dollar banknote with the remark, "Keep the change." Reb Yehuda Nosen put his glasses on his eyes, examined the bill from both sides and returned it, saying: "This is not acceptable currency, please give me sixty Austrian groshen."

All the explanations from the bystanders that this piece of paper was worth twice as much as he was asking, did not help. He insisted on sixty groshen and that's all. At the end, the visitor took back the bill and paid him sixty Austrian groshen. Only then did Reb Yehuda Nosen's face brighten up.

Since that day, Yehuda Nosen kept praying for visitors from overseas. But his prayers were never answered. There was never a repetition of such a miracle.

People said that in his whole life he never held in his hand a gold coin worth ten Austrian crowns. He probably doubted if such a coin existed. And what are people saying about the Jewish love for money? Is it not an eternal lie about the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?

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MEIR HERTZKES

There were only a few people in Strzyzow who were called by their names without adding the title "Reb." Meir Hertzkes was one of them. He was the simplest of the simple. But Meir had one characteristic of which few could boast about. He knew his value. He never made himself heard when he was among the distinguished.

But, when he was among the village peddlers, it was a different story. Here he expressed his opinion loudly, especially when the subject was death.

On Sabbath and holidays he came to the Beit Hamidrash and treated the better folks, including the Rabbi, with a sniff of tobacco. No one dared to refuse. "I inherited this tradition to treat the townspeople with a sniff from my box from my father, of blessed memory, and, as a reward, I bury them when the time comes for their departure."

And hereby let it be known that Meir was the gravedigger of the community. On days when somebody in town passed away, Meir did not go to the villages. He remained in town and prepared himself for the Job.

First, he tasted the bitter drop from the bottle which was always ready in his pocket. Then he went to the decedent's house, looked in the decedent's face and announced: "Dead! We will do what it is proper for him!" And left.

After he finished digging the grave, Meir Hertzkes returned to town and participated in the purification of the deceased. Understandably, during the purification of the deceased, he used Hebrew words only, as it was habitual among the members of the Burial Society. "Hold the hands. Catch the water." Etc. (These expressions he knew by heart.) At the funeral procession, he was among the first who followed the casket. He walked and counted the virtues of the deceased. At the filling of the grave, Meir stood and gave directions how to fill the dirt for the comfort of the deceased.

This simple Jewish man achieved what others did not. Namely, his only son Hertzke, dwelled in the Beit Hamidrash and was counted with other young men as an intellect in the Talmud.

The poor man spared the food from his mouth to pay the teachers. I remember that every Thursday on his way to the services, he stopped at the melamed's house to pay for the teaching.

After the First World War, when the gates of the United States opened, Meir and his son left town and settled in New York. There he found his eternal rest. May his soul be kept alive forever. Amen.

THE CLEVER AND THE NOT SO CLEVER

SHLOMO BIER

Reb Shlomo was an average citizen. He was not counted among the more respected Jews. But his conduct was like that of an important personality. You never could find a speck of dirt on his clothes. His strut was as of a Polish aristocrat. He had a sharp eye and an acute tongue, but always careful to express his opinion about people whom, for some reason, he did not like. And such were numerous in town. From time to time he did let escape into the empty space a sharp, off-hand, double-meaning remark addressed to no one in particular.

Reb Shlomo was a clever man. Nevertheless, he did not succeed in establishing himself in town business wise. Therefore, he went to Germany as did many others in town who did not want to, and perhaps were ashamed to emigrate overseas. He found his livelihood there, by wandering through villages with a pack of merchandise on his back. He visited his family once a year at Passover time, took off the German clothes and changed into traditional clothes. Namely, a black coat and a shtreimel on the Sabbath, and like the rest of the Jews returned his side-locks which were hidden behind his ears to their proper place--his beard was always well groomed, and he looked like everyone else.

When his feet weakened from much walking and age, he divorced himself from Germany and returned home. His two sons took over his route and supported him, fulfilling the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and mother."

When he advanced in age, he spent his winter days sitting near the oven in kloiz studying a book. In such hours we gathered around him and begged him to tell us his adventures in the strange land. I can testify that he was a great artist in storytelling about all kinds of events which happened in the great world outside our town. Mainly, we were never tired of hearing the story of the suicide of the Austrian Prince, and everything that happened in the palace of the Kaiser Franz Joseph, who was "beloved" by us all. I am still puzzled to this day where Reb Shlomo obtained all the details. It is possible that during the years, he learned to read German newspapers and German books but all this is only a supposition. I never saw him reading a German newspaper although they were available in our town. I tend to think that he obtained the information about this matter from others and his memory did not betray him.

What occurred between the prince and his beloved, and the reason for his suicide, he breezed through with a few words. We were eleven and twelve years-old, and Heaven forbid, that he should describe what happened between him and her....Our share in grief of the Kaiser was real, from the bottom of our hearts, because he was the shield and patron of the Jews. That we were mistaken we found out only after the dissolution of the Hapsburg Dynasty.

Another story which Reb Shlomo knew and told us to the smallest detail,

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a story that inflamed our imaginations, was a story about a Major Mikopnik. Reb Shlomo told the story with Prussian precision, repeating the orders from the Prussian captain in a pure German accent, as if he himself was the captain in charge of the military unit. This was not a story, it was a theatrical performance, to the smallest detail.

It is my opinion that this man was blessed with the talent of a first class declaimer. However, in our town no one, including Reb Shlomo himself recognized this talent.

In summertime after sunset, when the peasants departed from the marketplace, Reb Shlomo took up a position on the corner of the Beit Hamidrash alley, and immediately a group of idlers and peddlers gathered around him. He began to tell about the daily events when, all of a sudden, he noticed that one of the court clerks whom we nicknamed "The Pauper King" was approaching. The Pauper King was said in the traditional High Holiday sing-song. Why did this clerk merit such a nickname? I have no clear answer. Perhaps because of his gaudiness, wearing his official hat while the rest of his clothes were tattered and worn out. In addition, he was also constantly drunk. When the Pauper King came closer to Reb Shlomo and the surrounding him group, Shlomo rushed out to the curb to be more visible, and began shaking his hat, as if to separate it from his yarmulke. The honorable Pauper King thought that the hat was shaken to greet him, and he rushed to take his hat off in response to the greeting. Meanwhile, Reb Shlomo with his hat in hand pretended that he was only cleaning his hat with his sleeve.

On another occasion, when a local gentile passed in a hurry in his carriage, Shlomo pointed his cane towards the wheels. When the man stopped and descended from the carriage to check if there was any trouble with the wheels, and seeing that nothing was wrong, he asked Reb Shlomo what he meant. Reb Shlomo distanced himself from him, and said: "Nothing, I was just noticing how the wheels are turning...." And he soon disappeared into the alley.

This man, with all his acuteness and cleverness, was submissive to his wife who was a woman of valor. No comment on that one.

MEIR BER WHO WAS INTIMATE WITH THE AUTHORITIES

It is obvious that this story is not about the famous Jewish-German composer of the opera, "Huguenots" who was a convert, but it is about Meir Ber the barber in Strzyzow. He specialized in giving enemas, extracting teeth, and he was also a little bit of a musician.

It seems that the angel in charge of music forgot to include him among the world geniuses. Nonetheless, this fact did not diminish his popularity in town, and particularly his closeness with the authorities.

This "genius" was not a native of our town. He came from Domaradz, a downtrodden little town less esteemed than ours, buried somewhere on the road to Dynow, without a railroad connection.

In those days, the profession of a barber was considered a respectable profession. It was related to the art of medicine....

Therefore, he behaved like an intellectual, which separated him from

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the rest of the Jews.

Already then, half a century ago, the Polish language ruled in his house. His spouse and three daughters were apprehensive of socializing with daughters of their own, and socialized only with Christian girls, fearing that their accent would be influenced. Meir used to boast before his gentile clients about the Polish upbringing of his daughters and their close association with their daughters.

He was the only one in town without a beard and sidelocks. Indeed, he did not fail to come to shul for the Sabbath service, dressed in silk with a small worn-out shtreimel which hardly covered his bald head. In the middle of the afternoon, long before the evening prayers, he shed his Sabbath clothes, put on his derby hat, and left the house pretending that he was going for a stroll. But, in reality, he headed toward the houses of the District Commissioner and other important officials to give them a shave and haircut for their Sunday day of rest. Meir was particularly proud that the Commissioner was his client. While he was busy with the Commissioner's beard, he chatted as it is habitual with barbers. Meir joked about his coreligionists' traditions and inadvertently disclosed some of the town's business for which discretion would have been preferable. On the other hand, he was also close to the Rabbi and, once a month paid him a visit to cut his hair. Here he presented himself to be a G-d-fearing Jew, boasting about his strictly kosher household, and about his many interventions with the Commissioner in favor of his coreligionists. The truth was that the Rabbi and the rest of the community knew that he desecrated the Sabbath, but for understandable reasons, they avoided admonishing him directly.

On Market Day, he had his hands full; mainly, extracting rotten teeth from peasants' mouths. These peasants, even though they suffered pain during the removal, did not dare to scream out. To lessen the pain, they downed a half a dozen glasses of vodka which his neighbor, the Assistant Rabbi's wife had sold to them. So she also benefitted from their pain.

On Yom Kippur, the special day of the year, Meir turned very religious. He hardly left the shul the whole day, his head submerged in the prayer-book, saying quietly the portions of prayers that he thought to be important with reverence, because he had difficulty in reading the "small print."

When the hour of the concluding prayers arrived, an expression of solemnity spread on his face. Isolated in a corner he raised his voice in the prayer "Avinu Malkeinu." Meir told himself innocently that he had one request from the Ruler of the Universe, "To be inscribed favorably. At the end of the fast, Meir feared that perhaps G-d may not have forgiven him his many sins which were registered in heaven above....But he did believe, after all, that the Merciful would relent, and that he doubtlessly merited a good inscription.

After the First World War he disappeared from town, with the many thousands of wanderers who were forced out of the newly established independent Poland because of their dislike for the Jews. Meir too found his way to the free U. S. A. and, if he is still living, he probably lives a well-respected life, as an intimate with the authorities deserves.

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

THE ECCENTRIC HESCHEL HOLOSHITZ, "HESCHEL THE PEASANT"

There was not a town in the Jewish Diaspora which did not have its share of eccentrics, and various types who, with their behavior, distinguished themselves from the rest of the townspeople.

Our Hebrew and Yiddish literature is rich with these characters. These creatures were particularly outstanding and, therefore, they are lingering in my memory. It seems to me as if they are now alive and standing before my eyes.

One of them was the rich man Heschel Holcshitz, who came to settle in town, as I heard from my grandfather, from Bonaruvka, a Ukrainian village near Strzyzow.

Heschel lived in a large, dark, damp room in the house of Shimon "The Horse Trader" behind my grandfather's house. The room served as a kitchen, a bedroom, and also as a store. His merchandise was extra-special because of its smelly character. He sold naphta, tar, low-quality soap, herring, and codliver oil which had a sharp stench, and matches. The smell of these articles caused dizziness.

His customers were Ruthenians from distant villages who gathered in his house with their wives and children to buy, and also ate there. And maybe that is the reason why he was nicknamed "The Peasant" because he dealt with them and behaved like them.

I doubt if Heschel knew how to write even one letter. His walls were marked with straight and diagonal lines. In addition to those lines, there were also some mysterious marks which were clear only to him.

Heschel Holoshitz was a miser without comparison. He bemoaned every penny which he avoided spending as much as he could even for food. He and his wife lived on stale bread dressed with onions, or a bowl of sauekraut. Even on the Sabbath and holidays, they satisfied themselves with a poor meal, just so that their fortune should not decrease.

No wonder then that the man accumulated during his lifetime a sackful of gold coins. It was said that his wealth reached several thousand guldens. This treasure he kept in a chest reinforced with forged steel bands and locked with an antique lock. The chest was hidden under the bed and covered with rags.

The poor people of the town, tradesmen, and also small store-keepers who were in need and pressed for a little cash, were forced to set foot in his house to borrow a few guldens. Understandably, for a usurious fee.

This man loved his money more than himself, was careful not to lend it unless the borrower brought valuable collateral. The well-informed testified that his chest contained tens of wedding rings, strings of pearls, gold chains, earrings, bracelets, and other silver and gold heirlooms which were inherited from parents or acquired during better times.

This wealth that Heschel kept in his chest had robbed him of his peace of mind, fearing robbers day and night. He was hated by all the townspeople. Nobody wished him well, particularly the debtors. A poor

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man never stepped across his threshold. He never opened the palm of his hands to give alms. He walked around like an outcast, angry and vexed with himself and others.

His clothes were shabby and filthy, and so were his wife's. She wore dresses whose origin could hardly be identified--remnants of fashions from the seventies of the past century or maybe even earlier.

When the spring of their lives was over and they became older, they suddenly remembered that there exist a hereafter. And, in their minds, they began to worry, and the question arose how to secure a corner in paradise. Indeed, how can one achieve such a corner when there was no heir to say Kaddish after their departure? Because they were childless. In spite of their wealth, the woman was not blessed to bear an offspring.

After all, only if someone says Kaddish and learns a chapter of Mishnayoth for the departed soul is it possible to overcome the obstacles on the road leading to paradise.

There existed in town a society, "Good Remembrance" which was founded by rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro. The goal of this society was to study a chapter Mishnayoth daily for the first year of a member's departure and, thereafter, on the anniversary day of the departure, also say Kaddish, if the member had no heir.

Every year on Passover, a general meeting was called and held in the Rabbi's house. The Rabbi's family were busy preparing treats for all the members of the society. The effort was worthwhile because the Rabbinical family derived much financial support from the society's funds.

Heschel Holoshitz, and his spouse reluctantly decided to join the society. In those days, no Jewish person was ready to relinquish his share in paradise. The Holoshitzes knew that they would have to pay up a fortune, possibly a few hundred guildens. It was painful, very painful for them to separate themselves from the money which had been so hard to accumulate. But the fear that they might die before joining the society overpowered their lust for money. And they were forced to accept their verdict.

This Passover when the society members were discussing the acceptance of Heschel and his wife, I succeeded with other boys to sneak into the meeting room. Not only to witness the show but also to enjoy the treats of the Rabbi's wife.

The amount asked of them was large even for those times. The value of the Austrian coin was as good as gold, and this almost caused Heschel to faint. He cried, and begged, swore by his health, and by his wife's health that he never in his life saw such a huge sum. He claimed to be a poor and oppressed man, and if they would insist on such a sum, he would not have money left for his next meal and would be forced to go out and ask alms from door to door.

Of course, all his swearing did not help. Everyone knew that his chest was full of gold coins, coins engraved with Kaiser Franz Joseph's likeness, and it was a pity that they should lie there useless. Heschel was not enjoying them, but the society would know how to use his money.

The hours of negotiation lasted longer than usual. At the end,

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

Heschel and his wife surrendered and, heavy-hearted, they rushed home and brought the money. It appeared that this was the first time and the last time in the society's history that such a big sum came into their treasury.

When I returned to town after the First World War, Heschel and his wife were deceased, and I was told that during the Russian occupation, they were attacked by robbers who robbed and killed them. Hopefully, their place in paradise was secured for them.

THE NEEDY

In the time when Galicia, including our town, was under the protection of the powerful Hapsburg Dynasty, there were only a few wealthy people in our town; their number could be counted on one hand. The concept of "wealth" meant that they need not worry about tomorrow. Even so, I have doubts that such men fully enjoyed their wealth and had peace of mind. Below those rich ones, townspeople who seemed to have enough bread to eat were always worrying about the next day. Making a living was as hard as dividing the Red Sea, and everyone begrudged each other.

Many store keepers lived from day to day, and their situation hung on a thread. Everybody pushed everybody, desperately fighting for a customer. They argued for every cent. The bread they ate was dipped in bitterness. Instead of rich people, our town was blessed with several kinds of poor people which our language has named as follows: Poor, Poverty-stricken, beggars, wretched people, those who go from door to door, and others who barely ate from one Sabbath to another. The highest poverty was reached by the brothers Shlomo and Mendel and their unfortunate mother. They were poor as poor can be.

The older brother Mendel worked in the store of Moshe Reicher. He loaded and unloaded sacks of flour, distributing them to different stores. Mendel himself looked like a sack of flour, and a funny smell emanated from him. These two brothers were also the only Jewish water carriers in town, in a time when all the rest were gentiles.

Mendel was very easy going, never bitter at the children who teased him. Even though there was no shortage of poor girls in town, nevertheless, a match for him was not found, and he remained single all his life. On the Sabbath and holidays, he wore a torn and patched-up frock. He stood in the corner of the shul with a prayer book in his hand. It is doubtful that he knew how to pray or even to say the blessing over the Torah. Therefore, he was never called to the Torah.

If somebody asked Mendel why he did not take a wife, a broad smile appeared on his face, and he meekly responded, "I too have the same question. Apparently my mate was not born yet."

Remembering him, I could see him representing all the innocence in town. He never hurt anyone, even a fly, and I mean it literally. He surely could not hurt his fellow man. He walked on the side of the road so as not to disturb anyone. Mendel spoke very little, and he suffered his poverty in silence.

If he were alive today, the psychiatrists would diagnose Mendel's

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brother Shlomo as retarded. His mind was that of a two-year-old. Not only did he behave like a child but his mother treated him as such. She did not call him Shlomo but "Shloimele." Only on rare occasions did Shlomo help his brother Mendel in loading and unloading sacks of flour. He treasured the few cents he earned until he lost them or his mother emptied his pockets.

Girls shied away from him as if he were a ghost. He himself avoided facing them. Instead, he liked the company of older women and enjoyed sitting amongst them.

I remember when Shlomo reached military age, the mayor of the city presented him before the selection committee, while his mother stood outside bitterly crying and praying to G-d to save him from gentile hands (of course, needlessly).

On the Sabbath and holidays his mother dressed him up in a multi-colored jacket, riding pants of a cavalry man, with two big patches in the back, and a vest of a page. Dressed in such splendor, she sent him off to shul to show him off to the worshippers.

Shlomo did whatever his mother told him to do. In wintertime his favorite place in the Beit Hamidrash was behind the oven. Summertime he walked proud as a peacock, back and forth, with a smiling, dumb-founded expression on his face. Habitually he would tickle a worshipper and disappear.

Outside on the lawn in front of the shul, little children waited for him. In their company, he felt equal and spent the time playing until the end of the services.

How long these brothers lived and how their lives ended I have no information. After the First World War ended, I turned my back on the town, and the memories of the inhabitants paled and were forgotten, except these written lines which I brought out from the depths of oblivion or forgetfulness.

THE UNFORTUNATE FAMILIES

By Itzhok Berglass

Strzyzow was a troubled town. Livelihood was hard to come by because the main customers, the Polish peasants whose farm products were very cheap, haggled over the price of everything, and the competition among the merchants was tremendous. The Jews had all kinds of worrisome problems. Above all was the worry about their health. In spite of the clean air, many youngsters and adults died of tuberculosis and, in spite of the quiet conservative life, people also died of heart diseases and other illnesses that befall mankind.

There were two families in town who saw very little joy in their lives and drank from the cup of bitterness to the end.

The first such family was Reb Shalom Schwartzman's, who was called Reb Shalom the Trustee. He was the son of an Assistant Rabbi from Sokolow near Rzeszow. He came to our town to oversee and to be a trustee of Reb Yacov Kanner's business. That is how he got his nickname.

Later on, he became independent and opened a combined business, a tavern, restaurant, and inn, all in his living quarters. His main customers were the Jews of the town who used to drink a glass of beer after the Sabbath meal and, during weekdays, out-of-town agents who came to town on business. His customers were also local gentiles who wanted to indulge in Jewish food. The attraction of Reb Shalom's customers was not only the food and drinks he served, but also Reb Shalom himself. He was a clever Jew, a scholar who pleased his guests with his wisdom and education. His first wife bore him two daughters and a son, and it seemed that he had achieved success. Then the first tragedy struck. His wife died of tuberculosis in the bloom of her life. Reb Shalom bore his grief with self-restraint and, after a while he married a second time. She did not give him offspring but she was a good wife and mother, devoted to his children like a real mother.

His children grew up and got married. His older daughter bore three sons to the delight of the parents and grandparents. Suddenly a tragedy again befell Reb Shalom. In one winter, his son Moshe who lived in Rzeszow, became ill with pneumonia, a serious illness in those days, in particular to those who had weak lungs. This was a defect apparently inherited from his mother. Moshe died. Next, his older sister, the mother of the three sons, became ill as a result of running around in the harsh winter during her brother's illness. She neglected her own weak health and passed away. After her death, the younger sister who lived in Strzyzow with her father also became ill and died shortly, in spite of energetic care from her parents and husband, who was very devoted to her. Reb Shalom and his wife took into their house the oldest grandson Meir Mordechai, and the two other children were left with their father in Rzeszow. These two children died after a short time of scarlet fever. The grandparents raised Meir Mordechai like a son, taught him Torah and piety.

In spite of the tragedies, Reb Shalom's spirit did not break. He did not rebel against the Creator. He continued to teach Torah and to lead the Mishnayoth studying group in the Beit Hamidrash as before. But with all the outward calmness, these many tragedies shook Reb Shalom, and his livelihood was not as before, because he was forced to neglect it. Then he decided to do something that was not popular to do in his circles. He decided to emigrate to Eretz Israel. Reb Shalom obtained a permit to emigrate as a Rabbi, of course, not without the Zionists' help. Our comrade, Avigdor Diamand, intervened in this matter at the Central Zionist Office. Although Reb Shalom opposed Zionism, his opposition was good natured, without hypocrisy or personal hatred. We the Zionists, understood that a man of Reb Shalom's stature could not do otherwise but be opposed to Zionism. He went to Eretz Israel and settled in the Meah Shearim section of Jerusalem the Holy City. Here he continued in his studies of Torah and prayer. He raised his grandson in the spirit of the community where he settled for a peaceful life in his old age.

But his midfortune followed him to Eretz Israel, and robbed him of his last offspring.

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One evening during the excesses by the Arabs against the Jews in 1938, Meir Mordechai went for a stroll to breathe in the clean air of Jerusalem which he needed for his health. He accidentally lost his way in the maze of Meah Shearim, and walked into an Arab Alley where he was attacked by Arabs. He was put in a sack and killed. This murder shook the whole Meah Shearim neighborhood and outraged the Jews of Strzyzow. But the bereaved Reb Shalom bore the pain with courage and continued his life as before, studying Torah and praying.

Reb Shalom lived a long life and attained the satisfaction of welcoming Strzyzow's returnees from Russian refuge who arrived in Israel after the war. He died at a very old age and was buried in the Holy City of Jerusalem.

The second family struck by the hands of fate was the family of Reb Israel Kanner. He was a son of the aristocratic Kanner family whose roots in Strzyzow went back many generations. He was not as rich as his brother Reb Yacov. He was a quiet and humble man, toiling to provide for his family. He earned his livelihood from a tavern and a small inn. Reb Israel's specialty was dealing in wine. He was a great wine specialist. His customers included peasants, local gentiles, and Jews who only bought wine for the Sabbath and holidays and, particularly, for Passover.

The tragedies began to befall him when he was still young, when his wife, Freidel, a daughter of the famous Landau family, became ill. She was sick a long time. She also bore him a retarded son. After a few years, his wife recovered and they became accustomed to the retarded son. In 1910, Reb Israel lost the license for the tavern which cut deeply into his livelihood. He overcame the hardship because of his and his family's diligence. But when the First World War began, the worse tragedies that can happen in a person's life, sickness and death, befall upon him.

During the war, their retarded son disappeared without a trace. Within a year of the son's disappearance, their oldest daughter Chaya, became ill and needed surgery. However, when the local doctor diagnosed the illness, it was too late to operate and she died in the bloom of her life. Their younger son, Itzhok, became ill of tuberculosis and passed away. The wife became sick from grief and shortly after she also passed away.

During the pogrom in 1918, Reb Israel suffered more than others. The rioters after becoming drunk from his wine, broke all of the wine barrels in the cellar. in which he invested all his savings.

All these blows were not discernible in the shrunken, silent Reb Israel. He did not shed even one tear, even during the mourning period. These blows, however, touched his inner soul and weakened his health. Reb Israel became sick of a serious prolonged illness and died an untimely death, after much suffering.

The tragedies kept befalling the family, even after the parents' death. The second daughter Yehudit, and her newborn twins died at childbirth. A son, Joseph--Bendet, an educated young man, had an unsuccessful marriage. At the outbreak of the Second World War, he lived in Lwow.

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

The two other daughters of Reb Israel Kanner, Chana who was married, with her husband and child, and Bella, who was single, remained in Strzyzow in their parents' house. They all perished in the annihilation of the European and Polish Jewry by the Nazis, who exterminated all the Jews, the fortunate and the unfortunate.

THE FIRST ZIONIST IN STRZYZOW

The first Zionist, as I wrote before, was Moshe Meir Seidman, the only son of the Assistant Rabbi, Reb Alter Ezra.

In his youth, when he studied in the Beit Hamidrash, and even after he was married, until he left Strzyzow in 1908, his behavior was no different than the other young men in Strzyzow. He wore a beard with sidelocks, wore the traditional silk frock on the Sabbath, and after his marriage, he wore a shtreimel. He prayed and studied Torah and did not do anything detrimental to the Jewish religion or tradition. Nevertheless, he had a bad reputation in town, which lasted for years, until the people became used to Zionist creatures like him. He was the symbol of a man gone astray. His sin was that he peeked into secular books, despite his father's opposition, and openly propagated Zionism, a new idea which was not well-accepted in the Hassidic circles.

Although he never succeeded in organizing the Zionist movement in Strzyzow, he demonstrated his devotion to Zionism on every occasion. He named his first-born son Benjamin Zev, in memory of the Zionist leader who had just passed away.

In 1908, Moshe Meir Seidman moved to Drohobycz, the city of oil wells, where he became one of the most energetic activists in local Zionist movement.

During the First World War, due to his shrewd commercial tactics, he became rich and bought an estate near Lwow.

From then on, Moshe Meir Seidman's house was run as befits a wealthy man. But under his wife's influence, the house was empty of Jewish tradition, and was run in an entirely secular way, devoid of the Jewish spirit. Moshe Meir, in whom the Jewish tradition was implanted since childhood at his parents' home, suffered greatly from his wife's behavior with which he never agreed. His troubled soul caused him to do a desperate deed. Namely, he left his estate and went to the rabbi of Komarno who lived in Lwow, where he spent a year with the Hassidim whom he supported generously.

Subsequently, he returned to his wife but he did not find his peace. In 1923, he left again. Wishing not to be recognized, he disguised himself. He grew a beard and sidelocks like he did in his youth and decided to be in exile to repent for his sins. He was a regular in the Beit Hamidrash of the Rabbi from Komarno, without being recognized. Notwithstanding the disguise, the Rabbi recognized him, without letting him know. Then one Saturday night, the Rabbi told him that his father passed away, and he arrived for the funeral on time.

From then on he struggled with his wife about keeping the household in a traditional Jewish spirit until he partially succeeded. Strzyzow, his birthplace, was always close to his heart, and he was always happy

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to meet people from Strzyzow and help them out. He was double happy when, in 1913, he met Moshe Mussler, his friend Eliyahu's son, who came to Lwow to enroll in a Hebrew Techer's Seminary. He saw in this student a realization of the Zionist ideal which he propagated in his youth.

At the beginning of the Second World War, during the triumphant march of the Nazis through Poland, they killed his older son, Benjamin Zev, trying to escape from Rzeszow. The loss of his son greatly depressed him.

After the Russians took over Eastern Galicia, Moshe Meir Seidman changed his name to Alterowich and lived alone in Lwow. Because of his wealth, he did not want to be recognized, avoiding exile to Siberia. He continued his attendance in the Komarno Rabbi's Beit Hamidrash.

To distance himself even further from his family which had caused him so much grief, he left Lwow and settled in Truskawiec, a resort town near Drohobycz. There he found his sanctified death, together with his Jewish brothers. His family was killed on the estate where they lived.

RIZHI THE RIGHTEOUS WOMAN

There was no lack of righteous women in Strzyzow. The majority of the town's women deserved such a noble title. Not only the women who attended the services each Sabbath, but also those who came only once a month were all righteous. They were kind and unpretentious to their husbands. They worried about the children, took care of their households, and also helped carry the burden of earning a living.

An important fact about these women was that each and everyone was active in charitable deeds. Although normal charity work was done by the heads of the families, the men, the women were active in a different way. They discreetly helped women in need, who accepted it without their husbands' knowledge, for had they known, would have been embarrassed, and might have refused such charity.

One woman in town who was outstanding in charity, and maybe the most outstanding, was Rizhi Rosenblith, who everyone called Rizhi the Righteous.

Her husband, Reb Elazar Rosenblith, had a hard time making a living in spite of the fact that he was a high-pitched peddler. On Market Days, while others displayed their wares on a simple table, he built a whole Sukkah which resembled a mobile store. Notwithstanding all this, his wife had to help him out earning a living.

All his life Reb Elazar complained of pressures in his head. But nobody paid attention to him because he was a tall husky man, with ruddy cheeks. On account of his constant complaining he was nicknamed "The Complainer." Whoever heard in those days of high blood pressure?

Reb Elazar did not need any help in the business. Besides, Rizhi was not a businesswoman. She was a very straight person who was not able to convince a buyer to buy anyway. Therefore, she opened a private bakery in her quarters, and people who knew that she was trustworthy, gave her ingredients on Thursday to bake challas for them for the

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

Sabbath. She was goodhearted and patient. She never became angry at the customers, not even at those who were always late bringing the chulent Friday afternoon for keeping it warm in her oven.

Her second and most important job was charitable activity. Her heart and hands were always open for the needy. The poor were part of her household. They came to her in times of need, and she always found time, whether day or night, to help out--from her own means, or from others. She provided the poor with all their needs.

Her happiness was seeing others active in charity, especially the young people. She considered charity the greatest mitzva.

THERE WERE FOUR OF US

In memory of my three friends in my youthful years: Reb Samuel Zeinvel Greenblatt, Naphtali Hertz Weber, and Chaim Gertner, who are no longer among the living.

We were sixteen or seventeen years-old then, the best period in our lives, in our dreams and ambitions. The time itself was a time of transition from conservatism of the old Beit Hamidrash to the new Zionist movement which marched in step with our yearning for enlightenment and renewal of the structure of our lives.

In general, we the Zionist youth and the Beit Hamidrash dwellers, were still friends. But this was a time when we began to split up into small groups who met in our spare time, strolled in the streets and the beautiful surroundings, where we discussed world problems. The four of us were a tight circle. The three that I have mentioned above and I who feel it is my duty to perpetuate them in our memorial book.

Reb Yacov Greenblatt whose son was one of the four, was called Yank'l the Writer. (Almost everyone in town had a nickname. Many people were known only by their nicknames and not by their last names. There were whole families who shared the same nickname, and nicknames were inherited by the sons from their fathers.) Reb yacov Greenblatt, had no schooling. He was a self-educated man who knew all the laws as well as a lawyer, acted as a legal adviser, and wrote petitions. That is how he obtained the nickname "The Writer." During the years, he advanced and became the secretary of the Kehillah. During the First World War, and the mayoralty of Dr. Patryn, he was also the Secretary of the city. Subsequently he established his own bank and named himself as president. He was also elected as president of the Kehillah.

The most mature and the strongest intellectually of us was Samuel Zeinvel Greenblatt, who was well-educated in Hebrew and secular subjects. The three of us thirstily drank in his words of wisdom. We called him simply, "Zeinvel." His whole family was self-educated. Zeinvel's older brother, Joel, was a member of the first Zionist committee. Joel was sharp and knew Hebrew and German to perfection. The knowledge of German came to him from reading German books about Jewish wisdom and philosophy. The German language was the only language that had so many books on Jewish subjects. He too never attended any school, not even the Polish elementary school. Joel emigrated to Germany and enrolled in the

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Rabbinical Seminary of Dr. Brauer in Frankfurt. However, he soon left because he could not get accustomed to the extreme religious spirit which prevailed in the Seminary. He subsequently succeeded in business and, when Hitler came to power, he left for England.

Reb Zeinvel Greenblatt did not attend school either. Their Orthodox mother wanted her sons to grow up Torah scholars and pious men. But Zeinvel turned into a bookworm. He knew Hebrew and German perfectly, and he was an expert in literature. At the age of fifteen, he was influenced by the book Reishit Chochma, and became extremely pious. His extremism did not last long, but he remained religious all of his life. In spite of his being religious, our parents did not favor our companionship with Zeinvel who, because of his Zionism, was considered to have gone astray religiously. He taught Hebrew privately and he was among those who laid the cornerstone of Hebrew education in Strzyzow.

In later years he emigrated to Germany, where he hoped to settle with his brother Joel's help. He returned disappointed and remained the rest of his life in Strzyzow, working for his father as a clerk in the bank. Zeinvel died a sanctified death. He was murdered by the Nazis during the masacre as it will be told later in this book. Zeinvel's two sisters were active Zionists, and both died in the Holocaust.

My second friend was Naphtali Hertz Weber, whose name was shortened to Hertzke. Hertzke's father, Reb Meir, was a poor village peddler who never missed a recital of Psalms on Saturday afternoons. He was known as an avid "Amen" sayer after everyone who made a blessing. Reb Meir strived ambitiously for his son to grow up a Torah scholar, and he did not let the son help him earn a livelihood. Reb Meir spent as much as the wealthy people for his son's education. After Hertzke finished his studying in cheder and legally required elementary school, he continued studying in the Beit Hamidrash. But at home he completed a secular education on his own, and became a private tutor to help out his parents. He tutored boys and girls who fell behind in their elementary school studies. He taught girls to read and write Yiddish, and taught both sexes modern Hebrew. Hertzke also contributed a lot to Hebrew education in town. In 1920, Hertzke and his parents emigrated to the United States, joining his three sisters who had previously emigrated. At the beginning, Hertzke had a hard time finding a steady job in the United States. Although they were from Strzyzow, his employers had fast become accustomed to the American way of life, along with the other Jewish immigrants, and they conducted their business on the Sabbath as usual. As soon as Hertzke failed to appear on the job on Saturday, they refused to let him work on Sunday or Monday. And this was supposed to be the progressive Zionist from Strzyzow. He finally became acclimated in the United States, got married and there he lived the rest of his life.

My third friend, the youngest in the group, was Chaim Gertner. He was the son of Reb Israel Gertner, one of the wealthiest people in town. Chaim Gertner went through the stages of religious and secular education, as I and Hertzke did. Chaim helped his father in the business and so did I, the writer of these memoirs. We studied Torah together in the Beit Hamidrash, and the secular studies at home. We were the youngest

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members in the Zionist organization, a movement which had just started in town. Chaim's father who was apprehensive about his family's reputation, did not relate favorably to his son's Zionism. In his opinion, it was the diminution of reputation for a son from such a respectable family. For that reason Chaim's father had put all kinds of obstacles in the way of his Zionist activities. But the flexible Chaim knew how to overcome the hardship and he did not deviate from his path. He left town together with his parents during the First World War when Strzyzow was occupied by the Russians. Chaim never returned. After the war he settled in Krakow.

Before the First World War, when we were sixteen years-old, we attended the funeral of Reb Leibush Shipper, of blessed memory.* On the way back from the funeral, we, the four friends, promised ourselves with a hand shake that we would immigrate to Eretz Israel, the land of our dreams, at the proper time. In the winter of 1931/1932, I suggested to Chaim Gertner that we should fulfill our promise and realize our dream. To my sorrow, Chaim, not only refused but also failed to give me the necessary encouragement which I needed to overcome my family's opposition. Chaim lived comfortable in Krakow, a city heavily populated with Jews, with many synagogues, Rabbis and Torah scholars, also many Jewish intellectuals.

During the Second World War, I met Chaim Gertner as a refugee with his family in Lwow. Apparently, he somehow managed to receive a Soviet passport or maybe he was just lucky enough to escape exile to Siberia along with his brother Moshe. He remained in Lwow until the German occupation, and he and his family perished together with millions of his brethren.

* Reb Leibush Shipper was one of a few interesting personalities in town. At the beginning of the twentieth century, he came from another town to settle in Strzyzow. In his old age he married a woman from Strzyzow. His children from a previous marriage supported him. So all he did was sit in the Beit Hamidrash and study the Talmud from early morning to late at night. He used only one commentary. He studied with much speed as though he were reading a detective story. His wife Nechama brought him all the meals to the study table. Finishing the sixty two Talmudical tractates was for Reb Leibush a simple routine when for others, it took years to accomplish.

REB SIMCHA FEINGOLD OF BLESSED MEMORY

By Ben Ami Feingold

My grandfather, Reb Simcha, was born in Radomisl, Galicia, in the middle of the past century (1863). He spent his youth in the traditional way, in cheder and Yeshiva. After he married, he settled in Strzyzow, where he lived until just before the First World War. Then he immigrated with the big wave of immigrants to the United States. He made his livelihood in Strzyzow by working in the forests. He supervised timber cutting and marketing.

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Not only was Reb Simcha a Torah scholar who studied continuously, but he was also a thinker. He concentrated his thoughts on the timing of the redemption of the Jewish people. He even secretly authored a composition on this subject. He wrote it chapter by chapter, and only in the late years of his life when he came to Eretz Israel, did he complete his book, as scholars have been doing through history.

His thinking about the redemption made him a Zionist in his youth. Therefore, his house in Strzyzow became a center for Zionists, with the help of his spouse, my grandmother. When a Zionist speaker came to town, he always stayed in Reb Simcha's house. The greatest day in his life was when his son, Yacov, my father, of blessed memory, went to Eretz Israel as a member of the American Jewish Legion. My father went with grandfather's and grandmother's blessings, interwoven with Reb Yehuda Halevi's poems, wishing success in his endeavor.

Grandfather was a believer but not a zealot. With love and understanding he reached out to his grandchildren, the so-called "agnostics." With understanding, wisdom, and patience, he implanted love for Israel.

My grandfather's Zionism brought him to Eretz Israel in 1934, and he settled near his son in Schunat Borocho. Here he continued his studies and research. He kept on writing, and spent many hours in the libraries reading ancient books and manuscripts. However, Schunat Borocho was a secular settlement and he did not like the environment. Thus, he looked for a more traditional atmosphere and settled in B'nai Brak. Later he moved to Schunat Montefiore, where he remained until the last days of his life. He lived the life of a scholar, in piety and love of mankind.

Reb Simcha Feingold passed away on the eve of the establishment of Medinat Israel, having achieved an abundance of years and good deeds. He did not live to see the realization of his dream of redemption for which he longed all of his life. My good grandmother soon followed him. They were buried on the Mount of Olives, in a gravesite they purchased for themselves. Nobody visits their graves which are over the border across from the Temple Mount. (This article was written before the Six Day War. The Mount of Olives is now under Israeli rule.)

===== THE LARGE, WELL-ROOTED FAMILIES IN STRYZOW =====

By Shlomo Yahalomi

Strzyzow had many large, well-rooted families who, after many generations, branched out and, by intermarriage, reached a point wherein the majority of the people in town were related. Before I list the names of these families, I would like to apologize for any omissions. I only mentioned those families which were well-known to me or were my relatives. I only wish that others could have filled in the names I have omitted. I will list them in alphabetical order. Each family had their own interesting personalities, scholars, and ordinary everyday Jews.

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

THE ADEST FAMILY

The Adest family was well respected in Strzyzow. The family began with Reb Yacov Adest. Yacov had three sons and a daughter: Feivel, Moshe, Zelig, and Dvoire Sarah. The sons were sophisticated men who were all involved in town politics, but never ran for office. They only pulled the strings behind the curtains. The youngest son, Moshe, was very clever and sharp. His jocular and stinging remarks offended many people. Nevertheless, everybody enjoyed hearing them, even those who were offended. Moshe had a son who was a great impersonator. He impersonated cantors, preachers, and righteous women. He was a beloved, fine, young man. Reb Zelig Adest's son-in-law, Avrehmal'e Goldman, was a scholar, sharp and acute, a man about whom we wrote a well-deserved separate chapter.

THE BERGLASS FAMILY

The Berglass family was an old, rich, well-established family in Strzyzow. They had a hardware store which they claimed was established in Napoleon's time. The family began with Reb Avrom Mendel from the village Glinik, near Strzyzow. From the trunk of the Berglass family tree came the branches of Reb Israel Gertner's family and Reb David Liberman's family. These families were rich and shrewd business people. There were two Berglass families in Strzyzow. Reb Baruch Berglass was a very rich man who inherited the above-mentioned hardware store. Reb Hersh Ber Berglass was known not for his material situation, but for his spiritual richness. Hersh Ber never missed being the first one in the Beit Hamid-rash, whether summer or winter. When people came at four o'clock in the morning, he was already there studying. He was a dear pious Jew. His son and daughter lived in Strzyzow until the Holocaust.

THE DIAMAND FAMILY

They were one of the largest, most branched out families in Strzyzow and vicinity. The Diamand family, including the people who intermarried with them, consisted of a few hundred people. I will list only those who were known to me.

The first of this huge family that I remember are: Reb Aryeh Leibush Diamand from Dobrzechow, and Reb Akiba Samuel Diamand, they were the founders of the Diamand family. Reb Aryeh Leibush was the grandfather of my grandmother Sarah. Reb Akiba Samuel was the father of my grandfather. Reb Aryeh Leibush was a Hassid and a very hospitable man. He traveled to the righteous Rabbis of his time. He was particularly attached to Reb Shlomo Zalman Frenkel, the holy Rabbi of Wielopole. According to family legend, they were related. I remember that the Rabbi and righteous Reb Joseph Frenkel from Sedziszow when writing to my father of blessed memory, addressed him, my dear relative and friend. Reb Aryeh Leibush had four sons who settled in the surrounding villages following the advice of the Rabbi from Wielopole.

Reb Yacov, his first son, had eight children, like his father, he was

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also a Hassid, and his home was always open to wanderers. The majority of this ancient family perished in the Holocaust.

Reb Aryeh Leibush's second son, Reb Moshe, also had eight children. He left part of his estate to the poor in Strzyzow. One of his daughters immigrated to the United States and had a large family in America.

Of the offspring of Reb Aryeh Leibush's third son, Avrohom, I only know of two sons and two daughters. One son had eleven children who lived all over Galicia. The second son lived in Strzyzow. He was a very clever man who possessed many merits, chanted the prayers, and had only one son, but many daughters and grandchildren. They all perished in the Holocaust.

Reb Avrohom's daughters married local young men and all had big families of their own. The fourth son of Reb Aryeh Leibush was Reb Akiba who also had a big family. From Akiba's family, only a great-granddaughter survived in a village near Strzyzow. When a relative found out about her, he had to pay ransom for her release. He gave a horse and wagon to the peasant for her release.

The second founder of the Diamand family, Reb Akiba Samuel Diamand, was my father's grandfather. He had four sons, and one of his sons was my grandfather, Reb Shlomo, after whom I was named. He lived in Zyznow near Strzyzow.

My grandfather Reb Shlomo owned a tavern, and much property in the village where he permanently resided. Even though he lived in the village, he was one of the community leaders in Strzyzow. He was very influential in town and in the whole vicinity. He was well-known for his charity. He was clever and sharp, compassionate and forceful, merits which he applied where it was necessary, always at the right time and the right place. My grandfather had twelve children, three from his first marriage and, after his wife died, he married her sister and had nine more children. The children lived in different places where they established families of their own. Ninety percent of these families perished in the Holocaust. It was G-d's will that we, the brothers Heschel and Shlomo, the sons of Reb Joseph and Dvoire Diamand, the grandchildren of Reb Shlomo from Zyznow, survive. There are also a few other grandchildren who survived some of whom live in Israel and the rest in the United States.

The other son of Reb Shlomo from Zyznow, Reb Hersch from Bonarowka, had a son-in-law who was a self-educated man about whom we will write later in this book. Reb Shlomo's third son, Reb Aryeh Leib Diamand, had many children who also had big families of their own. One of his offspring, Dr. Akiba Samuel Milgraum-Diamand, lived in Haifa, Israel. He was well-known for his generosity because in many instances upon making house calls to the poor, he would also leave money to buy the prescription. He passed away in 1945. I could not have mentioned everyone in such a large family. Therefore, I begg for forgiveness.

Reb Yacov Moshe Diamand, the grandson of Reb Shlomo from Zyznow, was one of the important citizens in town. He married Reizi Wiesenfeld from Pilzno who bore him two sons, Aryeh Leibush, and Avigdor. Both were enthusiastic Zionists and important personalities in town. Reb Aryeh Leibush married a daughter from the Montag family in Jaroslaw. At the

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outbreak of the Second World War, when the Nazis entered Jaroslaw, they were expelled to Przemysl, from where they later moved to Lwow. They perished together with their only daughter. May G-d avenge their blood.

Reb Avigdor Diamand, was married to the daughter of Reb Yechiel Hollender the leader of the Kehillah in Gorlice. They were childless. A few days before the outbreak of the war, Avigdor arrived in Krakow sick and was admitted into the University Hospital. His wife stayed with a nephew, Aryeh Diamand and, they all perished in the Holocaust.

This is not the complete list of the Diamand offspring. There were many more victims. G-d shall forgive me for those that I have omitted.

THE HOLLES FAMILY

The Holles family belonged to a big Rabbinical Dynasty related to the Shapiro family, particularly to Reb Chaim Elazar Shapiro who was Rabbi in Strzyzow and Munkatch, respectively. Rabbi Shlomo Holles was the Assistant Rabbi of Lwow at the time when the genius, Rabbi Yacov Orenstein, served as Rabbi. Rabbi Shlomo Holles' son, Joseph, lived in Strzyzow. His son Reb Eisik'l, was known for his piety and righteousness and, he was also one of a few interesting types in town heretofore described. From this whole family, only a few offspring survived. They reside in Israel.

THE KANNER FAMILY

One hundred fifty years ago, Reb Aaron Halevi Kanner lived in Strzyzow. He was the father of the famous Kanner brothers:

Reb Avishal, Reb Yehuda Leibush, Reb Itzhok, Reb Joseph. Reb Aaron was very wealthy and his fame as a hospitable, charitable, and graceful man reached far and wide. Most of Reb Aaron's sons were also very rich. They were scholars, pious, and charitable people. The most famous of them was Reb Avishal, who moved to Sanok. His sons Moshe and Aaron, were learned men and are mentioned by Reb Shmuel Engel in his responsa. Three famous Rabbis, Rabbi Naphtali Horowitz, Rabbi Joseph Rubin, and Rabbi Yehuda Eichenstein, married daughters of the Kanner family. The grandchildren of Reb Avishal entered into matrimonial bonds with the grandchildren of Rabbi Chaim Halberstam from Sandz. As of today, there are two great-grandchildren who are Rabbis in Israel. Rabbi Avishal Kanner, the Rabbi of Tczchow, who lives in Haifa, and Rabbi Moshe Halberstam of Jerusalem. The whole Kanner family assimilated into large Rabbinical families.

Reb Aaron's second son, Reb Pinchos Kanner, lived in Strzyzow and was also very rich. He was a scholar with many merits and his offspring intermarried famous Rabbinical families. Two of his sons, Reb Yacov, and Reb Israel Kanner, as well as his daughter, resided in Strzyzow. Reb Israel Kanner married a daughter of Rabbinical ancestors, a relative of the author of the book Noda Bayehuda. Reb Israel Kanner was a righteous man without luck in his personal life. His misfortunes followed him all of his life, as we wrote in the previous pages of this

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book. Reb Yacov Kanner, the second son of Reb Pinchos, who was my great-grandfather, was a rich man with a capital R. He was intelligent and served the community for many years. Reb Yacov's first wife, Dvoire was from the Komarno Rabbinical Dynasty, which goes back to the famous Rabbi from Lezajsk and the Rabbi from Lublin called "The Seer."

My mother Dvoire was a great-great-granddaughter of Reb Yacov Kanner.

Reb Yacov's second wife bore him many sons and daughters. Two sons lived in Strzyzow. The rest of the children spread throughout Galicia. To list all the names of the Kanner family was simply impossible. Here and there, some great-great-grandchildren of the Kanners survived the Holocaust, but most of them were annihilated by the Nazis. Many families in Strzyzow were related to the Kanners.

One of Reb Pinchos Kanner's sons, Reb Aaron, moved to Germany, where a large family branched out. They were expelled from Germany in 1936. One of Reb Aaron's sons was caught on the German-Swiss border, where he suffered a heart-attack and died in Switzerland.

THE MANDEL FAMILY

The founder of the Mandel family was Reb Moshe Yacov Mandel from Sczuczin. His son settled in Strzyzow. They were all Kohanim. All the Mandels, generation after generation, were ardent admirers of the Shapiro Rabbis. We already wrote about Yeshayahu and Chaim Mandel. One grandson, Shimon Mandel, survived and is now an officer in the Israeli army.

THE MINTZ FAMILY

The head of the Mintz family was Reb Abraham Mintz, a well respected man in Strzyzow. He was the treasurer of the shul, accepted by everyone. His son Michael was, like his father, a very nice person. One son immigrated to France, where he soon passed away. Reb Shlomo, another son of Reb Abraham, immigrated to the United States at a very young age. There, he raised a large family and lived very happy. One of Reb Abraham's daughters married Feivel Adest from Strzyzow. Fortunately, many of Reb Abraham's family spread throughout the world and survived.

REB HERSHEL RESLER AND HIS SONS-IN-LAW

Reb Hershel lived in Tilkowice, a village near Strzyzow. He was known for his sons-in-law: Reb Benjamin Baumel, Reb David Dembitzer, and Reb Moshe Aaron Zilber. Reb Benjamin was a worthy, faultless Jew, a Hassid of the Rabbi from Sadigora who chanted nicely and had an easy-going personality. He raised his children to study Torah and to do good deeds. Of all his children only a son and daughter survived. They reside in the United States.

Reb David Dembitzer was a clever and goodhearted man, beloved by everyone. His sons were active Zionists and Torah students. One son and two daughters reside in the United States.

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Reb Moshe Aaron Zilber was a pious, humble, and straight man. His sons Joshua, Pinchos, and his daughter, Sarah, were fervent activists in the Zionist movement. His son-in-law, Reb Tzvi Shapiro, was a devoted Zionist who went to Eretz Israel and lives among us here in Israel.

THE ROSEN BROTHERS

The first of the Rosen family was Reb Shmuel Rosen who came from Wielopole. Rabbi Alter Zev extended a friendly welcome to him, and respected him very much. On Purim, the Rabbi let him wear his shtreimel. Reb Shmuel Rosen had two sons: Reb David and Reb Yechiel. Reb David's son, Reb Joseph Hersh, lived in Strzyzow and was an ardent admirer of Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz. Reb Joseph Hersh, even though he was an irascible man, had a good heart, gave a lot of charity, and was very hospitable. Reb Joseph Hersh had three sons, Yacov, Mendel and Joel. Reb Yacov was a Torah scholar, very clever, full of energy, blessed with capabilities, and he was very active helping the community during the Holocaust years. I the writer of these memories, was his student. Yacov had a son, a child prodigy, who died in his boyhood. The second son of Reb Joseph Hersh, Reb Mendel, was also a scholar. He had a good voice and often chanted in the Beit Hamidrash. He later became the ritual slaughterer in town. The third son, Reb Joel, did not live in Strzyzow. The Rosens were all killed by the Nazis.

Reb David Rosen had two sons-in-law. The first was Reb Leib Sternberg, a dear man, a good chanter, who was beloved by everyone. He respected everyone and, in return, he was respected by all. Only one son, who emigrated to Eretz Israel, lives among us. The second son-in-law of Reb David Rosen was Reb Aaron Kanner, about whom we wrote before in this book.

Reb Shmuel Rosen's second son, Reb Yechiel, was a fiery opponent of Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro. He died during the prayers, wearing his Talit and Tefilin. Reb Yechiel had four sons and three daughters, who all resided in Strzyzow with their families. They all perished in the Holocaust. Four grandchildren of Reb Yechiel miraculously survived the Holocaust. They escaped from the train which was carrying them to their death. The Rosens were all Hassidim of the Rabbi from Sadigora.

THE SCHEFLER FAMILY

There were three Schefler brothers in Strzyzow: Reb Mordechai Mendel, Reb Shimon, and Reb Moshe. Reb Mordechai Mendel was a chanter who assisted Reb Leib Sternberg in chanting in shul. He was a devoted community activist. Reb Shimon Schefler was a simple, faultless pious man, with a good heart. He was one of the Psalmists who recited Psalms every Saturday afternoon, winter and summer. Reb Moshe Schefler was always graciously doing charity work. In fact, he was murdered by the Nazis, together with Reb Shmuel Moshe Groskopf and Reb Yacov Rosen, during a meeting in which they were discussing charity matters. May G-d avenge their innocent blood. Remnants of these families survived and live in

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Israel. I also want to mention Basha, the sister of the Schefflers. She was a cook who the town hired to cook and bake for every occasion, weddings, engagements, and circumcisions. She prepared food that everyone enjoyed.

THE STURM FAMILY

One of the oldest and most respected families in Strzyzow was the Sturm family. The head of the family was Reb yacov Sturm. His son, Reb Avrohom Itzhok, was considered to be among the nobility of the town. He studied Torah day and Night and he wore a silk frock and a colpac (a Rabbinical Sabbath fur hat) on weekdays and a Talit on Friday nights until after Kiddush. Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro used to say of him that he prayed with such inspiration and devotion, that he was oftentimes frightened that he might collapse, and not be able to finish his prayers. At one time, he served as a community leader and, during his term, Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz was elected as Rabbi of Strzyzow. That was after Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro left for Munkatch. The second son of Reb Yacov Sturm, Reb Shimon, left town to study with Rabbi Meir Schick, a Torah genius.

Reb Avrohom Itzhok had two sons one of who married into the big Diamand family. Although his father supported Rabbi Alter Zev, the son was an ardent supporter of the Shapiros. In fact he married the granddaughter of Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro.

Reb Avrohom Itzhok's son-in-law was the Assistan Rabbi, Reb Alter Ezra Seidman. Reb Avrohom Itzhok's second son had two sons and a daughter. The first son married the sister of the Krosno Rabbi. Reb Avrohom Itzhok's grandson, Reb Yacov Asher, emigrated to Germany and later to the United States. His son lives in Israel and is a professor in the Haifa Techniion. A second grandson came from Germany to Eretz Israel and sacrificed his heroic life for the independence of Israel.

THE TENZER FAMILY

The Tenzer family was among the most respected families in town. Reb Hersh Tenzer, the founder of the family had several sons. He was a Hassid and a faultless person. He possessed a noble spirit and a gentle soul. Reb Hersh was an enlightened man, a perfectionist, and very truthful. He was also humble, always had a smile on his face, and he loved to study Torah. He married a daughter from the big Diamand family. Reb Moshe, the son of Reb Hersh, was a pious man, an ardent Hassid of the Rabbi from Belz. His wife was the Assistant Rabbi's sister. Only one son survived, who resides in Israel. The second son of Reb Hersh, Reb Yacov Tenzer, was a clone of his brother Moshe. He was very polite and he was an admirer of the Rabbi from Bobow.

There were Reb Itzhok Tenzer, Reb Tuvia Tenzer with families. They all perished under the Nazis.

Reb Abraham Ever Klagsfeld from Krosno was a son-in-law of Reb Abraham Tenzer, may he be remembered favorably. During the war he almost lost his life when he collected gold in Krosno to pay a ransom demanded

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by the Nazis from the Jews in Strzyzow. May G-d remeber him favorably.

One of Reb Hersch Tenzer's son, Reb Zalman, emigrated to Eretz Israel with his wife, sons, and grandchildren. Reb Zalman lived a long life in the Holy Land. The majority of the Tenzer family perished in the Holocaust.

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ODD STORIES

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By Itzhok Berglass

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GENTILES RECITING THE PRAYER "SHEMA ISRAEL"

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It happened one spring, after the snow thawed, and the rains ended. It was twilight on the day of the funeral, when the Priest Yablocinski was buried. The Christians called him "The Old Priest" because he lived to a very old age. (I wrote about him in the story about the excesses in 1898.) Because he was admired by his coreligionists, thousands of people came to his funeral, from near and far. In those days there were no bridges over the Visloka River, which encircled the town. The crossing was done by ferry-boats which were located, one at the end of the town near the village Godowa, and the other a few kilometers down the stream.

On the day of the funeral the river overflowed. The attendant of the ferry-boat was very busy so that Reuven Saphire and his wife who were the concssionaires had to give a helping hand in collecting the passage fee from the passengers. As evening approached, they overloaded the boat and the boat partially sank. The steel cable to which the boat was attached, tore and, instead of crossing to the other side, the boat turned north and was carried away with the tide.

A panic broke out among the passengers on the boat and among those who were waiting for their turn on the shore. The passengers on the boat were helpless and could do nothing to help themselves. The only thing left to do was to pray. In town meanwhile, Reuven's children ran to the Beit Hamidrash to pray for the safety of their parents in front of the open Holy Ark. Their prayers was expressed only by silent crying without words. And the community prayed with them.

On the ferry-boat, the passengers whose lives were in danger wholeheartedly prayed to Jesus and to the Holy Mother. Reuven and his wife sat in a corner of the boat and recited the prayer "Shema Israel." When those who were near them heard them praying in Hebrew, in despair, they too began to pray to the Jewish G-d and repeated the words in Hebrew. Soon the entire crowd began to pray the eternal Jewish prayer, "Hear O Israel." Mispronouncing the words.

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THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S PARTY

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My father had various characteristics that complemented each other. On the one hand, he strictly observed all the divine rules and cmmandments, both light and weighty ones, like all the Jews. He was a believer in the righteous and a fiery Hassid of the Rabbi from Munkatch. On the other hand, he did some deeds that were considered progressive. In his

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youth, he was a fervent visitor in Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro's house until his departure for Munkatch. He studied Torah day and night and became outstanding and prodigious in his studies. But, at the same time, he also studied the Prophets, realizing that without the knowledge of the Prophets he would not know to write Hebrew. Being aware before his marriage that, eventually, he would take over my grandfather's business, intensively and rapidly he learned Polish and German, two languages which he would have to know in his future business endeavors, from the town's man of knowledge, Reb Hersch Mohrer. He sent his two daughters, my older sisters, Nechama and Chaya Sarah, to the high school in Rzeszow, after they finished the elementary school in Strzyzow. The advantage of this high school was that they did not have to attend in the Sabbath, unlike the local gymnasium. As for me, he did not allow to continue in high school after finishing the elementary schooling but he did urge me to learn the two languages on my own and to study the Prophets. My father did not object to my learning Hebrew using Shevach Volkowsky's letters, which was a popular way of studying among young people desirous of attaining the knowledge of the Hebrew language, and which most parents opposed seeing it as a beginning of going astray, meaning Zionism.

Because of the strictness in observing the Sabbath, my father suffered much in his business relations with important customers in the area. He never agreed to any compromise. In his youth, during his business visits to aristocratic homes, he never agreed to be treated to even a glass of tea. Nevertheless, he never lost a customer because his business had almost a monopolistic position in town. And now, to the main story.

During the Austrian rule, the District Commissioner in Strzyzow was Mr. Zalewski, a noble man both in spirit and behavior. Indeed, he did request from the Jews obedience and help to elect candidates who supported the government, but he never said, "You have to do it because you are Jewish." He showed his gratitude with words and deeds. He soon advanced in his rank and, from the small town of Strzyzow, was transferred to serve as the High Commissioner of the big city Przemyśl, an important fortress city for the Austrian Empire.

When he was leaving Strzyzow, he was named an honorary citizen. In appreciation, he gave a party for the City Council, Christians and Jews alike. The Commissioner's wife received the guests at the entrance, as protocol dictated, with a handshake. The last to enter were the Jews. (Apparently it was accepted even in liberal Austria, that the Jews were always last, as was customary in school to be seated in the last row.) My father was among them. When my father's turn came to shake the hand of the Commissioner's wife, he apologized that he did not shake hands with strange women. As a result, after the initial confusion, the others did not have to shake the hand of the hostess. The party ended in good spirits. There was kosher food prepared for the Jews but my father told me afterwards, with bitterness toward the Jewish colleagues, that they did drink the wine.

The morning following the event, the whole town talked about it. Indeed, the "Progressive" laughed about it, but the pious praised my father for his principled courage.

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===== THE THOUSANDS THAT WERE BURNED =====

It happened in the days of the Austrian rule, when a thousand crowns or five hundred guldens was considered a huge sum and one could exchange them for gold coins within minutes. However, people were careful in doing so because they might lose the small gold coin or mistakenly spend them as hellers (pennies), which shone like the gold ones. Conservative Jews held onto these crowns and guldens and never traded them in until the end of the Austrian Empire.

Reb Moshe Dovid Unger was a plain, rich man, who owned the only soda-water plant in town. He also was a wholesaler, who exported dried mushrooms to the United States, where they were sold by his two sons who earlier emigrated to America. Peddlers who bought mushrooms in the villages sold them to Reb Moshe Dovid. He also traveled often to congressional Poland, and from there exported mushrooms directly to the United States.

Except for the group of cattle dealers who shipped weekly shipments of meat to Vienna, Reb Moshe Dovid was one of the main recipients of large sums of money for his merchandise in Strzyzow. Bank transfers were not customary in those days. Besides, maybe Strzyzow had no important bank through which it would have been possible to transfer huge sums. Neither was the post office able to do it. It is doubtful whether the local post office ever had such large amounts on hand to pay out such transfers. Therefore, money was sent in value registered envelopes sealed with a special wax which was acceptable by the Austrian postal service.

One such shipment which contained several thousands of crowns arrived for Reb Moshe Dovid on a wintery Sabbath afternoon. The mailman delivered the envelope on the Sabbath, being sure that he will get the signature for the delivery on the next day. Since no one in the family could handle money because it is forbidden on the Sabbath, the mailman put the envelope in the kitchen not far from the stove. After a short while, the old water carrier came into the house. He was the Sabbath goy who removed the candlesticks from the table and made the fire in the ovens on the Sabbath in the winter. When he looked for paper with which to start the fire in the stove, he found the envelope which was lying nearby. Happy to find such a finding, he innocently started the fire by putting the envelope under the logs. Soon he began to scream because he got burned from the wax which melted and spilled all over the fire. And the deed was discovered. A panic broke out, but it was too late, the situation could not be remedied.

===== THE PRESCRIPTION =====

Almost every Jew liked to have a drink of 96 proof spirit on weekdays during his meal to entice his appetite, and in the Beit Hamidrash on various sanctified occasions, on the Sabbath, after eating fish, and in friends' houses on different celebrations. The Jews were protected by their cleverness in preventing intoxication. They knew that such strong

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brandy which burns like fire is impossible to over imbibe.

Reb Tzvi, a simple, faultless Jew, who divided his days between his store and the kloiz of Reb Moshe Leib from Sassov, used to enjoy an extra drink. Understandably, within limits, so as not to get drunk. When he aged, he became ill with pneumonia, a serious illness in those days, which caused many to die. As soon as Reb Tzvi became ill, he asked his family members to give him a drink of spirit to which he was accustomed. His family refused to fulfill his request, despite his pleading throughout his sickness.

Not until his condition deteriorated, did his family tell Dr. Taub, the only Jewish doctor in town (who lived in Strzyzow until the First World War), about Reb Tzvi's strange request. The doctor saw that these are the last hours of the sick man, and he saw no reason to deprive him of this pleasure in his last minutes of life. So he advised the family to give Reb Tzvi the longed-for drink, saying that there is nothing to lose. And behold, Reb Tzvi took one sip from the strong liquid, his eyes lighted up, and it was as if a new living spirit had entered him. After a few hours, he began to perspire and the crisis was over. His condition improved and, after a short time, he fully recovered.

A CONSCIENTIOUS IGNORAMUS

A certain so and so was a wealthy man, and a certified ignoramus. Not just an illiterate who envies those who know how to learn a chapter Mishnayoth and a page of Gemara, but a conscientious ignoramus who despises those who spend their time studying Torah. Sometimes he also sided with his fellow simpletons who, in his opinion, were a special class in opposition to the scholars who prided themselves on their knowledge.

Once, a wealthy ignoramus passed away in Strzyzow. The Kehillah and the Burial Society demanded the customary fee from his heirs, according to their financial situation. Then a group of those ignorants organized in defense of the bereaved family to free them from any payment. When they were asked the reason for their strange demand. "Is it not asked from everyone?" they were asked. "Even the heirs of Reb Avrohom Itzhok Sturm, one of the most respected people in town, a scholar and a pious man, had to pay the customary fee." Then the certain so and so replied: "Why do you compare the deceased to Reb Avrohom Itzhok who squandered all his life at the Gemara?"

When the certain individual demolished his small house and built a big two-story house, the work stopped for two days every week, Saturday and Sunday, as it was customary at the construction of a Jewish house. He became angry about the delay for which he blamed the town's scholars and their Torah, saying: "Because of the Sabbaths and the dark bad days (meaning the High Holidays), I could not finish my house on time."

ABOUT DAILY LIFE AND TRIVIAL EVENTS IN STRYZOW

THE "RESOLUTION" BY THE RABBIS TO OBSERVE THE SABBATH TWICE A WEEK

Reb Moshe was a village man who came to settle in town and made a living as a middleman, in addition to the support from his sons. He was not a great scholar, but he never released the book of Mishnayoth from his hands. Reb Moshe also liked to peek into a newspaper, even though he did not understand everything that was written there.

And behold! Once he read in the newspaper a wonderful thing. At the convention of the Rabbis and activists which took place in the Yeshiva of Lublin, it was decided to have Sabbath twice a week. (That is how Reb Moshe understood the speech of Rabbi Meir Shapiro, the Dean of the Yeshiva. Speaking about the spreading disease of the desecration of the Sabbath by the Jews, Rabbi Meir quoted the sages who said: "If only the Jews would fully observe two Sabbaths, the redemption would be imminent.") Reb Moshe rushed over to Itzhok the confidant of such type of people, and told him the earthshaking news, but Itzhok told him that he was wrong.

Reb Moshe deeply regretted his mistake, and he returned home disappointed, back to his Mishnayoth.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE JEWS AND GENTILES

As I already told in one of my articles about the interrelations of the Poles and the Jews, they were, in general, normal. The relations of the town's wealthy gentiles with their Jewish neighbors were particularly good. Jews were tenants in their houses, conducted business with them, and sometimes they reached the point of real friendship, despite the fact that their spiritual life and traditions were strange to each other. I will further tell about two events related to this interrelationship which I heard from my friend Itzhok Deutch who also told me the aforementioned story about Reb Moshe.

THE JEWS EXTINGUISHED THE FIRE IN A GENTILE HOUSE

On a Sunday afternoon, a fire broke out in the house of the blacksmith, Leopold Gornicki, who lived on one of the town's main streets. It would have been hard to organize help from the gentiles who were resting on their Sabbath and, until the fire brigade who were spread all over town would have gathered, the wooden structure would have burned to the ground with everything in it. Gornicki came out into the street yelling despairingly: "Jews, good neighbors, help!" Immediately, the Jews who lived nearby, including a few lawyers who lived on the next street near the courthouse, organized help and, in a short while, the fire was extinguished with little damage. To express gratitude to the Jews for their deed, Gornicki persuaded the Priest to publicize the deed in his weekly sermon, and to celebrate a special Mass on Sunday. The incident and the Priest's sermon made a strong impression on the Christians, and contributed to the improvement of relationship between the two sectors of the population.

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

HOW THE JEWS SAVED GENTILE PROPERTY DURING THE FLOOD

The cabinetmaker Jan Zamorski, and his wife always intermingled with the Jews, and the Jews were their main customers. Particularly, the wife befriended many Jewesses who were her acquaintances.

Zamorski's house was near the Visloka River whose water was always overflowing. During heavy floods, the houses located nearby had to be evacuated, including Zamorski's house.

Their Jewish friends were always there to assist the family. They carried out valuable belongings and safeguarded them until the water subsided, and the evacuees were allowed to return home.

The cabinetmaker and his wife used to tell everybody that, while the Jews kept their belongings with honesty and returned everything to them on their return home, the gentile friends were disloyal and kept for themselves a big portion of their belongings which they had helped to carry out from their house.

THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT AND MY ROAD TO ZIONISM

(The next two stories were told to me by Leah Loos.)

I was then a first grade student in the local Polish gymnasium. My studying did not last long because, despite the fact that I did not attend school on the Sabbath and holidays, my parents had to withdraw me from school under the pressure of public opinion. That is to say, the worshippers in kloiz could not suffer that a daughter from a family related to the Rabbi should attend a Polish gymnasium and thus desecrate the purity of the family. My parents were as religious as all the other people in town and, understandably, were concerned that I should not, Heaven forbid violate one divine commandment. I, who was nurtured from my infancy with the spirit of traditional Judaism, knew that it was forbidden to desecrate the Sabbath, not to eat meat and dairy together, and not to eat any non-kosher food. I have observed all the traditions of Passover, Shavuot, Sukkoth, Hanukkah, and Purim. Furthermore, I knew about the mourning of Tisha B'Av and all of the other Jewish traditions in general. I was joyful on holidays and sad in days of sadness, without knowing the real meaning of these events.

My parents worried about my traditional upbringing but not about my national consciousness which I received in the Polish school. During the Polish history lessons my heart ached when I learned about the spiritual decline of my country, Poland, about the tripartite division of the land and the loss of her independence. I was happy about the peoples' trials and tribulations, my people, whose resurrection was expressed in the constitution of May the Third, about the rescue of the Kingdom by Kosciuszko. I was sad about the failure to receive the independence by Dombrowski, and Poniatowski, in the rebellion of 1830 and 1863.

And suddenly a bitter disappointment. It happened on my big holiday, Constitution Day, May the Third. All the students marched in a procession to the church for a special Mass and, afterward, we were

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supposed to have marched in a parade through the town to a mass meeting in the club house. We, the Jews, did not enter the church, but waited outside, to later join our comrades in the parade. Behold! while standing outside, we were attacked by a group of gentile boys with insults and shouts of: "Jews go to Palestine!" I was very hurt by the attack and the screaming, and it also aroused some feelings in me. I then persuaded myself to get to know more about my own Jewish people, and I approached the Zionist movement which already existed in Strzyzow, and was active among the youths.

In time, I made a turnabout of 180 degrees, and I decided to fulfill the goal of the Zionist movement and to make aliyah to Eretz Israel. But to make aliyah I had to prepare myself and be qualified. Otherwise, what could one do in Eretz Israel? There was only agricultural work available. Well, I thought, I will have to learn the agricultural trade.

There was no organized Chalutz movement in Strzyzow. So I was forced to get farm training privately. I took advantage of the fact that my best friend Sarah Rebhun, the daughter of Reb Yacov, who was a milkman and traveled daily to Count Wolkowitzki's estate to get milk. The trustee of the farm knew me because he was a steady customer in my father's store, and I was accepted by him to work and learn farming.

Of course, I did not tell my parents about it because they would not have agreed to such a childish idea. Under the pretext that I was accompanying my friend, I left the house every day and worked, to the laughter of the female village workers, who were not used to seeing a spoiled city girl, a Jewess, working in the fields. The work was very strenuous for me. I was not used to physical labor, particularly to remain in a bent position for many hours every day. In addition, I could not complain at home about my backache. Everything was done discreetly.

Despite everything, I decided to hold out, no matter what happened. One day the bomb exploded. The trustee, my employer, came into the store as usual to buy yard goods, and during an innocent conversation, he disclosed to my parents about my secret work. His story disturbed my parents and they immediately decided to put an end to my "craziness."

The first casualty was the blue-white collection box from the Jewish National Fund which they threw out. But I was not swayed from my path. In the meantime, I became active in the movement and, a few years later, I decided that it was time to fulfill the goal that eluded me earlier, namely, to make aliyah to Eretz Israel. This time, my parents were forced to agree because I was more mature and I knew that in Eretz Israel I could do something else beside farming.

I trained as a nurse which I enjoyed very much, and I was the first in town to make aliyah and settle in our land.

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

REPENTANCE

Reb Yeshayahu Mandel was a fiery Hassid of the Rabbi from Munkatch. He was one of the most charitable activists in town, It was already described in a separate article about his charity deeds. Reb Yeshayahu was one of those Jews about whom the sages said: "Ask him for a donation for the temple, he gives, ask him for the golden calf, he also gives." Therefore, when Reb Yeshayahu was approached by three young men and asked to contribute to the Jewish National Fund, he could not turn them away empty-handed. Maybe he was smitten by the young men's enthusiasm for a Jewish National Homeland. The important thing was that Reb Yeshayahu was among the first donors to the fund. But, alas, deep within Reb Yeshayahu, a doubt was gnawing. Should he have contributed or refused? After all it was a Zionist action, and Zionism was completely forbidden, particularly for the Hassidim of Munkatch. Rabbi Chaim Elazar, the Rabbi of Munkatch, was the grandson of Rabbi Shlomo from Strzyzow, blessed be his memory, of whom the Hassidim in Strzyzow had such fond memories, and he was a strong opponent of Zionism.

And behold! Rabbi Chaim Elazar came to Strzyzow in one of his frequent visits. Understandably, Reb Yeshayahu was among those who came to greet the Rabbi, shake his hands, and hand him the traditional "Kvittel" (note). And on that occasion, Reb Yeshayahu wanted, once and for all, to get rid of the nagging doubt. He confessed to the Rabbi about the sin he had committed.

The Rabbi of Munkatch, in whose eyes even the Agudat Israel was not kosher, can you imagine how he viewed the Zionists? The Rabbi related to Reb Yeshayahu's sin with total seriousness, and he commanded him to atone in order to obtain forgiveness. The nature of the atonement—I do not know. What I do know was that Reb Yeshayahu did not commit such a sin again.

He also had a blue-white collection box which his daughter had brought into the house, and it became the first casualty. Reb Yeshayahu broke the box and threw it out, From then on his daughter suffered very much from her father because of her association with the Zionist movement.

THE DEAL WITH THE UKRAINIANS

During the elections to the Polish Parliament which were held between the First and Second World Wars, the Jewish candidate from our district was a man from the Mizrachi, Rabbi Hirshfeld from Biala-Bielsko. We, the Zionists, worked very hard for the success of his election campaign in our city.

There were two villages near Strzyzow populated with Ukrainians. Because of the absence of a Ukrainian candidate, they always voted for the Polish Peasant Party.

One of our comrades who often visited these villages on business told us that he could strike a bargain. For the price of a few hundred zlotys contributed toward building a clubhouse in those villages, all

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the people would vote for the Jewish list to assure our candidate's election. We contacted the Central Committee, or maybe the candidate himself, I do not remember exactly, and they advised us to close the deal and promised to pay us back the money we spent.

We, the naive ones, to whom every request from above was sacred, rushed over and handed the money to our comrade, a few hundred zlotys, to give to the people in the village.

Where did we get the money? Behold! I, the most naive of them all, was the Chairman of the local Zionist Committee. In addition, I was the only man who could spare the money and nobody at home would even notice. Therefore, I agreed to borrow from my private funds, hoping to be paid back.

The Ukrainians lied to us. They took the money and voted for the Polish Peasant Party, and our candidate lost as in the earlier elections. The man who promised to pay back did not keep his promise, and I was the victim. Money from other funds was sacred, and I would not dare to touch it. These funds were always sent entirely to the head office. I had no choice but to consider my money lost.

THE ELECTIONS TO THE CITY GOVERNMENT

Our Zionist movement was gradually progressing. In the beginning, we were a tiny group of boys and girls, dreamers, students enjoying every book, Hebrew and secular, as long as it was on a Jewish subject. These books revealed to us new horizons. Eretz Israel was our dream, our oracle, and a trip to Rzeszow to view a Jewish National Fund propaganda film about how the Jews labored in Eretz Israel was a thrill for us. (Many parents did not allow their kids to travel.) We were only interested in politics on the national level--not locally. Even during the Austrian rule, we participated in the election campaign only to assist the Central Zionist Committee.

After the First World War, and the decline of the Zionist movement which followed, we were strengthened only with the return home of the young people. Slowly we became a force in the town's public life. The democratization of the city authorities came a few years after Poland became independent. In the elections that followed, Strzyzow was getting ready to elect forty people to the City Council. The forty people consisted of four groups, ten men in each group. The fourth group was elected by all the people who reached their voting age. The third group was elected by the small tax-payers. The second group was elected by the big tax-payers, and the first group was elected by the aristocracy, high government functionaries, academicians with titles, and the religious clerics, the Rabbis, the Priests, etc.

Until then the city had been ruled by the Clerical Party. The mayor was a cabinetmaker, Mr. Konieczkowski, who was under the influence of Father Kwieczinski. The ex-mayor, Dr. Joseph Patryn, about whom I wrote before, challenged his opponents. He wanted to reestablish his rule over the city. To achieve his goal, he recruited supporters from every segment of the population. The Jews were present in both opposing

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parties. However, the majority were on Dr. Patryn's side. The personality of the candidates played a bigger role than the partisanship, and the incumbent Mayor Konieczkowski, despite the fact that he belonged to the Clerical Party which was not too friendly to Jews, conducted himself properly toward the Jews during his mayoralty. Therefore, many Jews were counted amongst his friends, acquaintances, and supporters during the election campaign.

We, the Zionists, who by then were able to muster a sizeable force mainly in the fourth group, hesitated in the beginning whether to get involved in the local election campaign as an organization. But in the heat of the election campaign, a meeting organized exclusively for Christians in the church under the Priests' supervision, the speakers for Konieczkowski attacked the Jews. Only then, did we join Dr. Patryn's party and made an agreement with him to add three candidates from the local Zionist Committee, in addition to the Jews he already had on his list. Our candidates were Dr. Chaim Frenkel, the lawyer, Avigdor diamand, and I.

Every Sunday, elections were held for one group starting with the most populated fourth group. Dr. Frenkel and Avigdor Diamand were elected by the fourth and third groups. I was supposed to have been elected in the exclusive first group. I could not run in the second group because I did not want to compete with my father who ran on Konieczkowski's list. The elections were proportional but majoritarian. Therefore, all who were on Dr. Patryn's list had received the majority votes and were elected. Meanwhile, my father resigned from the second group of candidates in the opposition camp, realizing that the decisive majority of the town was on Dr. Patryn's side. In that case, we the Zionists decided to demand from Dr. Patryn that my name be placed on the second group's candidate list to assure my election, according to our agreement. But Dr. Patryn, who demanded blind allegiance from his supporters, was not anxious to move my name up because of my father's sin, namely supporting his opponent. He already felt strong and he wanted to impose somebody who would be more loyal as a third candidate. Dr. Patryn was urged on by his close Jewish friends. Because I was still single, they found a serious defect in my candidacy. They complained vociferously, "Have you seen such an audacity, a bachelor?"

We fiercely opposed, arguing that only the organization may decide the candidacy and we demanded that Dr. Patryn adhere to our agreement. When we saw that our argument was not convincing, we were afraid that he was liable to do as he wished. We therefore, resorted to the strategy of the election rule which says: If an elected candidate resigns before the nominating assembly which supposed to elect the mayor, the replacement comes not from the alternates but from the opposition list. Thus, at a meeting of the Zionist Committee we decided to notify Doctor Patryn that if he would not transfer my name as agreed, as a protest, Dr. Frenkel, and Avigdor Diamand, would resign before the end of the elections. When we notified Dr. Patryn our decision, he, who was erudite in all the rules, jumped up as if he had been bitten by a snake. He knew that in such a case, his opponents would be elected. The Jew

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Michael Schitz, and the incumbent Konieczkowski were on the top of the list.

Dr. Patryn's Jewish friends were embittered and voiced an outcry all over town. "The attic will dictate to us who to elect?" (the attic that they referred to meant the Zionist library from where we conducted all our Zionist activities, which was located on a attic.) But, not only did Dr. Patryn, the realist, put my name on the list, but furthermore, all day Friday before the elections, and early Sunday morning, election day, he visited all his friends and supporters, and asked them not to change anything in the list because he must see to it that I "The audacious rascal" must be elected.

I was elected, and we, the Zionist Committee, felt our strength. From then on no Jewish activity in Strzyzow was done without us, or without our approval.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL INTERVENTION

When Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz advanced in age, The Rabbinical family began to worry about naming a successor while the Rabbi was still alive in order, that after one hundred and twenty years, the Rabbinical post would not be left empty, even for one minute. They feared that perhaps it would be exploited by the supporters of Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, who, by then, had returned to Strzyzow.

Rabbi Alter Zev's family decided to do something out of the ordinary; to strive that the Rabbi's young grandson, Reb Kalonymus, the son of Reb Chaim Yehuda, be named as successor while the old Rabbi was still alive, an action previously unheard of.

According to the bylaws of the Kehillah, a Rabbi had to be elected by all the members of the Kehillah Committee, Reb Yacov Greenblatt, the Rabbi's opponent, had the decisive vote.

The District Commissioner, Dr. Malin, who was one of Rabbi Horowitz's staunchest supporters and wanted to help him execute this act, tried to persuade one of the committee members to cross over to the Rabbi's side, to tip the scale in the Rabbi's favor. This member was a representative of the Zionists, my colleague and friend, Reb Avigdor Diamand, who operated his mother's saloon and made a nice living.

Such a business required a license from the District Commissioner's office which Dr. Malin supervised. The District Commissioner could have found a pretext to make trouble on many occasions, and even revoke his mother's license. It was hard for Avigdor to withstand the pressure of the Commissioner. On the other hand, he could not vote against his principles, and particularly against the will of his Zionist voters, the most of whom opposed Reb Kalonymus, because of the local and national politics of his father, Reb Chaim Yehuda. Therefore, Avigdor resigned his seat, and I was next on the list to take his place.

For the Rabbinical family, I was not much better than Avigdor. My family were ardent supporters of Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro for two reasons. First, in his youth my father was a frequent visitor in Rabbi Shlomo Shapiro's house as he befriended young people, Torah students. Therefore,

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he continued his loyalty to Reb Shlomo's offspring. The second reason was that Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro was the son-in-law of the Rabbi Yeshayahu Hertz from Dynow, a brother of the Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech, the Rabbi of Blazow, with whom my brother-in-law was a close friend and to whose advice he listened as if it would have been given by Moses on Mount Sinai.

I personally was not involved in the Rabbinical dispute, however, my grievance against Rabbi Alter Zev was the Zionists' grievance against his son, Reb Chaim Yehuda, who was a fiery anti-Zionist.

The Horowitz family, whose struggle for the Rabbinical seat lasted many years, learned how to exploit everything that could be to their advantage. They found something about me which they wanted to try before the District Commissioner would accept Avigdor's resignation.

Reb Feivel Steppel from Sendiszow, my bride's father, (she is my wife now until a hundred and twenty) was a friend and supporter of the Assistant Rabbi in Sendiszow, Reb Yosele Frenkel, who was the son-in-law of Rabbi Alter Zev. Reb Yosele was also the father-in-law of the young man Reb Kalonymus, the candidate for the succession.

Rabbi Alter Zev, even though he served as Rabbi in Strzyzow, did not abandon his rights in Sendiszow from where he came, when his younger brother was nominated as Rabbi of Sendiszow. Rabbi Alter Zev saw to it that his son-in-law, Reb Yosele, should be named Assistant Rabbi. Rabbi Alter Zev's family tried to use the friendship of my future father-in-law with Reb Yosele, to persuade me to vote for Reb Kalonymus. They hoped that I would not oppose, especially when the arranged meeting was made in presence of my bride.

I refuted the argument, claiming that according to our Zionist concept, no public office is private or family property, as it was customary years ago. Our representatives have to honor the wishes of their voters. And, as far as I was concerned, they were opposing the Rabbi. I also refused to abide by my future father-in-law's proposal that I too should resign as my friend did. This proposal came from the initiative of the Rabbi's family who was experienced in finding all kinds of options. I argued that my friend was able to resign because he knew that his replacement would not breach the faith of his constituency, but I could not resign because my replacement would be an easy target for persuasion, and this would strengthen the Rabbi's power.

When my future father-in-law saw my steadfastness, he told those who asked to convince me to resign that, in his opinion, I was worse than my friend Avigdor Diamand. Ultimately, the Commissioner refused to accept Avigdor's resignation.

Despite heavy pressure not to resign, Avigdor did not budge. He refused to withdraw his already submitted resignation. Then the Rabbi's family found a way to persuade one of his opponents to vote for the young Reb Kalonymus and tipped the scale in Rabbi Alter Zev's favor. It was seven to five.

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JEWISH CONTACT WITH THE AUTHORITIES

Generally, we, the Zionists, unlike many Jews, were not happy about contact with the people from the authorities. The authorities were not very interested in what was going on among the Jews except the Rabbinical dispute. The Kehillah Committee, though, had to bring their problems before the Commissioner for his approval. Everytime the authorities showed some interest, it was to our disadvantage. They oppressed us because of their hatred for the Jews in general and, particularly, the Zionist, who were less submissive than other Jews. Among other things, they closed our first library, "The Jewish Library," without reason but that caused only a change of name. We reopened the library soon after at the same location with the same books under the name "Hatikva." The library existed until the end. Settling disputes depended on the character of the people with whom we came in contact, and what kind of a problem it was. Further on I will tell about three such incidents.

HOW THE WORD "CHOSHIVER" WAS CHANGED TO "HASHOMER"

It happened in 1922, when the three of us; my friend Akiba Keh, Avigdor Diamand, and I, conducted the first appeal for the Jewish National Fund, and we strove to reach every segment of the Jewish population in town and the Jews from the nearby vicinities, particularly the wealthy ones. We approached the local Jews face to face attempting to influence them with our persuasive power. To prepare the Jews from the nearby vicinities about the forthcoming visit we had written a circular letter in Yiddish. The circular letter began with the words: "Choshiver" (honorable) Comrade! Because we related to every Jew as a comrade who shared with us the goal of realizing the Zionist ideal. In the circular we pointed out the imminent danger that we were threatened with if we did not use the opportunity given to us to rebuild our homeland, without naming the enemy—the Arabs. The circular was signed by the three of us, the activists.

One of these letters which we sent to Mr. Engel, who leased a farm in Blonek near Frysztak, for reasons unknown to us, turned up in the hands of the District Police in Strzyzow, and they, as usual, examined the proclamation. One of the policemen, Sergeant Shpitol, knew some Yiddish and claimed to be an expert in all matters concerning the Jews and their lives. When he was requested to look into the text of this circular, he turned to Reb Meir Ber, the only barber in town, who, until his emigration to the the United States, extracted teeth and attached leeches to the sick. (That is why he was called doctor.) Since Reb Meir was a cleanshaven Jew, they thought him to be an intellectual. Therefore, he was asked to help decipher the letter. Reb Meir who always bragged about his wisdom and denigrated every Jew, did not want to lose his prestige by confessing that he did not understand what was written in the circular which was sent out by the Zionists. Therefore, after much effort by both, Sergeant Shpitol and Reb Meir to translate the circular, they concluded that in Strzyzow existed the organization

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"Hashomer."

The word "Choshiver" became "Hashomer." Hashomer was legal in other places but not in Strzyzow, because it was not officially approved by the District Commissioner.

This incident happened not long after the Polish-Russian War. The Jews and, particularly, the Zionists were suspected of being disloyal and, that they sympathized with the Communists. In the anti-Semitic press the name Zionist-Bolsheviks was routine despite the absurdity of pairing these two together. Apparently, the police realized that they needed more evidence about our underground activities. Therefore, one Sabbath afternoon (of course, it had to be on the Jewish Sabbath), when the three of us, I and my aforementioned comrades, strolled in the town's marketplace, out came from the police station a large group of policemen, who split into three smaller groups. One group went into my parents' house and two groups into the Diamand house where the Keh family also lived. The policemen made a thorough search in our three houses. At my comrades' houses they did not find anything. All the material of the local Zionist Federation and the National Fund was in my house because I was then the secretary of the local Zionist Committee and the head of the National Fund. All the documents and my personal correspondence were taken by the policemen who were unable to distinguish what was suspicious material and what not.

The police filed charges with the District Court in Rzeszow accusing the three of us of running an illegal organization. The case was handed over to a judge who came to Strzyzow and summoned us to appear for interrogation which took place in the local courthouse. I was called first, either because the documents were taken from my house, or maybe because of the alphabetical order, since my name starts with a "B". The interrogation was conducted in the presence of the Sergeant Shpitol. The judge asked me to translate everything that was written in Yiddish and Hebrew. On occasion, during the interrogation, the judge made anti-Semitic remarks to which I vigorously protested saying that they were irrelevant to the case. After the interrogation did not produce any material for prosecution, he pulled out the "heavy cannon," the circular which was in his possession, and asked me to translate it into Polish word by word. By then we still had no idea what the charges were.

Therefore, I did not stop at the word "Choshiver" in the title of the letter, but tried to explain to the judge the words pertaining to the danger which was hovering over the Jews. That this did not mean Poland which is our country, but we referred to the Arabs in Palestine. Then the judge demanded to make clear to him the meaning of the word "Choshiver" in the title of the letter. When I told him that the word was not "Hashomer," the judge was dumbfounded and so much more the Police Sergeant Shpitol. They both realized that the accusation which had cost them so much effort had fallen apart.

The judge immediately ended the interrogation, and, after I signed the protocol, he also requested the signatures of my two comrades who were waiting for their turn in the hall of the courthouse, without additional interrogation.

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The main victim was the Sergeant Shpitol who proved his ignorance in matters related to Jews. For a long time he was ashamed to look into our faces and distanced himself as much as he could.

THE ELECTIONS TO THE POLISH PARLIAMENT

As I previously stated, there was a great demand for Jewish votes during the elections to the Austrian Parliament. We were compelled by force, or willingly enticed by agitators to elect the Polish candidates who were close to the authorities. The Polish aristocracy who then ruled in Galicia, even though they looked down upon the Jews, still needed them and used them to strengthen their influence. Even when they had to forego their candidacy in favor of assimilated Jews in the democratic parties, they still preferred them over the Zionists, because the Socialists and others belonged to the Polish national caucus in the Austro-Hungarian parliament from where the Polish aristocracy was still able to draw their power and influence.

When Poland was resurrected, the strong Polish Parties did not seek the Jewish support anymore, and did not court their votes during the elections. Whenever possible, the apportionment was shaped in such a way as to decrease artificially the percentage of the Jewish vote and influence. However, in places where it was not possible, representatives of Jewish parties were elected to the Sejm (Parliament) and the Senate.

When the Sanacja Party came to power, and the appeasement of the aristocracy followed, they too used the system of the aristocrats and demanded from the Jews to vote for their candidates because they were not popular among the Polish masses, particularly at the beginning.

The Sanacja Party was no less anti-Semitic than the other Polish parties which preceded them in the government and, in the last few years before the war, they officially endorsed anti-Semitism. However, all this did not prevent them from demanding Jewish support during elections. In Strzyzow, as in the rest of the country, there were also such a demand for support and, to soften the opposition of the Jews, particularly the Zionists, they used official pressure, but not too harshly. Despite the anti-Semitic trial in Brest Litowsk and the concentration camp in Kartuz Bereza, Poland was still a light dictatorship, much lighter than other dictatorships which existed during that period in Europe.

Before the elections to the Sejm, (I think this was the last election before the Second World War) the District Commissioner, Dr. Malin, a brother-in-law of an important figure close to the "Belveder," the dictator's palace from the days of Pilsudski, sent the police inspector, Mr. Potoczny, to the Zionists in Strzyzow who were influential in town. The inspector was asked to find some infraction of the law and punish them for it in order to prevent Zionist propaganda during the elections.

Inspector Potoczny was a straightforward young man who came from Rzeszow where he was friendly with all the Zionist young men. He came, accompanied by one of the Zionists, and told us that he was forced to obey the order of the District Commissioner. He fined us a small amount which in no way could detract us from campaigning for the Jewish candidate.

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On Saturday, a week after the elections to the Sejm and a day before the elections to the Senate, we, a group of Zionists, were strolling in the street, and encountered the mayor, Dr. Chmiel, a son of a peasant, who belonged to the Folks Party and switched his affiliation when the Sanacja came to power. The mayor expressed his confidence that tomorrow we will all elect to the Senate the men from the Sanacja. I replied that his wish seemed strange because in all the elections to the Senate since Poland became independent, a Jewish candidate was always elected from our district, and we intend to continue to vote for our candidate. The authorities saw to it that this time no Jew was elected but the District Commissioner did not forget my transgression. In every district the Commissioner was automatically the head of the Public Works Department in the district. In the aftermath of the elections, he gave an order to the department to stop patronizing my business, and also persuaded the landowners around Strzyzow to stop buying anything from me. They all went to the Christian store which had just opened to compete with the Jews, in accordance with the official policy that prevailed then to drive the Jews out. But not for long. They did not take under consideration that my brother-in-law Reb Jacob Itzhok Bernstein's, and my business were like my father's in his time, almost monopolistic, and these customers could not adapt themselves to do business anywhere else.

After a short time, the officials from the District Public Works Department who were in charge of the projects decided to return and buy from us again, provided that their superiors would not find out about it. After a while, the landowners also returned without even bothering to hide the fact from the District Commissioner.

===== THE KINDERGARTEN INSPECTION =====

At the establishment of the Hebrew kindergarten, we did not make any effort to obtain a license from the Board of Education. We were low in funds, and we knew that the Board of Education sometimes made demands that were impossible to meet. We relied on the fact that the gentiles were not interested about what was going on among the Jews, and we took it for granted that no Jew would report us, especially since only a few individuals knew that we did not have a permit. Perhaps we might have succeeded to administer the kindergarten in this manner to the end were it not for the following incident.

Two inspectors, a man and a woman sent by the Board of Education, arrived in Strzyzow to inspect the Catholic kindergartens in town and the nearby villages. These kindergartens were managed by nuns under the supervision of the local priests. There were no automobiles in town. To get from the railroad station to the town and to the nearby villages the inspectors hired the town coachman, Reb Raphael Ber. As it is habitual with coachmen, he started a conversation with them, and finding out the purpose of their visit, he expressed his national pride by telling the inspectors that all the kindergartens they had inspected already and the ones they intended to inspect were nothing in comparison to the Hebrew kindergarten which was supervised by the Zionists. The inspectors

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who had no Hebrew kindergarten registered in their files were more than happy to oblige, and asked Reb Rapahael to take them there,

The Hebrew kindergarten was located in a rented room in the house of Samuel Feit. The inspectors arrived there before noon when all the children were present and the teacher, Elka Shulman, was busy teaching. When the inspectors asked her who was in charge, she mentioned my name in spite of the fact that from an official point of view, I was only a patron. The practical supervision and the daily management was in the hands of a mother's committee under Nechama Gertner's leadership.

The inspectors did not act harshly and did not immediately report the illegal kindergarten to the authorities. They turned directly to me. After a few minutes, they arrived at my store which was crowded with customers. After I took them into my private quarters, they pointed out to me the seriousness of such a violation. I spoke to the inspectors with frankness. I told them that we simply could not entrust our toddlers, especially the girls, in the hands of the Catholic Nuns, and neither could we abandon the children to the peasant maids who hardly know how to read and write. Therefore, we had no choice but to organize a Hebrew kindergarten. Since we lacked the financial means to execute all the governmental requirements for the legalization, we were forced to do it illegally.

The inspectors who seemed understanding and honest, were sympathetic to our motives. But the law is the law and it could not be violated. The inspectors agreed not to report us to the authorities and they also permitted us to continue to operate the kindergarten. They also promised to give us full support in our legalization efforts. I, from my end, promised to begin the process of legalization right away.

I immediately contacted the Central Hebrew School Organization, "Yavneh." Although most of our colleagues were General Zionists, when it concerned traditional upbringing, we always aligned ourselves with the "Mizrachi." We had come very close to achieving our goal, namely, legalization of the kindergarten, which was nonetheless open until the last moments before the outbreak of Second World War.

THIS ALSO HAPPENED IN OUR TOWN

(Resurrection of the dead)

By Moshe Mussler

It is unbelievable when it is told, but it is true that there was a superstitious belief that the deceased gathered nightly in shul to pray. This belief was deeprooted in the consciousness of the townspeople as in all other Jewish towns in Eastern Europe. Not only did the simple folk, women and children believe it, but those mature and knowledgeable in the holy books did not deny the existence of such a belief.

This belief originated from the fact that in most places, the cemeteries were located in close proximity to the shul. The distance between the shul and the cemetery was no more than four meters. The proximity of these two originated during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

the majority of the town's inhabitants were Jews, and the authorities did not take the future under consideration.

The Austrian Kaiser was considered by the simple folk as their protector from the German Jew-haters and the savior from the Polish people, their enemies. Because of our provincial naivete, it would have been out of place to doubt such a belief. However, the servants of the Kaiser and the loyalists among his officials in the towns away from the Capitol could not tolerate the fact that the melamdim should teach and explain the Jewish Torah to Jewish children to assure the continuity of Judaism. They resented our existence, and all means were "kosher" to hinder our steps.

Every Monday and Tuesday, gendarmes were dispatched to the melamdim alley, to inspect it and verify that they abided by the law and taught the children in spacious, well-lit rooms, as the official schools did. Mainly, they checked whether they possessed a license from the educational authorities. The gendarmes were also supposed to check if the number of students did not exceed the permit. Woe was to the melamed who was caught in an infraction. A fine and arrest was his lot.

Our teacher also could not withstand the rigidity of the District Commissioner's decrees and he was forced to transfer his cheder to the Kehillah room adjacent to the main sanctuary of the shul. This place was off limits to the authorities. Even the Commissioner's rights ended at the entrance. (According to the law they could not enter a church or synagogue.)

If the truth to be told, in the summertime the studying in cheder gave is a little bit of pleasure. The windows were open to the old cemetery and the clean scented air blew in from the hundred-year-old trees which refreshed us, replacing the choking smell from the Rabbi's kitchen which he had also used for a study.

But alas, the opposite was true in the wintertime. The camel-like oven stood in the corner orphaned and ashamed with its coldness. A rich man's fortune could not be enough to heat it up. If Rothschild would have decided to squander his fortune to supply us with firewood, we would have needed to engage an entire division of woodcutters to fill the oven's emptiness.

As soon as the sound of the shofar was heard at the end of Yom Kippur, the cheder in the Kehillah room surrendered itself to the exclusive rule of the Prince of Winter who did not move out from that room until Shavuot.

Despite the anger and indignation of the Prince of Winter we persevered. Frozen to the marrow of our bones, we sat there hours upon hours and studied G-d's Torah. Those long winter nights made the task of studying several times harder. The hours were drawn and the cold stiffened our arms until we were not able to move them. Our dismissal always came with rejoicing shouts. While going home we waved our lighted paper lanterns, our own production, spreading light on the winter scenery of the slumbering town.

It was the beginning of the winter when this story happened. Into our cheder arrived a new student who was three or four years older than

ABOUT DAILY LIFE AND TRIVIAL EVENTS IN STRYZOW

we were. He came from a nearby village and he barely knew how to put two letters together.

He replaced his lack of knowledge of our teacher Moses' Torah with a knowledge which had no connection whatsoever to the Pentateuch, and surely not with the Gemara. He was sharp and skilled about cats, dogs, and horses, quick in climbing trees. In vain was our teacher's effort to made him participate with us in studying. His peasant brain could grasp nothing of the problems in the Talmudic tractates and Rashi. He found no interest in the "old wives' tales" from the Pentateuch.

The village boy's extra specialty was demonstrated by swiping apples from the peasants' carts who brought them to town for sale. Thanks to his merits we were privileged to say hundreds of blessings a day over those stolen apples, even on plain weekdays.

He, more than any of us, knew how to vanish from the study bench and evade the angry eye of the teacher. He could never restrain himself for more than a half an hour to sit on the bench, when he would suddenly disappear, as if the earth had swallowed him....

The Rabbi's lashing and pinching, slid off him like a summer rain. **The teacher's hand was powerless** in subduing him. That boy's enthusiasm for a card game was as of a Roman gambler. He did not miss any occasion to join a game.

But not always could he find company for a game. It was not enough for him to be free to play cards. A partner was always needed. Otherwise there was no game. Where could he find a partner when we were all subservient to the teacher and burdened with his heavy yoke?

In addition, we were all inexperienced, and did not know how to disappear from the teacher's sharp eye and slip off the study bench. Fear of our parents also existed and could not be ignored.

Besides, the hesitating heart and our conscience did not permit us to violate the clear commandment that studying Torah should not be interrupted--Heaven forbid.

It seemed that this boy was sent to us from heaven to save us from our distress. On the other hand you may have said that Satan's hand was involved. An ingenious idea entered his head, an idea which had been rolling at our feet all along, but we never noticed it until the boy came along. It was only a pity that this geniality was not channeled to the studying of Torah.

As I mentioned before, this was on those nights when we studied in the Kehillah room located near the entrance to the main sanctuary.

Normally, we waited outside until the teacher came, to pass through the gate together and enter the foyer of the shul. The dead who prayed there caused us terror, and none of us dared to peek and see if truly the dead were there. However, the door to the sanctuary was usually closed and only a weak light from the eternal candle could be seen flickering in the darkness through the portal. This weak light spread horrifying shadows on the walls, moving shadows which were spreading and shrinking, forming all kinds of shapes in our childish fantasies. We saw in them what we wanted to see, namely, the deceased wrapped in Taleism, standing crowded together in prayer.

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

One such evening, when we were waiting near the gate of the shul for the arrival of the teacher, nobody noticed that the young man from the village was not among us. Finally, the teacher arrived. We went into the foyer, with the teacher walking ahead of us. When we passed before the gate, we were surprised to see it wide open and, on the bimah, in the center of the shul illuminated by a weak light, we noticed a ghost standing, wrapped in a talit, rocking heavily, with his hands raised above his head.

A terrible shriek escaped from our mouths. The teacher also became terribly frightened of the ghost. We ran as fast as we could not to be called to the Torah. It was believed that whoever is called to the Torah will not outlive the year.

Breathlessly I arrived home and told my father, of blessed memory, about the incident. My father, who was known to be agnostically minded, interrogated me thoroughly and inquired if I had really seen the ghost with my own eyes.

I swore on everything that was holy to me, that it was true, and I was convinced that my oath was absolutely true, that I saw the dead with my own eyes. As additional evidence, I told my father that the teacher had also seen him and ran.

A smile appeared on my father's face, and he remarked as follows: "I am sure my son, that this deceased was a live person. What a pity that you did not use a thick stick to convince yourself whether he was alive or dead. I am not surprised that you were frightened. As for the teacher, I have no answer."

Of course, we did not return to the cheder that night. We went into the warm and lighted Beit Hamidrash, and found all my friends gathered in a corner submerged in a card game. It was close to Hanukkah.

On Hanukkah it was permitted to play cards. The winner was the peasant boy.

When the term ended the boy returned to his village as empty of Torah as he was when he came. Only then did he reveal to us his secret., that he was the deceased who was praying in shul on that winter night. He and no one else.

It was easy to understand his intentions. He wanted to scare the teacher, and he wanted to evade studying and, have partners for the card game....

LONG LIVE THE KAISER

It is a rare occasion that a person has a chance to recite the traditional blessing when seeing a King or Emperor. The blessing sounds as follows: "Praised be He who bestowed a part of his Majesty upon a human being." Especially in our days, when the number of Kings and rulers kept decreasing. The people of our town, and yours truly among them, had the honor to meet the Kaiser and make such a blessing....

It happened in 1904, or 1905, during military maneuvers in our vicinity. All the highways and the country roads were swarming with the royal army. There were cavalry, infantry, artillery, and sappers who built bridges. They were escorted by high officialdom who followed them

ABOUT DAILY LIFE AND TRIVIAL EVENTS IN STRYZOW

around.

One morning on a summer day, the town drummer announced an order from the District Commissioner that all residents of the town ought to appear near the railway at the entrance of the town and, when the emperor's train will pass and his Highness will appear in the window, all the bystanders were required to shout: "Long live the Kaiser."

Of course, nobody would have dared to oppose such an order. Besides, that order carried its own reward. a) A chance to recite such a rare blessing. b) If his Highness the Kaiser had bothered to come to us, by all means we should give him a venerable reception.

At the determined hour, a stream of elders, youth, women and infants flowed to the railroad. The Rabbi and the head of the Kehillah were among the official invitees to the reception committee at the railroad station. We, the public, were lined up alongside the railway and, with trembling hearts, awaited the arrival of the Kaiser's train.

That day, not only did the Beit Hamidrash dwellers interrupt the studying of Torah, but so did the melamdin. They too came to greet his Highness in whose shadow we sought forbearance.

Before we went to the station, we rehearsed the blessing several times in order that the recital should go smoothly and without a hitch. All eyes were glued to the far distance, longing for that exalted moment of the revelation which was about to occur before us.

Finally, the whistle of the locomotive was heard. Slowly the train appeared from around the bend and passed in front of us in a slow tempo. Franz Joseph I, was standing at the window, waving his hand at us. In all the excitement, I forgot to say the blessing, and I was convinced that I did not mention G-d's name in vain.

Who can take the dirt away from your eyes, "Courageous Soldier Schweik," so that you could see that not only you, in your innocence, believed that destiny from above assigned him to be the ruler? We too were naive and believed in the righteousness of the Kaiser, his ministers, and advisers.

Let us not be ashamed and confess to the truth. We were mistaken about the straightforwardness of our rulers and governors in the past and will be so in the future--until the end of generations.

BOOKS BURNED ON THE AUTO-DA-FE

It was an undeniable fact that the shtetl Frysztak was near and subservient to our town, had a smaller population, was smitten with poverty and affliction, but was known in the Jewish world no less than our town which was the size of a regional city.

In the past, Frysztak was served by Rabbis who were famous as Torah scholars and sin-fearing people. Righteous women testified that infants, soon after they were brought into the covenant of Abraham our Father, refused to be nursed from their mother's breasts unless their heads were covered and the mothers recited the proper blessing over milk.

I myself never saw such wonder. But my mother told me that she heard it from trustworthy women, and it was not a disgrace to believe it.

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

No secular books nor a person who joined the new sect called "Zionism" could be found in the periphery of this community....This was the official opinion. Unofficially, in the underground, the Zionist bug penetrated their domain and began to shake the town's foundations.

The Young men from this shtetl became contaminated with "atheism." Namely, they shortened their underwear and made their pants longer. They met with the leaders of our Zionist association, and together they concluded that the youth of Frysztak deserves secular education and, for this purpose, it was necessary to establish a branch of our library. Borrowing and reading books would bring them under the Zionists' wings.

It appeared that the satanic power succeeded, despite all the excommunications and Rabbinical foreswearings, including the special prohibition of the extremist Rabbi who was then famous all over Galicia.

At the helm of the extremists in Frysztak was Reb Chaim Meir who decided to expunge "atheism" from the community.

On a dark gloomy night, Reb Chaim Meir and a few conspirators who volunteere to do the holy deed, broke into the house where the unclean books were kept, loaded them into a wheelbarrow, and carted them off to the community bathhouse where they were sentenced to be burned. Eye-witnesses reported that during the burning, Reb Meir quietly recited the "Kol Chamira" which is usually recited during burning the chometz.

This happened when the Hapsburg Empire was still in existence and people were not free to do as they wished.

As soon as we found out about it, a complaint to the District Court was filed by our lawyer, Dr. Kornhouser from Jaslo against Reb Chaim Meir and his helpers. He was ordered to pay the damage.

Their consolation was that they destroyed atheistic books. But woe is to such a consolation. For their money, new books were purchased and their reign over the youth ceased to exist. The breach in the wall of extremism began to grow bigger and bigger.

INFERENCE

Reb Shalom Schwartzman was a renowned Hassid, a very pious man, observant of the Hassidic traditions of the Rabbi from Belz. He always raised his voice during the prayers, burning like a fire. Of course, his fight against the young people who joined the Zionists were for the sake of the Lord. Lo and behold, the Rabbi from Belz was one of the fiercest opponents of Zionism.

On one of those days, Reb Shalom turned to my father, of blessed memory, and said to him: "Eliyahu, my apprehension is that your son, (that was I) will go astray, and maybe, Heaven forbid, become a convert...."

My father replied, "I beg your forgiveness, but you are entirely wrong. I will explain it with an inference. If he ignores a few customs which werenot established by our ancestors but only recently, well, maybe he is a little bit agnostical and does not believe in nonsense. There are many who do not believe. But, to betray the Torah of Israel--no way. Under no circumstances, he would not go that far.

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FROM THE DISTANT AND NOT SO DISTANT PAST OF STRYZOW

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THE MAN WHO WAS NO COWARD

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By Shlomo Yahalomi

Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz lived in one of the apartments in my grandfather's houses. Reb Shlomo, my grandfather, was one of his staunchest admirers and always stood by him. But personal relationship was one thing and business another. When my grandfather was marrying off one of his daughters and needed the rooms, he asked the Rabbi to move. The Rabbi was not anxious to move and took his time. Reb Shlomo kept pressuring him, but the Rabbi kept postponing his move. Behold, the wedding date arrived. The daughter was marrying Reb Joseph, the son of the famous genius, Rabbi Menashe Eichenstein, a son-in-law of the Rabbi from Dzikow, Rabbi Joshua. The wedding took place in Strzyzow, and besides the groom's father, a whole party of holy Rabbis related to both sides came to participate in the happy occasion. My grandfather sat near Rabbi Joshua, the Rabbi from Dzikov and, when he drank l'chaim to the Rabbi, the Rabbi said to him: "I hear that your reverence is evicting my relative from your house." He emphasized the word "eviction." "Eviction?" Replied Reb Shlomo, "If the Rabbi call this eviction, I cannot help it. I do not want to evict him. I want him to give me back the apartment willingly because I need the rooms." The Rabbi looked at my grandfather's face and into his clever eyes, and told him in a commanding voice, "If your reverence will evict my in-law from the apartment, you may be forced to sell the house."

My grandfather Reb Shlomo, who greatly revered the righteous Rabbis and frequently visited with them, had a strong character and was not subservient enough to the Rabbis to change his mind when he was convinced that he was right. He thought for a while, figuring out his financial situation in his mind and concluded that normally he was far from needing to sell his house. He girded himself and said in a low voice. "Forgive me, Rabbi, I think I feel secure for this year and maybe for another couple of years that there will be no need to sell my house." When Rabbi Joshua heard his resolute answer, a smile appeared on his face. He turned to Rabbi Alter Zev and said: "I thought that I was dealing with a landlord who is a fool and timorous man, who could easily be intimidated. Since he is not afraid, I suggest you look for another apartment." The result was that my grandfather gave the Rabbi all the wood he needed to build a house, and Rabbi Alter Zev built a three story house in the center of town.

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

A PROPER ANSWER

It was customary in Galician towns to send the Rabbis monetary gifts before every holiday and also for Hanukkah and Purim. My great-great-grandfather used to send money to both Rabbis in town. Once he forgot to send Hanukkah-gelt to Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro, of blessed memory. After some time, when the Rabbi saw my great-great-grandfather, Reb Yacov Kanner, he told him that he owed him a debt. Reb Yacov asked him, "What kind of a debt do I owe you?" The Rabbi replied that he did not get the Hanukkah-gelt gift. Reb Yacov was amused, and said to the Rabbi, "Oh, and I thought that I was sending the Rabbi a present because I wanted to, and now I found out that I owe it to you." After this incident, he ceased sending him any gifts until the Rabbi realized the reason, and he apologized to Reb Yacov.

A CLEVER JEW

When Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro from Blazow passed Strzyzow on his way to a small town where he was invited for the Sabbath, a large crowd came to greet him at the railroad station. I was also among the crowd. I was nine year-old then. When the Rabbi reached out his hand to greet me, someone mentioned to him that I was the grandson of Reb Shlomo from Zyznow. Said the Rabbi, "Shlomo from Zyznow? He was a clever man." and told the following story.

Once a woman handed me a donation with a written note to pray for her husband who was in trouble with the law. Knowing that Reb Shlomo from Zyznow has connections with the authorities, I turned to him and said, "Nu, Reb Shlomo give me an advice." (Meaning that he should see what could be done.) Reb Shlomo responded: "The Rabbi took the donation and I should advise?"

THE MERCHANDISE IS ALREADY PACKED

Once, the Rabbi Joshua from Dzikow came to a shtetl and something unpleasant happened. Namely, nobody came to see the Rabbi with a "Kvittel." The Rabbi joked about it and remarked. "I never saw such a smart town." When the Rabbi was about to leave town and was already at the train station, Reb Hershel Tenzer found out about it, he rushed over to the station to find the Rabbi, and to apologize. When Reb Hershel reached the station and found the Rabbi, he pulled out a "Kwittel" with a donation and handed it to the Rabbi. The Rabbi refused to accept, and said with a smile. "My merchandise is all packed."

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

A POWERFUL WORD

Reb Menashe from Lutcha was known to everyone as an ignoramus. People close to him said that he barely knew how to read the prayers. All his life he worked the land and traded cattle. When he bought a calf, it was for him a child's play to carry it home several kilometers from where he bought it. Indeed, as strong as he was physically, so weak was he in matters connected with the printed words and things related with the "educated Jews." On Yom Kippur, he used to come to town to pray in shul with the "S'chidim" meaning the Hassidim. And, since noble young men knew his qualities, they hid behind his seat in order to hear what he was saying, while looking in his prayer book. And behold, they discovered that Menashe was saying the same word repeatedly.

They stood and wondered why he suddenly favored the simple word "Laasot?" Until Reb Moshe Adest came and explained to the young men the logic. Menashe used to sit near the washstand where the worshippers washed their hands and recited the prescribed blessing ending the word "laasot " loudly, which he had memorialized, and therefore, kept repeating it during the prayers, not knowing anything else to say.

EVERYTHING HAS TO BE HER WAY?

Somebody was sued by Reb Baruch Berglass before the Assistant Rabbi, Yacov Shpalter. After the Assistant Rabbi decided that the defendant had to pay or take an oath that he was telling the truth. The defendant asked for a delay of two days to consult with his wife. When he appeared on the third day before the Assistant Rabbi, he told curteously: "Honorable Rabbi, my wife advised me to pay the money and not to take an oath." Said the Rabbi cheerfully, "If so, than both parties will be satisfied. You will not have to take an oath and Reb Baruch will be paid." The litigant responded softly. "What do you mean that I should give money? Although my wife advised me to do so, but what about me? Don't I have anything to say about it? Behold! It is written 'He shall rule her.' She wants me to refuse to take the oath, well, I cannot afford no to listen to her entirely. After all she is my wife. But to pay money, this I refuse. I too have something to say about it."

WHAT WAS REB HERSH BER THE SEXTON DOING?

When Reb Hersh Ber the sexton was critically ill, Reb Joseph Mordechai, the Assistant Rabbi, came to pay him a visit. "Hersh Ber, vos machstu?" (How are you doing?) The Rabbi asked Reb Hersh Ber, who all his life was a jester, even then, in time of illness, he did not forget his humor, and responded without even blinking an eye. "Well, ich mach yesoimim." (I am making orphans, meaning that by his dying he will create orphans.)

ABOUT DAILY LIFE AND TRIVIAL EVENTS IN STRYZOW

THE RABBI'S INSINUATION

Again, there was an incident with the Rabbi Baruch Halberstam from Gorlice, the son of Rabbi Chaim from Sandz, who came to Strzyzow to visit his daughter, the righteous Chana, Rabbi Moshe Leib's wife. He too did not receive a venerable reception in Strzyzow. (The Hassidim of Sadigora saw to it.) When he was about to leave town, he was sitting in a carriage harnessed to four horses, and some townspeople were standing around and gawking at the Rabbi. The Rabbi looked once at the people and once at the horses and remarked, "I just now noticed the horses of Strzyzow."

THE RIGHTEOUS WHO NEVER SINNED

When Reb Shmuel the tailor became ill, the Assistant Rabbi, Reb Joseph Mordechai, went to visit him and, when he saw that Reb Shmuel's illness was serious, he tried to persuade him to say the confession. Reb Shmuel refused and said: "I have nothing to repent, I have never sinned, I never had time to sin. I always worked and that is all." Reb Joseph Mordechai saw with whom he was dealing, and asked him, "Perhaps you once forgot to recite the evening prayers?" "No!" "Perhaps did you spoke evil?" "And what are those?" "Well," Reb Joseph Mordechai said, "Words that you should not have said." "No!" Reb Joseph Mordechai realized that the sick considered himself completely innocent, righteous, and without a defect. He stood up and opened the door to leave. Outside the door, he said to Reb Shmuel; "If you are that righteous, you have nothing to fear. You may die in peace."

(I heard this story from Reb Moshe Adest.)

GOOD MORNING

On Hanukkah, the young men use to hide in the women's galery to play cards all night. Reizl Reicher came in early one morning, kissed the mezuza and announced loudly: Good morning your Holiness, blessed be thou....

THE STORY ABOUT THE TREASURERS WHO WERE FORCED TO RESIGN

Once, a few congregants were dissatisfied with the treasurers of the Beit Hamidrash, and decided to teach them a lesson. One cold winter night, they demolished the oven completely. In the morning, when the worshippers appeared in the Beit Hamidrash and saw what happened, they said: "There is nothing we can do. The treasurers have to go." And that was exactly what happened, they resigned. Remarked the clever Reb Meir Deutch: "Shoiver Oyvim, Umachniya Zeidim." (Quotation from the the silent prayer.) They broke the oven and the enemy surrendered.

ABOUT DAILY LIFE AND TRIVIAL EVENTS IN STRYZOW

REB BARUCH DILLER EXPLAINED THAT THE WILLINGNESS IS THE ESSENCE

One of the rich men in town used to be called to the Torah for Maftir on Shavuot year after year. Once happened that he was called to the Torah not for Maftir but for another aliyah. Reb Baruch Diller was the treasurer at that time. The rich man hesitated at first to answer the call. "Why he thought to himself, should I forego my traditional part?" Nonetheless he went, but he decided to get even in some other way. When he was asked how much he was donating, he angrily replied, "Nothing!" Reb Baruch tried to explain to the insulted rich man that the part of the reading that he was called to is as important as the Maftir. But the man did not accept any apologies. So Reb Baruch said to him, "Look, you wanted Maftir, in heaven it is considered as if you had it. Because you demonstrated your willingness, you will be rewarded for it. But I did not want you to have it, so you are not to be blamed for it, and you should not blame yourself, because the willingness is the essence.

THE "DREADFUL STORY" ABOUT MOTHER'S EARRINGS

There was a long-lasting family feud between two sisters over an heirloom inheritance. The dispute was over their mother's earrings that were adorned with diamonds and precious stones. The earrings were in the hands of one sister, Pearl, Benjamin the tailor's wife. She claimed that she was willing to pay her sister Bashi, Mordechai Rosenbaum's wife, half of what the earrings were worth. Bashi refused to relinquish her claim to her "mother's earrings" which she considered priceless. They brought this matter before the Rabbi. It went to court and nothing came of it. Subsequently, they agreed to rely on arbitration by mutually acceptable persons. My father was supposed to represent Pearl who had in her possession the earrings, and Reb Hersch Gelanded was the other sister's representative. A Rabbi, the righteous Reb Shmuel Schiff from Niebylec, was to have the decisive vote. My father refused to act in the dark, which meant to judge about earrings without knowing their value. He was also puzzled about where did Reb Itzhok the butcher, the sisters' father, who was known to be poor and destitute all his life, obtain money to buy such expensive earrings for his wife....Therefore, my father insisted that Reb Benjamin the tailor travel with him to Rzeszow, the closest big city, to obtain an appraisal from a diamond dealer. Benjamin was also required to keep the trip secret even from his wife. At first, Benjamin suggested that my father go by himself, but he refused. When they arrived in Rzeszow, they went to Mr. Schiff, the famous jewelry dealer, who appraised the earrings at half a gulden. They went to another dealer, Mr. Cuker, and he appraised the earrings at sixty groshen. My father kept this secret for a few weeks and, in meantime, the sisters kept up the dispute. At an opportune time, my father divulged the secret all over town. It appeared that Pearl quickly relinquished the earrings, and Bashi no longer claimed that all she ever wanted was "her mother's earrings." And that put the dispute to rest.

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

WITH OR WITHOUT A PERMIT

There were in town two merchants who dealt with a certain kind of merchandise. We will not name the merchants or the merchandise out of respect. One merchant, when a shipment was supposed to have arrived on the Sabbath, arranged a permit from the Rabbi for unloading the goods. The other did not bother to ask the Rabbi. They both unloaded the shipment. Said Reb Moshe Adest: "There are two who desecrate the Sabbath. One with a special permit from the Rabbi and one without."

WHAT IS A MITZVA AND HOW DID JOSHUA'S SPIES CROSS THE RIVER JORDAN

Reb Chaskel Gorgel the melamed, was teaching ten to twelve-year-old students. He used to ask his students all kinds of misleading questions in order to sharpen their wits. Once he asked, how did Joshua's spies cross the River Jordan? One student volunteered and said, "I know, they were fish." Another time the melamed asked what is a mitzva? The student replied. "A female." He meant to say what we just learned a week before that in married life there were many mitzvot involved.

The boy was nicknamed "female," that name followed him for many years into his adulthood.

HE USED HANDS WITHOUT HAVING SAID THE PROPER BLESSING

Reb Moshe Reicher, Reb Yacov Kanner's son-in-law, was a pious honest man. He was G-d-fearing, and a strong believer in the righteous, especially in the Rabbi of Belz. Reb Moshe was a taciturn person and never spoke in vain. He owned a grocery store which provided his livelihood. He never spoke ill about anybody and, if he was compelled to say something negative about somebody, he shivered, his face changed, and, at the end, he did not say anything. He used to say, "What is there to say, it does not help." Reb Moshe was quiet, modest, and humble, but once I saw him very distraught, and it amazed me. That was when one of the townspeople called him before the Assistant Rabbi for litigation. The claimant had angered him so much with his lies and false claims that Reb Moshe could not restrain himself any longer. He rose from his seat, approached his opponent and...hit him with his umbrella. Behold! Wonder of wonders! Not a word came out of his mouth, even though he hit him. Still, he did not utter even a single word. The claimant stood up and yelled, "Have you ever seen such an audacity? He used his hands and did not even recite the proper blessing. Not even one word. He could have at least said "liar." But hitting without words that is a chutzpa.

ABOUT DAILY LIFE AND TRIVIAL EVENTS IN STRYZOW

THE SPECIAL "SABBATICAL INSPIRATION"

Reb M. Z. came from a good family, an offspring of Rabbis and scholars. However, he himself was not a great learner, not in the least. He was a great joker and loved to make fun of everything and everybody. He also liked to get involved in all the problems of the town, to express his opinion everywhere, and oftentimes, he scolded people he did not like. All this took place on weekdays, when he was busy making a living, whereas on the Sabbath, his temper reached its peak. Already on Friday afternoons he became possessed with the Sabbatical inspiration and, if somebody induced him to speak, he said: "Stay away from me. I am already in the murderous Sabbatical inspiration."

THE FATHER AND SON'S CARD GAME

Reb A. Z. was a great scholar and very witty. We will not stop here to give his full description and tell a few things about him because it belongs in another chapter in this book. Here I will only tell a funny and petty story. A. Z. and his sons were involved in a card game in which the players had to beat each other by raising the stakes (in Yiddish "Shlugen"). One of the sons threatened his father and said, "Don't do it! I will beat you." (Ich will dir shlugen.) The father responded by scolding him. "Sheigatz! You will dare to beat your own father?."

THE SON SUED THE FATHER

A certain person was very rich. (Out of respect to him and his family, we could not name them.) The man supported his son who often came to visit him to ask for money. Once, the son decided that he would be better off suing his father and claiming part of the property. He claimed that he and his father bought the property in partnership but the father registered the property in his own name only. When the father and son entered the Rabbi's house, the Rabbi, astonished, asked: "What are you doing here with your son?" Replied the father who was distinguished and old, "My son is suing me because I live too long...." As fate would have it, the son passed away before his father.

REB HERSHAL'E SCHIFFS EYE GLASSES

Reb Hersh'al'e was a veteran Hassid of the Rabbi from Sadigora. He was called Reb Hersh'al'e B'li Neder.* Because everything he said he added the words "B'li Neder." "Without a Vow." (In this way he avoided ever to say a lie.) For instance: "Tomorrow, B'li Neder, I will get up early. Or, "Tomorrow, B'li Neder I will go to shul. Etc. Etc....Once Reb Hersh'al'e lost his glasses. He exerted himself to find them without success. Even after a year had passed, he did not despair, and he continued to search for the glasses. One day a few people were standing in a circle and talking among themselves. Reb Hersh'al'e approached them

BY SHLOMO DIAMAND

innocently and asked, "Are you by any chance talking about my glasses?"
 * B'li Neder was a common expression which the pious used in their conversations in order to avoid promises not able to keep.

===== REB ISRAEL GERTNER OPPOSED BUYING ON CREDIT =====

Reb Israel Gertner was a rich man with a capital "R". He excelled in doing good deeds. When somebody came into his store to borrow money, he would leave his customers and go and bring it to them. However, his son, Reb Menachem Mendel, who lived in Brzozow, was unlucky and always under pressure of his debts. He always owed for merchandise which he purchased on credit, and sometimes he signed his father's name to the notes....His father was angry and complained that he did not care about the money he had to pay. What made him mad was, he said, "Where, and from whom did my son learn to buy merchandise on credit? Why can't he buy for cash like I do?"

===== SUCH A "REPENTANT SINNER" =====

There was in town a man who, in his youth, was not very righteous. When he became older, he turned into a "Good Jew" and wanted to be respected. Remarked Reb Moshe Adest, the clever and acute Jew, "This man forgave himself all his sins that he committed in his youth, and he now demands respect for it...."

===== YACOV OR YACOV CHAIM =====

During the election to the Kehillah Committee, the man in charge of the elections made all kinds of falsifications to prevent the opponents from voting. When Reb Yacov Ziegel (His nickname was "Yacov the Beanstalk" for having an extraordinary long neck), came to vote, it appeared that he was listed Yacov Chaim Ziegel and could not vote. The Jokers in town joked about him, that by the next elections, his name would not be "Chaim" which means life, but it will be "Yacov Met" which means Yacov the dead....

===== EVERY RABBI SPECIALIZES IN A DIFFERENT SICKNESS =====

Elazar the "Guttural" was a simple man, short in intelligence and understanding, but was very honest. He simply believed in G-d. He prayed for the Jews, worried about the sick, and made others write notes to Rabbis with or without the consent of the sick person. He himself did not know how to write. However, he knew how to tell about the many miracles performed by the Rabbi from Tyczyn, the Rabbi from Dukla, and by the Rabbi from Munkatch. And here is a story about one miracle that Reb Elazar used to tell. "Reb A. D. had diarrhea. What did I do? I wrote the Rabbi from M. After a few days, I received a reply that the Rabbi had blessed the sick with speedy recovery, and that was exactly what happened. The sick recovered." Reb Elazar ended the story with

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an expression of success. "Apropos, why do I tell this story?" He continued, "Because every Rabbi specializes in a different sickness, and the Rabbi from M. is good for diarrhea...."

===== WHICH FAST WAS THE BEST? =====

Asked Reb Alter Nechemiah, one of the clever Jews in town. He asked, and answered, "The best fast was the fast of Esther. Why? Because on that day the baking of all kinds of pastries for Purim were done, and during the entire day, out from the ovens came fresh baked cakes and hamantashen. and you could taste each of them to resurrect your lusting heart...."

===== AND WHAT IS CALLED A "RUINED HOLIDAY" =====

Reb Alter Nechemiah continued with an ironic wink of his eye. "A ruined holiday is, when it is not raining on Sukkot...."

===== "WE IMPLORE THEE, O LORD, PROSPER US" =====

Reb Yacov Eisner was a venerable Jew, pious and kind to fellow men. He was employed as a clerk in the lumber-mill of the partners Johannes-Kracher. After working there for thirty years and reaching his old age, the owners decided to close the mill because it was not profitable anymore, and to keep it going meant losing money. Reb Yacov, seeing his livelihood slipping away, his world darkened around him and his face became thinner day by day. It was true that there was no shortage of good people who tried to encourage him. But no one was able to find an answer to the terrible and simple question. "How will such a dear man live, and from where will his help come?" About two weeks before closing the lumber-mill, on the eight day of Passover, Reb Yacov was honored with chanting the "Hallel" service. He chanted pleasantly, sincerely, and from the heart. This time he outdid himself. It was obvious that he reached the point of resignation. I still remember the heart-rendering melody in which he sang the "Pitchu Li." When he got to the words; "We implore Thee, O Lord, prosper us," he began to cry so bitterly that it tore our hearts. One person who was not such a strong believer said, "If there is a G-d in this world--He has to help Reb Yacov after such a warm prayer.

Well, a miracle did occur. Reb Yacov played the lottery all his life, to his great and happy surprise, he won fifty thousand zlotys. The whole town was in an uproar. Everybody said that when he sang, "We implore Thee O Lord, prosper us," he won the lottery.

IN THE DAYS PAST
 (When Grandfather Married Grandmothe)

By Professor Dr. Ch. Lehrman
 (Strzyzow-Berlin)

Half a century represents almost a whole human lifetime. Sometimes it represents even more that the time of man's existence on earth. It represents many years in the history of mankind, in general and less if we look at the same number of years within the boundaries of the twentieth century, taking under consideration the intermittent uproars and world events that have occurred. This is true especially in reference to the history of the Jewish people, whose destiny is eternally connected in a special dramatic form to the occurrence of world events.

A Jewish family that incidentally happened to be drawn into the whirlpool of world history represents a special mirror of the basic changes that occur in the passing times and in the lives of the countries. A Jewish family whose name is not known in the circles of art, science, politics and finance, but is considered a simple family such as we find among the prolific families of Eastern Europe, is considered typical for the whole nation, with all recognizable signs of its special destiny, its wanderings and changes. In each such family lives a whole people as in every prominent tree there is included an entire forest.

The term "forest" is abstract when it concerns a great number of trees, which grow and develop in similar conditions. Sometimes a bolt of lightning would strike one of the trees and, half the forest would be destroyed. Yet, the individual tree always represents the reality. The forest is only the concept of individuality of such living reality. The trunk, its roots, and its branches are the product of the earth, the water, and air, wherever they prosper, and they are proof to those who, like them, are fed and were created under the same skies and upon the same earth. Every tree becomes green, deepens its roots, its branches spreading throughout, and its tree-top rises high. The trees represent the whole forest, as every patriarchal Jewish family with its children represent the entire nation. Their multiple destiny, on a smaller scale, reflects the destiny of the Jewish history and symbolizes the tragic connection with the great events in the world.

This is the only justification for the attempt made here in the description of the events in the life of such a family who were involved and connected with the stormy days and the climate that brewed in these periods. Alas, the leaves were spread by the wind. Nevertheless, a few branches sunk new roots under new skies and into new ground. They, the survivors, proved that in spite of everything, they possess a special trait derived from common genes. The offspring speak all the languages of the masters of different lands and, at times, they do not understand

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each other directly and have to find a common tongue for mutual understanding. Even though they live under different living conditions, their way of life is similar, as a spiritual heritage of the family.

To execute the writing of these memories was a difficult task for many reasons. For many years the author hesitated to do it, but it always sprang forth in his mind as a moral obligation which should no longer be postponed. The people always came to my mind and I could not forget them, even though they passed on a long time ago. Surely, these people who came to my mind strongly urged me to describe the loveliness of their past. They demanded the perpetuation of their existence and to give a meaning to people that passed, but with humility and obscurity, without any glow or glory.

Therefore, there will not appear in these lines any heroes adorned with victory, nor personality dressed in silk or velvet who passed with great noise and tumult.

I did not come in touch with generals or diplomats. If I accidentally passed one of them, he did not divulge to me his plans or governmental secrets, but spoke to me only about simple, actual problems of the time.

And so, these lines will remain a simple description of simple events of small people, their struggle with their troubles and daily harsh problems, their unsuccessful experiences trying to get involved in the disputes of the strong and the mighty.

These memories will not lead us upon shiny hills, trees and forests do not grow on knolls either, only on green valleys and hillocks. A man's life, his rich feelings and cravings are not discovered in high class saloons but in the lower class of society, in places where simple people still belong.

Whoever was born before the First World War knows about the atmosphere of the days without worry, which was referred to as "The Pleasant Period." At that time Europe was in the height of glory and might. For many decades there was no war, only "there, in the back of Turkey." In the Balkans skirmishes and small wars were taking place. But on the shores of the Seine, Rhine, and Danube, life was prosperous. Paris was singing the hovering melodies of Offenbach, and Vienna was dancing to the tunes of Straus and Lehar waltzes which penetrated into the farthest corners of the imperial monarchy. These tunes even reached the other side of the Carpathian Mountains, the last outpost of the monarchy, the land of the Galician crown, with her rich natural resources and her poor Jewish population, whose sole richness was not submerged in the ground, but in the Kingdom above and her messengers of Torah and Talmud on the ground.

There was no bigger contrast in the world than those bearded Jews with fur hats who outwardly resembled Russian peasants but inwardly lived in a religious fantasy world, and had no territorial bounds, but still, in their hearts and with their honesty were faithful to the "Kaiser Franz Joseph," whom they endearingly called "Ephraim Yosl." They loved the Kaiser, their defender, who, in his old age, after the tragedies that had occurred in his household, became a legendary figure.

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His portrait looked down from the walls of public buildings with an expression of satisfaction on his face.

In truth, the mighty empire's ceiling was cracking. Centrifugal forces were waiting for the occasion to be liberated from custodianship of Vienna, and to attain national political autonomy. Except Hungary, the narrowmindedness and the limitations of the ruling bands prevented them from becoming a modern United States, to solve political tensions, to deepen and draw nearer the existing cultural and human relations. Politically and economically such a federation in the territory near and around the Danube would have been a blessing.

The non-political area, as it was said, all the nationalities represented an illogical but practical unity. The Jewish segment was honored with spreading the spiritual light of Vienna. One of the most shining representatives from the metropolis, Stefan Zweig, remarks in his review, "The world of Yesterday," that the Jewish establishment in Austria in the twentieth century was most decisive. He testified that most names in the field of art and science who made Vienna world famous were Jewish names or of Jewish origin.

Even though it was a strange phenomenon, Jews who lived in other areas outside the Austrian borders also had spiritual bonds with that metropolis because of the Kaiser's facial features, his whiskers, and his formal dress, which was not warrior-like, in contrast to the face of the neighboring Russian Czar, which reflected the rage of the pogroms and anti-Semitic decrees. There was plenty of anti-Semitism among the Polish population also. Even in Vienna itself, there were periodic signs of that dreadful mentality of the fickle Austrians, which produced creatures like Hitler and Eichman. However, in order to spread this poison, proper climatic conditions were needed, as existed during the crumbling of the proud empire on the Danube, which occurred quietly without fanfare. Until that time, an atmosphere of agreeable tranquility existed because of a fundamental level of political standards. And therefore, the pious blackfroaked Jews also enjoyed religious-cultural autonomy, as in the historical days of that nation of thousands of years ago. In many little towns, the Jewish population were a recognizable part of the population. They openly fulfilled their religious life, unhindered in any shape or form. When a wealthy religious citizen donated a Torah scroll to his synagogue, all the worshippers carried the scroll with dance and music throughout the city streets, under the gaze of the local gentile population who did not even turn their heads, unlike the Jews when a Catholic procession passed by. These Jews did not consider assimilation, as in Western or Central Europe. There was no higher culture in the area which could attract assimilation and was worthwhile. A few high class respected families sent their children to gymnasiums where they wore fancy uniforms, but the community looked upon them as partial traitors, and avoided any contact with them. Still, when one of those educated appeared later as a doctor or a lawyer, the Jews preferred him to the "Goy" doctor or lawyer, because it was possible to reveal their aches and suffering of their brethren to him in a more effective way, and to more fully confide in him. These

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professionals also spoke the German-Yiddish dialect, popular even in the Slavic countries, which in the meantime had become a nation.

Dialects have their own destiny. Sometimes they influence the national bonds more than political borders. The German-Swiss dialect which is still spoken but not written created a stronger border with the northern neighbors than the Rhine River, and it conserved the alliance as all the areas on the German border did. These German speaking people strove to go "Home into their land," during the Nazi regime. This also determined the fate of three hundred thousand Luxemburgians who held onto the Mosel-Franco dialect even though their newspapers were printed in French and German. In this case they were helped by geographical proximity. The Yiddish-German dialect, after being completely detached from the place of origin, served as a special expression of isolation from the area. Jewish refugees from Bavaria and from Frankonia who were tired of the periodic expulsions and pogroms brought with them the dialect to Poland during the reign of King Kazimir, and held on to it as a family treasure. From this dialect alone a literary language developed which became a fine gentle tool for thoughts and feelings. When on the one hand it was used to explain the complicated thoughts and concepts of the Babylonian Talmud, on the other hand, the Jews who settled in Poland and South Russia found it to be a forceful, suggestive, extraordinary way of expressing their sufferings and yearnings. To the narrowminded and primitive National Socialistic forces who mocked the language, to them it sounded like an eastern Jewish Jargon. They did not realize that this language was inherited from poets and men of thought. They turned it into a caricature, into a defiled language for giving orders by judges and hangmen. In Imperial Vienna, they knew very well the meaning of the German language islands which were like pioneers of colonization in the midst of the Slavs under their rule.

The ancient Frankonian dialect became for the Jews a beloved and faithful habit, more so for those who lived among the Slavs. The Polish, Yugoslav, and Hungarian languages were used only in dealings with the non-Jewish world. But on Saturdays these "weekly languages" were banished as were the weekday thoughts and occupations. Then life turned into an imaginary world which was timeless and had grown organically for thousands of years, since Abraham our Patriarch from Ur Kasdim, serving as an inner shield of national independence, protecting those who went into dispersion from their homes and the birthplace of the holy scriptures. The process of growth in the Diaspora when the Jews acquired a great deal of culture from the outside, did not change them, Yiddish became a cultural possession of their own. The Slavs influenced Jewish life in the form of their clothing, eating habits, and songs. Also, sometimes the Jews behaved hot tempered like Slavs, or even like Mongolians. But all those characteristics merged and were absorbed in fundamental severity, folksiness, and independent behavior. Still, every man can sense the process of ferment in his heart and arteries, and without knowing it, tensions and contrasts are periodically created in his character. These characters are sometimes a creative force and sometimes simple tensions and contrasting illusions in the inner person

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and the Jew from Eastern Europe, born in the process of the merger of opposing inherent factors

The young couple who entered into a nuptial covenant to last a lifetime at the beginning of this century were entirely different in their outwardly appearance and character. Both were approximately twenty years-old. It was customary to marry very young, when they were still uncorrupted, unexploited, and innocent. The marriages was a bond between two families of the same nature and their goal was only to have and rear as many children as possible. Professional matchmakers and people with good intentions used to unite matching families from different places. The heads of the families came to an agreement concerning certain conditions and they surprised their children with the announcement of their engagement. Wealthy families placed their emphasis on mergers with families of scholars, and obtaining a groom well-versed in Talmud. Such a match was considered a great honor which justified the effort. My father's family was considered a family of scholars. My father Chaim came from Przeworsk. Although my mother, Bluma Krantzler from Strzyzow was also a product of a respected dynasty, born to pious people and well-versed in holy books, in my father's family, the knowledge of the Talmud was tied to the art of scribing Torah scrolls, a holy occupation which passed on from generation to generation with the exception of one. The one man who desecrated the dynasty's tradition was my grandfather, Leib, who became the head of a Yeshiva of only a few especially talented pupils. To belong to this group, special strict qualifications were required. Three of my grandfather's sons studied in his Yeshiva. Joseph, whose proficiency and acuteness were known wherever he came, and who was an authority in all the Rabbinical teachings, won the respect of many Torah scholars. David, the second son, was no less an excellent student. In addition, he had outstanding good looks, a characteristic of which he himself was not aware, and, until his distinguished age, had attracted and influenced young and old. He was the only one among all his brothers and sisters who died a merciful death. As it is said, "One who prayed for his brethren is answered first."

The youngest of all, Chaim, had no desire to overtake his brothers. He was satisfied with the fact that he qualified to study in his father's Yeshiva, even though he was a fast learner and he understood and remembered whatever he studied. But he was more interested in what was happening in the outside world, and used every excuse, legitimate or illegitimate, to sneak off from the Yeshiva, volunteering for all kinds of missions, and performing chores around the house, which in his opinion were preferable to studying in the Yeshiva.

In the street he never stepped aside to avoid the provocations of Polish boys, as his comrades used to do, but he stood up even to the strongest opponent, like David against Goliath, and what he lacked in physical strength he accomplished with a surprise maneuver. When a peasant lad once put his two milk cans on the ground to punish the Jew, the Christ killer, Chaim did not go into a wrestling match. He pushed him into a can which overturned, spilling the milk, and the guy fell into his own milk puddle. His wailing for the damage aroused a pity,

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and the worry for the second can made him forget the Jewish boy.

As in the above incident, my father during his entire lifetime was in control of every situation. He had the ability to quickly appraise a situation, and react swiftly. In addition, he was excitable and vigorous but he was flexible in regards to mistakes. The sentiment for justice in him did not allow him to act otherwise. He was capable of judging the qualities of a person with just one look, and he took pleasure in imitating the way a person talked. He was naive and of easy persuasion because he himself could not lie, but still, in important situations he easily recognized the truth, and he was capable in a stunning manner to judge correctly in matters which did not belong in his daily routine. He also possessed good judgment in political matters, and was able properly to assess the situation and to prepare himself accordingly. He foresaw Hitler's intentions and analyzed them when times were still normal, in the years 1935-36, when the world tried to anaesthetize him with the flourishing economy in Germany, and when even the Jews who lived in Germany participated without hesitation in the beguiling blossoming of the economy. My father was shocked and angered by the common blindness and when we told him to leave politics alone, that it did not affect him directly, he shouted: "It does affect me! This criminal affects us all!" Regrettably, he was right. At a time that no professional politician believed the general cynicism of the Nazi rule which a few years later exposed its repulsive face, to my father it became his most personal destiny, as he clearly foresaw it in the beginning with helplessness.

But this happened much later, a whole generation later. It was told here only to point out the essential characteristic outlines of my father, the clarity with which he diagnosed people in different matters, his independence in thought and deed, in matters small and large which came to him in his youth and followed him into his old age. Young Chaim's quick and decisive power of thinking and acting often caused him difficulties and friction in the Jewish community in which, after all, there existed certain inherited religious etiquette demanding unconditional obedience to patriarchal customs. This also included matters of arranged marriages which were not a matter of individual choice but rather a matter of the judgement of parents, and their religious-national outlooks. It demanded graceful surrender to the parent's choice, having complete confidence that the selected mate would be for life. That is how Abraham our father behaved when he sent his servant Eliezer to select a bride for his son Isaac, and it became a patriarchal tradition to those people that these stories were not legends from a distant world wrapped in the spirit of Hassidism, but role models that we had to follow. In most cases, these marriages were successful and worked out nicely. Love did not die between them of natural causes as a cynical Frenchman once remarked, but it was a different kind of marriage which was not the norm written about in Western literature. Of course, there were silent tragedies like the one told in the Bible between Jacob and Leah. She was brought to Jacob instead of Rachel whom he really loved. But these tragedies were within the risk of society, and communal way of life, in which the individual was supposed to surrender to the religious national ideal of a careful

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selection in order to preserve the growth of "a kingdom of priests and a holy people."

In some way or form, ideas in regards to an individual right to select a mate penetrated into the city of Przeworsk, even though it was only the nineteenth century. The young Chaim who already in his early age became influenced, G-d knows by whom, by new winds that blew all over the world, probably thought of these ideas when his older brothers were married to mates brought to them by others. Maybe he found in the character of our father Jacob, as it is told in the Bible, the determination of a man who was not only "a man who sat in the tents and studied," and he compared himself to him. Anyway, one morning he disappeared from his father's house. He found some transportation which traveled from place to place, and arrived in the regional city of Rzeszow, and from there by train he found himself in Strzyzow.

From the railroad station which actually was only a small barrack it was quite a distance to the town, but suddenly he was standing in the center of town, a huge marketplace, from which narrow streets and alleys branched out in different directions. Everything that happened in this town occurred in the marketplace. There one could hear the news from around the world. One of the side streets led to the house of Moshe Krantzler, a huge estate, surrounded by a garden, bordering on the railroad tracks. On the other side of the tracks an extensive green meadow was spread out on which in the summertime, cows that provided the Krantzler family with all their dairy needs, grazed. During the winter the meadow was covered with snow. In March the waters of the Visloka River overflowed its banks after the ice was broken, and flooded the fields and plains. An unpleasant sea of water extended for several kilometers, spread all around, and often interrupted the train movement for several days. Then a small locomotive was sent out on the tracks to survey for any damage. That event marked the beginning of spring. Chaim asked about that particular house. Names of streets or house numbers were not in existence. He went into the house and came into a dark corridor where he saw a big barrel filled with water which Yankl the water carrier brought daily from the well for which he was paid a few red copper coins. Chaim wanted to announce his arrival, so he drew a cup of water from the barrel and recited loudly the blessing over the water. Then he modestly approached the door leading into the apartment. In the first room there was a big round oven, and it seemed that here was spent the ordinary daily life. From the other room a chandelier for the Sabbath candles hung from the ceiling where apparently the Sabbath and holiday meals were eaten. There were beds in both rooms. To be exact, they were sleeping places used as such at night and as benches in the daytime. Around the oven there was a bench which served as a welcome shelter for wayfarers who could not find a place in the barn. There was always a place for those who sought lodging. No one was ever turned away for lack of space. The Krantzlers behaved the same way later when they lived in Germany and France. They gave shelter to outsiders in the hours of the night if they could not find a roof over their heads. They also practiced this tradition later in Eretz Israel. When European

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refugees arrived, they provided them with places to live. Only now in the modern Israel things have changed, when the offspring of the refugees obtained elegant four-room apartments, there is only room for "Sabbath night parties."

Chaim went in with extra humility but with determination. When he saw four women he remained standing embarrassed. The woman in the center had blue eyes and wore a wig as it was proper in those times. Apparently the other three were her daughters. One had black hair, the second was blond, and the third one had brown hair. They looked at the young man whose face was covered with a small black beard, with extra curiosity. They thought he might turn around and withdraw, but he did no such thing. He introduced himself with humility, and asked Bluma, his bride-to-be, her name. They all gazed at the blond girl who blushed and did not utter a word. She was average height with bright-blond hair and blue eyes like her mother's. However, her body was more firm, and she had a high round forehead with wide jaws. If someone would have encountered her in the streets of Krakow or Lwow, they would have said, without hesitation, that she was a Polish girl, of pure Slavic race, except for her sharp penetrating look which gave her blue eyes an entirely different expression, different from the pale blue pupil of the eyes of real Slavic girls. These pale blue eyes blend into the scenery of their native land where Polish and Russian boys and girls dream, play, and dance carefree. Jewish blue eyes, even though their origin might be Slavic, still their penetration is much deeper. They are deep and unsearchable as the depth of the sea, and they tell about experience of life and sufferings.

While the black haired Sheindl, and Yente the brunette, were smilingly looking at Bluma, the blond mother, Molly, solved the general confusion when she said: "Here they come. The men are back from the morning services." The whole street, all the way to the marketplace, could be seen through the window, and the women often stared out worryingly observing how the master of the house walked, trying to determine whether he was angry or in a good mood. Today he--and his son Yerachmiel walked with easy, carrying their velvet talit bags under their arms. Both were of middle height, which Chaim immediately noticed because he was tall. One of the men had a short unkempt white beard, and the second man had a fluffy reddish-blond beard which adorned his chin, and of which he was very proud, not allowing them to grow wild. Unlike other pious, devoted illiterates who possessed very little, if any, Torah knowledge at all. Yerachmiel was the pride of the family. His father selected for him the best available teachers, who for many years taught him the holy teachings. When in the evening, Yerachmiel opened the big Talmudical tractate and hummed with his sweet voice the treatise about civil or criminal law, his father's strict facial lines softened, and the eyes of the tiny mother, Molly, sparkled proudly. Even the three sisters conversed in a whisper.

Now father and son entered the house cheerfully, as it was proper and seemly after completion of the morning services. When they saw the strange young man, they reached out their hands with the customary

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"Shalom Aleichem" greeting. They looked around them with surprise, and they immediately understood the whole situation. The face of the master turned gloomy as usual which always aroused the family's anxiety. He furrowed his thick brows and did not know how to approach the unheard of behavior of his future son-in-law, and how to react. Before the master of the house had a chance to become angry, his wife quickly softened his angered mood by reciting a few verses about similar situations in the Bible. She had read these verses in the Yiddish Pentateuch, translated especially for women. Ultimately, he decided that a guest is a guest and, as such, the proper thing to do was to ask him to wash his hands and come to the table. Our Patriarch Abraham did the same, as it is written in the Torah: "And comfort ye your heart, after that ye may pass on." That is the way a Jew, a Hassid, who follows the Torah with its strictures, is supposed to act, otherwise he is not a descendant of Abraham our Father.

Consequently, the three men sat down to the table, and the women served rye bread, butter, and strong coffee. Bluma served an extra large cup for the guest. During the meal, the men spoke about various subjects, and Chaim often glanced at Bluma and was inattentive to the conversation at the table. Instead of listening to the conversation, he tried to overhear what the girls were talking about. Finally, because it was not a Sabbath or holiday, and duty required going out to trudge in the villages in search of a livelihood, the host asked Chaim to recite grace after the meal. Still, everyone felt that this breakfast was a festive event and they separated with the blessing "Be well, and go in peace." Late that evening, Chaim returned home to Przeworsk, and announced, "I am satisfied with my bride," and he went to sleep.

Bluma, Chaim's bride, was the oldest and most active among her brothers and sisters. Her iron will and her talents she inherited from her father. Her blond hair and blue eyes came from her mother who was still called "the Beautiful Molly," and whose beauty in her older years was expressed by her goodheartedness and love for her fellow man. She quietly influenced her husband upon whom the heavy load of providing for the family rested, and she shared his many worries. He therefore was very strict and ruled his family to the point of instilling fear with his sparkling eyes that seemed to be always angry. He was a land and cattle broker. He had acquired a good deal of property and he lived in his house surrounded by a garden and fields. He possessed very little knowledge outside of what he needed to conduct his business. To read and write in German he did not know. He knew only Hebrew. However, his children were all educated and wrote in a precise calligraphic handwriting, except Bluma. Being the oldest, she had no time to study. She wrote down on paper what was needed, fast, phonetically, and with clarity, without paying attention to neatness or spelling. Arithmetic she did by heart, she had no need for pen and paper. If Bluma possessed her father's commercial instincts and the capability of judging a person's character, she also possessed the fierce strong will and iron consistency, expressed by her absolute, uncompromising religious belief, and she was truthful in any situation without hesitancy. The kind of belief that moves mountains is a most valuable thing in life when it is

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found in a goodhearted person who has abundant, endless mercy toward the poor and afflicted, as practiced by her mother, discreetly. Of course, Bluma's father also fulfilled the religious obligations of good deeds and charity, as it is required of a religious man. He often did more than was normally required of him. His barn was open for lodging for many wayfarers who in the morning were served breakfast and some money for their pockets. These things were done with true piety and this was the result of religious upbringing in which Father Abraham was a role model, since he championed hospitality and feeding the poor. Molly's abundance of love for her fellow man turned the precept of charity into a personal matter, and influenced the character of her children, especially the daughters, Bluma and Yente (Janet). Humane and religious foundations grew in her body and integrated into one block which could not be dislodged by any kind of influence or prompting.

After the wedding of Chaim and Bluma, the young man realized that in the poor social conditions of his native land, his profession as a scribe would hardly provide an existence and everything on the other side of the German border looked better and easier. They heard that the people who immigrated there had succeeded enough to bring over their families. But was this land where Torah observant Jews could live and remain devoted to their beliefs? People often came back for a visit, people who left before, and they returned with smooth, clear-shaven faces, without sidelocks, and they looked entirely like authentic Germans. Germans in everything. They wore suits with short jackets in contrast to their relatives, who still wore long coats. Even if there were a few who wore some trace of a beard to show that they were still pious, what would become of the children, who would learn in the German schools and in the streets the German language, and therefore would become estranged from their parents who spoke Yiddish and their Jewish traditions? Would they ask their mother with the same reverence: "Mutter, gib mir coffee," in German as: "Mame gib mir kaveh." in Yiddish? Who knows where this would lead? Would keeping tradition cease together with the change of language? Nonetheless, they tried to solve it by reaching an agreement with Bluma's parents and the Krantzler family, that they will try to make an effort and do everything possible that some of the children that would be born, would be reared in the grandparents' home. Meanwhile the young couple would establish their Jewish home amidst the dangerous environment. With a distressed soul, Bluma went to Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro (although he was not the official Rabbi, he did serve as adviser and spiritual consultant to a select circle of the pious, the "Hassidim"), to ask him if she would be able to use the ritually slaughtered meat there expressing apprehension that the kashruth was not as strict as it was at "home." Not because she was a meat lover. She could as well exist for weeks on fruits and vegetables, but during her pregnancy she was supposed to maintain a proper diet. What should she do? The wise Rabbi responded, endearingly pronouncing her name: "Blumahl'e Blumahl'e! What kind of a response did you expect to hear? Is it not enough that I do not forbid you to go? You want me to preach you morals? Feed yourself according to the existing conditions there,

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but follow your husband and remain a kosher Jewish daughter!" Bluma's heart accepted the faith that the friendly Rabbi with his sly eyes implanted in her. And she never ate bread which was not cut with her own knife, and no butter was used which she did not make herself from milk that she bought directly from the cowshed. In the later years she sent her offspring to fetch her own can of milk from the farmer's house after they observed the milking. These offspring when they grew up were not exemplary children. They often burdened the life of their religious parents but, in principle, they adhered to religious faithfulness, and all things concerning religion.

The small dowry that was promised by the father-in-law was not fully paid. But did Laban the Syrian behaved differently toward Jacob? The anger of a cheated son-in-law was justifiable, but the father-in-law did come up with some mitigating excuses. What was left of the dowry was used for the trip to Germany, and for the food during the first few weeks until they entered Stuttgart, and they were able to find a source for their livelihood.

Stuttgart and many Jewish communities in Swabia, Germany, did not have an outstanding scribe. Therefore, Chaim thought that his livelihood would be easy, as the saying goes: "A profession stands on a golden foundation." And the subject here is a profession for which brains and heart were needed, not only the art of calligraphy like that of a copier in the Middle Ages, who copied all types of ancient texts for which there was no need to be pious and knowledgeable in Torah. An average man, even though he knows his trade, is not allowed to write the holy letter on parchment. A scribe must approach this holy task with sanctity especially before writing G-d's name, he is required to immerse himself in the mikva in order to be clean, body and soul. Therefore, only a few could be found who possessed all the required characteristics, such as artfulness, knowledge, and being a Hassid. Stuttgart was lacking such a scribe who could periodically check the Torah scroll for a worn-out letter or a blurred word, because in such a case, the Torah is unfit to use. The infinite, conscientious attitude toward every serif written in the Torah scroll was being guarded during hundreds, actually, thousands of years, to prevent the tiniest error. And that is how the purity and devotion to each letter was preserved, as it is written in the Torah "Ye shall not add to it and not decrease from it." It was forbidden to correct words that "were not clear," in the Torah, not as the copiers of the Middle Ages did with ancient manuscripts, changing versions of ancient poems, and the present researchers racking their brains to understand them. The revered awe of the Jewish scribes towards Torah scrolls prevented forgery and distortions, even those made with good intentions.

Well, there was no such good professional scribe around and, to Chaim's sorrow, there was also a lack of pious devoted, good Jews in the Wurtemberg area. Not at all as he had imagined. The affluent, liberally-religious communities in the progressive lands of Wurtemberg and Baden, did not pay attention to the condition of their Torah scrolls. Therefore, when a scribe appeared to offer his services, they reluctantly let him check one or two scrolls without being too sympathetic to that

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profession, and they paid a meager fee. Chaim traveled from community to community, stayed away from home a day or two and sometimes even three or four days, ate only what he brought with him. Because he saw the disrespect for the art of a scribe, he doubted if they kept kosher. There was also a deep disregard among the German Jews for the Jews from the east who had just recently immigrated into their midst. This was also a factor in the meager pay for such an important art. They proudly considered themselves to have the upper hand in knowledge in the holy scriptures which no one dared to challenge.

Chaim refused to be "inert," to be a scribe without being erudite in world events. He also refused to accept benevolent bread from his German coreligionists. After a few months of unstable life as a scribe, he realized that, even though he could have existed in this profession, it had no "foundation of gold" and he would be forced to live in continuous poverty. Therefore, he searched for a permanent occupation, and he determined that at a time of a flourishing economy in that country which never stopped preparing for the next war, there were possibilities of becoming prosperous in a field that the locals neglected. These were materials that could be used as raw material for the military industry. Items like: Scrap iron, rags, etc. which in time might bring in huge profits. The junk business had especially prospered in Germany where the people considered the war imminent, unlike other countries, such as France, Austria, and Italy, where it was thought that peace would not be disturbed. At least, it seemed to them that way. There was a shortlived crisis in that sort of business after the First World War, but it soon recovered when the Germans began to prepare for another war. The pockets of little people always depend on world events.

At first Chaim went into this business on a small scale, without any ambitions to subdue the potential economy of the land. This was the only possibility for a young immigrant to attain a relatively moderate existence and to be independent. He refused to depend on his coreligionists who paid so little, and explained their attitude by saying that fixing scrolls was a rewarding deed in itself, and he should expect to be rewarded by G-d. Chaim thought to himself that he does not want to enslave his piety to make a living, but to preserve it as a way of life in his daily adventures.

As time went by, he became a supplier of raw materials for the Germans, and his knowledge in the business broadened. He felt secure enough to bring over his brother and wife, and he took them into the business as partners. The two brothers were inseparable all their lives, until the language of the nations became mixed up as it was during the time of the tower of Babylon, during the period of National Socialism, which drove one brother to emigration, and to a new life, and the second to expulsion to the town of his birth. On the initiative of the two brothers all the Eastern European Jews who lived in Stuttgart joined and became a congregation. Such a congregation of the Eastern European Jews which gathered indiscriminately all the immigrants from all professions existed for some years. But, could they have worshipped with people who did not observe Sabbath and did not keep kosher? In the congregation "Shomrei Shabos" were accepted only those who were truly G-d fearing

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There was no shortage of people to perform the religious rituals for free. Therefore, no funds were needed. They were selfsufficient.

David, Chaim's younger brother, served as cantor. He was less intelligent than his older brother. He had a slower grasp and less initiative. On the other hand, he had a wonderful voice which brightened the prayer house with godly brightness, so that in the heart of the worshippers there was more light than in all the marble temples in the world. David possessed a shiny appearance, was taller than his brother, faultless, spiritually tranquil, nothing artificial, and he did not pay attention to the impression he was bound to make. He won hearts with his childlike sharpness. He did not realize that he personified a figure from the holy scripture. He never looked in a mirror, an instrument that causes the sin of self-esteem. While studying the daily portion of the Talmud before the services he was very passive, even though in religious diligence he was remarkably active. As soon as he approached the pulpit with his head covered with the talit and began to chant, angels began to sing and pray with him.

No wonder then that his fame spread throughout the region, and many communities tried to hire G-d's beloved singer, promising to pay him well. However, David rejected such offers and refused to negotiate, even at times when he needed the money. He adhered to what our sages said in the Book of Ethics: "Do not turn your religious knowledge into a livelihood." Such talents should not chase after fortunes, they should be used only for G-d. The small congregation that the two brothers organized kept growing, thanks to its cantor and his brother, Chaim, the founder whose knowledge of the Five Books of Moses had qualified him to be the Torah reader. In time, their third brother, Joseph, arrived after escaping from the Czarist cossacks and, since he was a Talmudic scholar, he granted to this little religious community of Eastern European Jews Rabbinic glory and respectful reverence in the eyes of the old established liberal Jewish community.

The three brothers, Joseph, Chaim, and David, became the leaders of the Orthodox community without even striving for it. They became the authoritative center for uncompromising Jewish religious life in Stuttgart and its vicinity. These people, even though small in number, adhered to all ritual strictures and Rabbinical laws without fear of appearing absurd. On the contrary, as a result of their inner confidence, they gained unlimited reverence. The three brothers had no intention of ruling others. In their outward appearance they looked alike, they were tall, all taller than their wives. Joseph was blond, his eyes blue like steel. David had dark brown hair, and Chaim was black-haired. All the colors of the Jewish race were represented in the three brothers and their wives.

And, meanwhile, children, boys and girls, were born at intervals of a year or two. Every child bore a different complexion and different characteristics. In these characteristics the offsprings' outer appearance reflected the inner contrasts that existed in their parents' contrasts between religious tradition and the strange, suspicious environment, and the daily difficulties that derived from it, and also the strong decisiveness to withstand all challenges, impulses and tasks, broadmindedly, with moderate temper and with loyal simplicity.

CONTRASTING WORLDS

Vienna-Budapest, August 19, 1966.

"TURN MY BOAT WHILE SAILING UPON THE WAVES OF THE DANUBE"

This small endearing song instilled in me dreadful fright since the fifth year of my life. My little sister brought it from Germany, the distant wonderland, when she came with mother to Strzyzow to take us, the two oldest, "home," after we were left with the grandparents as "col-lateral." They came to take us to our parents who in our eyes, were complete strangers, as were our brothers and sisters who meanwhile had grown and blossomed in Stuttgart. They talked to each other in Swabian, and sang Swabian songs. They also responded in that German Provincial language when our parents spoke to them in ancient upper German, which in the Slavic countries was called "Yiddish."

The little brothers and sisters looked upon us, the brothers from the east, who were dressed in long frocks and adorned with oversized sidelocks, with strangeness and bewilderment, and kept a well-mannered distance from us. They treated us exactly like the Western European Jews treated their coreligionists from the east. It was not because "children" say out loud, what adults whisper," but rather because it is human nature to consider oneself better than those who just came from far away, and such a phenomenon appears at an early age and within the same family.

We the children from cheder, looked with amazement at our little brothers and sisters who were so nicely dressed, and spoke so differently from us. They said "Mutter" and "Danke shoen," and had sayings for all occasions like: "Children should not dare, to touch forks, knives, scissors or fire."

Everything seemed derived from an orderly world which, until the mass destruction, did not deviate a speck from order and punctuality. We were also attracted to that little song which told us about the Danube and the turning of the little boat. I learned the song easily because of the pleasant tune, but later I always searched for the meaning of the turning boat. And for many years it remained an unsolved puzzle. Finally, I sailed upon the waves of the Danube. After I crossed many lakes and oceans, cruised many rivers up and downstream, I realized the farfetched dream which I had longed for all my life. No sailing compared to the sailing upon the waves of the Danube. Here I returned to the scene of my childhood, to that period of brightness which preceded the sobering reality of the present day Eastern Europe. The waters of the Danube are still crossing and flowing through the same countries which had belonged to one mighty but powerless kingdom before. Still, she was a kingdom of glory, the double Austrian-Hungarian monarchy whose emblem was a double-headed eagle, and whose languages were as many as the ethnic

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nationalities that lived there. Galicia, which was almost on the outskirts of the empire and was closer to the banks of the Vistula River, still belonged to the cultural circles of the monarchy on the banks of the Danube. This monarchy disintegrated and turned into an anarchy on the banks of the Danube, which lasted until the Red Army arrived in its march of steel, and offered her protection. This protection was accepted with little enthusiasm, and it created the social political unity that exists now.

So was my life, turning on a pivot. I returned to the departure point, to the source, to understand the turning. But it always seemed to me that I was turning on my own pivot. In all stages of my multi-colored, dizzying existence, this was a repetitious return to the source. In all stages of my life, Germany, Switzerland, France, Anglo-Saxon countries, and Luxemburg, where I lived different lives, I always adapted and fit myself into the lifestyle of the area, because I rapidly understood it, often more effectively than the local people who knew their language as they knew their bread and beer. The local people took their life for granted, and their devotion and their trustworthiness was less than that of the newcomer who came from far away and breathed in his temporary surroundings. However, there was always a last opposing force which interfered in the complete integration, apparently an external influence, or a spiteful craze, professional or official, which at the decisive moment represented an internal opposition. Out of the consciousness of my soul and the Jewish format which was forged in Eastern Europe, I defended myself from diving unconditionally into other forms of existence, which I could very well and joyfully accept, observe and absorb without failing to copy them, with one-sided thoughtlessness. I guarded my Jewishness and my religion. Such a thing is very inconvenient in a world which does not tolerate any human society with distinguished merits, in which feelings and thoughts rule equally. An individual who guards his individuality becomes only an onlooker at best. The existence of such limitations are always arousing the suspicion of the masses, and it is more dreadful when a whole society is classified as such, it becomes isolated and selfconscious. It becomes intolerable. This is the source of dislike of strangers of all kind, beginning with anti-Semitism and ending with xenophobia, which are found in the Jewish communities, toward their coreligionists who are different in character.

As a guest and one who has been on both sides of the ocean, I was able to see and prove such phenomenon from experience. The strong rejection that kept increasing and bordered almost on hostility, shown by the German citizens of Jewish faith towards Eastern European Jews, had made an about face, from a historical point of view, when the Eastern European Jews immigrated to the United States and became wealthy. In time they began to treat the recent German-Jewish immigrants the same way. The Carpatho-Ruthenian Jews were treated even in a more severe form by their Hungarian brethren in whom the Magyar national spirit deeply embedded.

The Swiss Jews, even though they are small in number, their economic position is solid and secure. They see themselves as the chosen, because of the fact that over a hundred years they lived in a country which came

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out unscathed from both World Wars. The long-existing superior feeling toward their coreligionists was expressed with that certain Swiss emphasis. Their relations with the few thousand wretched refugees from the Third Reich became tense. They expressed the Swiss way of thought, that the refugees did not fight the Nazi military, and called the Jewish refugees "Swabians" or "Poles." They related to these refugees who had to run for their lives like aristocrats. But to fulfill their religious custom of helping those who came from outside and were in need, they treated them in the same way as the Roman patricians, the semi-barbarians, treated the Greek slaves who were of higher cultural standing, and whose culture and knowledge of the hirelings for very low pay, all "In the name of G-d." A scholar, if he were hired, forfeited not only his copyright, but also the right for personal respect.

I was the only outsider who succeeded in entering the Swiss University during those days of hostility and estrangement; that is to say, to be properly nominated as a lecturer and obtain the right to teach. The reason was, that the higher learning institutions were the last liberal outpost of Swiss liberalism and free democracy and I am cognizant and grateful to the teachers of the philosophical faculty in the University of Lucerne. Of course, I would also like to express my thanks to the few Jewish families who did receive the refugees with a refreshing and enlivened breath, in contrast to the frozen faces of the Jewish leaders. After being accepted as a lecturer, I published my letters and, with modest pride, I put after my name the letters P. D. which is the abbreviation of private docent, to at least note my regained sense of self-esteem. The heir to a local Jewish family conceitedly remarked: "P. D. means Poor Devil." In a sense it was true. The description fitted me. Because at that time, I had no account in a Swiss bank. It would have been satisfactory for me to have an account in any bank that did not have the sign "Jews Forbidden." The letters P. D. represented a personal value for me but had no meaning in the eyes of the community leader. To him a refugee was a "poor devil" and should be treated as such. Other values did not exist.

Indeed, they were aristocratic of long ago, those Jewish Helvetian citizens, a selected tribe from among the children of Israel who were at that time pursued and oppressed in the worst manner in Europe. They considered themselves the beloved of the Master of Universe, and a few of them even thought that not only the few thousand Swabs and Poles whom they rescued, but rather all of Switzerland, owed them gratitude for their piety and, because of their merits, the land was miraculously saved from war and devastation, and that G-d bestows favors to his Chosen while they sleep, and when they were awakened from the noise of the tumbling of the "Thousand Year Reich," they realized that their esteem had grown in leaps and bounds without moving a finger, and their wealth had multiplied. Was it not a sign from G-d who rules from above that he loves them?

There was a slight difference in relations of the Luxemburgian Jewry towards the refugees. They too considered themselves G-d's favored sons. There were about a thousand of them who lived there since the time of

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Napoleon. The war did not stop at their gates, and everybody who felt threatened was forced to flee. More so, the number of Jews increased because Luxemburg had a more humane policy towards strangers and permitted a few thousand Jews from Austria and Germany to enter and wait for United States immigration visas. The number of Jewish refugees was larger than that of the local Jews who had begun as cattle merchants and ultimately established well-based businesses, and saw themselves as outstanding aristocrats in every venue on relations to the recent arrivals who did not speak their language. The sudden influx should have been foreseen by the great rulers of the world, the sober politicians, from Daladier, Stalin, and chamberlain. Everything happened suddenly, and they did not make it possible for the Jews to leave on time and reach safe shores. The Jews were forced by the occupying authorities to leave immediately and to wander off wherever the wind might carry them, so that the authorities could notify Berlin that Luxemburg had become "the first country in Europe without Jews."

According to the known pitiful policy that ruled in those days, the United States and other democracies had very little interest from a humane point of view to help the pursued Jews, and therefore, they did not reach generous decisions. For the Jews who were born in Luxemburg it was easier to receive immigration visas. In contrast, the refugees for whom Luxemburg was the first stop, were compelled to conduct time-consuming negotiations in the American Consulate Office until they were unable to emigrate and ended up being deported by the Germans.

After the war, the Luxemburgian Jews, the so-called new Americans, returned to their homes and to their properties and, during the post-war prosperity, they became wealthy. To be saved because they were citizens of Luxemburg seemed to them a special miracle from Heaven. They thought that G-d worried about their well-being, and their reaction to this miracle was not expressed by praising G-d and by pious thankfulness, but by conceit. They considered themselves a beloved, singled-out community of a thousand people. They considered themselves wrongfully, proud Luxemburgians, declaring: "We will remain what we are," a slogan with which the country successfully defended itself for centuries against their imperialistic neighbors. The words of that slogan echoed from the mouths of the returning Jews like a declaration of superiority. The Rabbis and teachers who were in their service but were not natives, had to accustom themselves to that atmosphere and lifestyle, if not they were chastised and chased out.

There were among the strangers some who persistently tried to accustom themselves and to agree with the heroic thousand Jews from that great principality, with their world outlook, living standard, and their relation to the Torah of Moses. These people refused to accept any burden of outside culture. They too remained what they were, and had no need even for Moses or for the true and just Prophets. However, there were a few genuinely pious Jews. One was a great princess whose husband descended from the ruling family of Austria, and she was benevolently inclined towards the ex-citizens of the Kaiser and his empire.

Until I attained this experience and this information, my boat was

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turning around periodically. It turned on the waters of the Rhine, Limat, Moselle, Hudson, and Jordan, often sailed against the current, against the wind, but it did not display its flag accordingly. The boat was in danger of being capsized and broken up. She sighed, she groaned in her conversation with the mighty steamboats which proudly and reposedly sailed against the currents, but she always changed her course anew and stubbornly continued in her special path against the winds and the waves. Now the boat is again turning on the Danube, without deviation from all the revolutions that have taken place on its banks, and she makes her way, telling herself tales.

* * *

Now back to my parents. My father, Chaim, and my mother, Bluma, built themselves in Stuttgart the foundation of a modest existence, but in their hearts they remained "at home" in poor Galicia, which was filled with the contents of Jewish life that developed unchanged for hundreds of years. There the contents of life was religion, and the purpose of life was fulfillment of the commandments of the Torah. Life's happiness was expressed by celebrating the religious holidays with all their folkloric supplements. The livelihood in the eastern countries remained poor and insecure, and they lived from Sabbath to Sabbath. The paupers could afford a decent meal only with the help of the wealthy. Every house or shed had to have meat and fish for the Sabbath. Otherwise it was considered a desecration of the holy day, a crime for which the haves would be held responsible. Therefore, there prevailed a particular alertness on Friday mornings, and charity was given to all the needy. No humiliation or disrespect was involved by receiving or giving charity. Because without the poor there would not be a chance to fulfill the command "contribution of a tenth to the poor," which ought to be fulfilled in the religious circles. This is a commandment written in the Torah, and which was established by our Father Jacob long before the giving of the Torah. When Jacob was forced to escape the wrath of his brother Esau, after he had fraudulently deprived him of his firstborn rights, and Isaac's blessing, he made a vow that after his rescue from danger, "And of all that thou will give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." Therefore, giving to the needy was a duty to fulfill, a commandment from the Torah, and was liable to bring shame to the whole community if someone had difficulties enjoying the Sabbath even in the most humble way. In contrast, the government was seen as an abstract monster. Paying taxes to the state was not done as conscientiously as was the giving of charity. The Jews often visualized the government as a dragon with many arms against which you must defend yourself by all means. It was not considered wrongdoing if one act with cunning against the government that kept changing her laws intermittently. However, the precept of charity, the ancient human law, had to be fully implemented, and could not be violated. And in the Jewish world of Eastern Europe, any deviation from that precept was seen as an attack on the law of nature. Charity was not always given generously, and neither did people always come forward to help willingly. But still, charity was a natural

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function like walking and breathing. The life of the poor segment of the population was very hard, and their livelihood came only from dealing with each other. Only a few were able to dig themselves out from collective poverty. Through commerce and brokerage they won a respectful place in those Eastern European countries where these were the only business open to them. Through persistence, these people achieved a certain position of affluence.

My grandfather, Moshe Krantzler, the father of Bluma, my mother, belonged to that stratum. He was a land broker, and he built himself a homestead in which he had a cowshed with several milking cows. The money he saved he made work for him. He lent it to the poor peasants to be repaid after the harvest. His daughters, Sheindl, Bluma, and Yente, helped him in the business. What else could they have done until marriage, when studying Torah was not required? But the sons, Chaim, and Yerachmiel were required to study Talmud and the scriptures to their hearts desire, and to become scholars, and G-d-fearing sons, and to be the hoped-for glory of the parents' lives. Not only that, but studying was looked upon as an investment of the family's wealth. Indeed, they would also become desirable grooms for affluent families. Moshe Krantzler was a pious man and an ignoramus. Therefore, he prided himself in his sons the scholars. But, from his successful practical life as a merchant, he also recognized that worldly knowledge was no less important and, therefore, he desired that his sons should also know how to write from left to right and mathematics. The sons used to boast about their calligraphic handwriting which was in style during that period. The youngest daughter, Yente, stealthily learned from her brothers the art of writing and, with her agility, she overtook all of them, even though this knowledge was of no use to a girl. All three of them had a calligraphic handwriting and one could not distinguish between the boys' and the girl's handwriting. Only later did the oldest son adapt a few American letters when through his knowledge of reading and writing, a big wide world came to his attention. He saved money for the passage and went to the new world, and to symbolize his new life he changed his name to "Henry." To his parents, he became some kind of a lost son who shaved like an atheist. To his brothers and sisters, he became a hidden ideal of courage and independence. And for Yerachmiel, his brother, who was pampered and well-guarded in the learning institutions as the only son. Henry became a patron, who ultimately saved his life when he created the possibility to bring him over with his big family to America, at a time when his sisters waited in vain for a helping hand to be rescued from the Nazi flood. And so it happened that while the European Jewry was exterminated, a new branch of the Krantzler tribe blossomed across the ocean as in the ancient times through Joseph, the seventy people from the house of Jacob found refuge in the land of Goshen, and there they became a mighty nation.

However, the lost sons did not follow the path which had been paved by Joseph the dreamer, has caused great pain to their parents. Such parents often reach their end in darkness and gloom. The childish stubbornness and the paternal bitterness cause the cutting off of natural bonds. However, it very often happens that these lost sons turned later into

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saviors and supporters of their parents. How else could any spiritual progress have occurred without these lost sons who deviated from habits that had been sacred, and who had plowed a new furrow for themselves?

And so, what had happened to Henry Krantzler with his discovery of America was not such a unique occurrence. In 1900, there were many like him who had abandoned the poverty of the Eastern European ghettos, the majority of whom sailed to the land of opportunity, America. Others wandered off to Belgium, France, England or, like Chaim and Bluma, my parents, to Germany.

The millions of Jews who lived between the Danube, Vistula, and the Volga, led steady lives for hundreds of years without deviation, within invisible walls in which they locked themselves in. Reading and writing in the Latin alphabet awoke a persistent distrust within Hassidic circles because it was here where the dropout of many begun. As soon as the children began to attend secular schools, immediately they missed many hours of religious school, the cheder. After finishing elementary schooling, some were sent to higher schools and gymnasiums for another four to six years because, in the Austrian part of Poland, there were no restrictions against Jewish students. In the higher learning institutions, the Jewish children were required to attend on the Sabbath and holidays. They carried their satchels in the street and openly desecrated the Sabbath. They even wrote on Sabbath. In the Orthodox homes, these students were seen as blemished, and as future traitors, and the Orthodox Jews avoided any contact with them. They even avoided obligatory elementary schools whenever they could.

In contrast to the above, every ten-year-old Jewish boy knew how to write the mother language a German-Yiddish in the Hebrew letters, and was well-versed in reading the Bible. At the age of three, his hair was shorn, except, of course, the sidelocks which could not be touched, and he began to learn how to read. At five, the boy learned to translate into Yiddish the chapter of the week, and the more capable were taught the Rashi commentary. At six, the boys began to learn the civil law in the Talmud and, a few years later, the marriage relationship according to the Talmud. All that was necessary to learn about life, was learned from the Talmud. Weren't all the problems discussed in the Talmud? Before they were to see things by themselves, they saw everything from the perspective of the Mishna and Gemara. These provided the outlook on all of life's problems for the Eastern European Jews. Since the philosopher, Immanuel Kant, the time and place are the forms of outlooks according to which the spirit of man grasps things, and puts them in certain order. The spirit of the East-European Jew observed the world from the perspective of the time and place when the mishna and the Gemara were created.

In their world outlook, my parents, Chaim and Bluma, even though they emigrated to Stuttgart, nonetheless, their world outlook remained linked to their parents' home in Strzyzow--to the father's knowledge of Talmud, the mother's firm, unbreakable piety, which constantly demanded sacrifices in every step she took, denying herself pleasure all her life. She became stronger in her belief and did not leave room for any compromise. The question was, would the children who were born in a

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different environment withstand all the provocations of the secular world around them? Would they also remain solid believing Jews?

Chaim and Bluma decided to leave their two older sons for a few years at the grandparents' house in Strzyzow. They wanted them to absorb the Jewish atmosphere before they started their secular schooling. Therefore, Bluma went to Strzyzow to give birth to her older son Isaac and this was very satisfactory to Grandpa Moshe and Grandma Molly Krantzler, because at that time, their house began to empty of children, and now the house began to fill up again. A short time later, two more sons appeared--Chanan and Naphtali. Bluma was most appreciated for being so active, awarding three sons in a row. Isaac and Naphtali resembled their mother, blond as flax, and with bluish eyes. The middle one resembled his father. He was black haired, and his eyes were a mixture of bright brown and green. Elchanan came into this world full-haired, to the great joy of his aunts, mainly aunt Yente, who linked that trait to his Hebrew name "Elchanan" which means a godly gift, and was a good omen for a life of happiness according to her outlook.

Now that the desire to have male heirs was abundantly fulfilled, the birth of a daughter was expected. A short while later a baby girl was born, Roselain, who became the center of attention. She had black hair as her father desired, and he became instantly attached to her, because the three sons resembled the Krantzler family. Roselain was born in Stuttgart because traveling to Strzyzow for each birth was not easy anymore. And concerning the sons upbringing, a compromise was reached. The older son Isaac and the second son Chanan would remain in Strzyzow until their Bar Mitzvas, and the other children, starting from Naphtali be raised at mom and dad's house in Stuttgart.

This division which was made with the best educational intentions, and out of thoughtful religious responsibility, more likely caused the estrangement between the two older sons and their parents, and also between the rest of the brothers and sisters, an estrangement which was never remedied. Therefore, when the house in Stuttgart was humming with children, Isaac and Chanan remained outsiders, almost strangers, and their relationship with their parents was strained and tense. In this family as in other families, there existed different layers of assimilation into the German way of life and German habits of thought. The road from the Danube to the Rhine River passes through hundreds of years of Jewish and European history. The road continues from the Middle Ages, with the force of firm belief, but with merciless surrender and the adaptation of the individual to a closed world outlook and until the twentieth century, with its explosive force, which cannot be described, neither favorably nor unfavorably.

Isaac and Chanan had filled a vacuum that was created by Bluma, who was merry and full of life when she had left the Krantzler house.

Grandpa Moses looked upon the two tots as the interest on his capital which he lent to my father Chaim. My grandfather, the forceful man who was easily provoked to anger, and was not easy to negotiate with, was stern toward his wife and children, but when he saw his grandchildren, he became radiant and bright. Nevertheless, a certain reservation

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existed in their relationship toward grandfather whom they called "Zaide." They often witnessed his outbursts and became frightened when they saw the man who always related to them with extra love, so forceful towards others. The children also noticed his generosity when giving charity and donations to religious institutions within the community. They did not realized then that the inclination to become angry was already implanted in their hearts and bodies. These senseless, furious outbursts were liable to destroy in one second all the human love which had accumulated during the whole day. From where was such a destructive forcefulness derived? It surely was not derived from being educated in the holy scriptures which preach love for our fellow man, and upon which social life in a small Jewish town was based.

The smallest child in a family is always the most pampered. Chanan the toddler soon realized this and took it to heart. Isaac was two years older than he. Now everyone was busy with little Chanan. In this house he remained the little one for many years. He was the master over the grandparents, uncle Yerachmiel, and aunt Yente. Later, in his parents' house, everything suddenly changed. There were other reasons for the pampering: His delicate looks which resembled the face of a girl and also his being a sickly child. Such a sickly condition would not have been improved with mere old fashioned feeding. If not for beloved grandmother Molly, who did not know tiredness and for whom no sacrifice was too big, Chanan would have died at a young age. I remember since I was two years old, that everytime my grandmother become frightened for any reason at all, she wrapped him in a woolen shawl and ran to Doctor Taub, while the child in protest kicked and bounced the body of that weak woman.

This Doctor Taub was not a member of the religious committee in town. He was dressed like a "German," his beard was trimmed and well groomed, not according to the religious etiquette. Also, even though it is not forbidden for a doctor to ride in a carriage to visit the sick on the Sabbath, his calls were not always life-threatening. Therefore, the shadow of a sinner hovered over him, as it hovered over all those elite circles who sent their children to school on the Sabbath instead to shul. And who knew what other forbidden acts they committed from which a pious man shrinks? However, as a doctor, Doctor Taub earned a certain respect in the whole community, despite his dubious piety. Eastern European Jewry respected first of all Talmudic scholars. However, they did not deprive reverence to practical people who possessed worldly knowledge.

Little Chanan often visited Doctor Taub, and later he visited other doctors in the area. He even reached Krakow. Apparently, the tendencies of doctors have not changed. They diagnosed him as having an inclination to infirmness, without finding a cure for it. This alone was enough reason for those who were near the child to worry and to take extra care about him. Chanan exploited the situation to his advantage and knew how to benefit from it. He behaved with despotism and without mercy toward the family members who were apprehensive about his sickness and always noticed a change in his face when they treated him gently, and felt happy about it. The child's illness used to disappear overnight.

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The child had a special love affair with his grandmother and, under her protection, he felt infinitely secure, and deep down inside, he felt that, because of his childish existence, he could do anything he wanted and would be forgiven. He thought that his impolite cunning was liked by his grandmother and other adults. What had seemed strange to Chanan about his grandmother was her wrinkled face which was not as smooth as the faces of the mothers of his playmates. Chanan once asked her meticulously about the difference. The fact that his "mother's" face was also smooth had no meaning for him because she was far away, somewhere in Germany and she only came to visit from time to time. Each time she came, she brought another child with her. Once she brought a blond child with blue eyes whose name was Naphtali. Another time she came with a lovely girl whose eyes expressed amazement at the odd people that she encountered in that small Galician town and at the fact that two brothers who were born here belong to her family. These glorious eyes that belonged to the girl, combed and dressed with much splendor, were willed with confusion and contempt, and always avoided people's eyes.

In time, the children became used to each other and played together, but not without friction. It was harder for the children to relate to the two strange adults who were introduced as mom and dad, although they did look a bit like people from Strzyzow. This father with the black beard looked like somebody from a strange land. We related to him as someone who invaded our domain. Seldom and with hesitation did Isaac and Chanan enter into the back room whose windows faced the fields, and was used by our parents during their visits. Once Isaac left their room and inadvertently slammed the door and provoked father to chase after him into his secret hiding place to demonstrate his fatherly authority. That act proved to the child that indeed that man had invaded the domain which was not his. For many weeks, actually years even, mother could not create the family bond with these two natives of Strzyzow.

Only once before mother's leaving was I struck with a sudden sadness. I snuck off alone into my room and hid my face in the pillow. Mother was forced to leave the carriage, and she came into the room where she awarded me with a long blazing kiss on my forehead, and put a five gulden coin in my hand and disappeared. For a long time afterwards, I felt her blazing kiss, and I was emotional and exited in a most strange way. I wondered about the wonderful feeling which I could not explain to myself. Only after many years, after I grew up and matured, the same wonderment returned to me, the same incessant spring of worry and devotion of the parents. By then, it was too late. The children became letters, the parents became foster children. If only people would continue to talk to each other, not about others, but about themselves, in order to get closer and to understand each other. Such mutual conversation is not silver but gold, and silence is not even silver but a brooding station for estrangement, for keeping away, for creating mutual animosity and all the ills that occur upon the earth.

Once the whole family arrived from Stuttgart to Strzyzow for a longer stay. Apparently, the long separation from some of the children became unbearable to my parents. And possibly there may have been other

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problems, like the fight for existence which became harder because of the uncompromising observance of religious traditions. My father rented a small store in the marketplace, and the adjacent small apartment might have been sufficient if the two of us would have remained with our grandparents. We still went often to visit them, but only upon their request. When I encountered my father in the street, we looked at each other with great interest, but we did not know what to say to each other. Without uttering a word from our mouths, we passed each other and continued on our way. I have seen him sometimes sitting on the steps of his store, waiting for customers, mostly in vain. This showmanship of waiting for customers was not befitting such an energetic and active man. He probably surrendered to his wife's request and tried to return and adjust himself to the Galician household.

Customers seldom came and the ones that came, bought very little. In contrast, a customer appeared one day of whom everyone was afraid. This was Jasiek the "thief in broad daylight." He used to appear every once in a while in this or that store, and he was given whatever he demanded so that he would leave peacefully. Most of the time he was drunk and he waved and played with his knife, so that many closed their shops when they saw him nearby. There was no possible escape from him because the only local policeman always appeared afterwards, making compromises with Jasiek just as everybody else who did not want to bump into him. Alas, he continued the robbing activity with despotism to the distress of the Jewish shopkeepers.

And it happened that he came into the small, modest, new store and demanded money or merchandise from my surprised father. He was accustomed to receive the handouts without explanation from the softhearted Jews who were afraid of his knife. This time Jasiek's time had come to leave with a great surprise, because my father, without hesitation, slapped his face, pushed the astonished man out into the street in not a very gentle way, and locked the door from the inside. The residents of the town assembled in groups and all the neighbors stared and looked in bewilderment at how the terrible Jasiek was thrown out by the quiet, tranquil Jew, who never bothered a fly on the wall, and how the culprit's nose was bleeding. At the sight of the gathered crowd, this bogymen who until now had imposed fear on everyone, decided that it was time to depart. However, he did not depart without an avalanche of dreadful curses in the best choice of words of the Polish language, and threats against my father. The story about this event was told all over town, and there was no mincing words to describe the daring of my father whose life was now in danger. However, none was ready to bet even the smallest sum that, in the future Jasiek would come out ahead. Afterward fear dominated my mother's whole body, fearing for her husband's life. Therefore, she was searching for a way how to avoid a tragedy. Shortly, when Jasiek appeared again, she simply approached him with a question, would he like to have a drink of vodka? She invited him to her apartment near the store, poured several drinks for him and filled his pockets with cakes and cookies. Jasiek could not figure out what was happening to him, and he never showed his face in this area again.

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After this incident my father's stature went up tremendously in the eyes of those who constantly feared that scoundrel. The appearances of my mother, that tiny woman, often saved my father's life from all kinds of characters of Jasiek's type. The business was bad. The only good thing that my father derived from that situation was that he had spare time to devote to studying the Talmud, to which he dedicated a lot of time anyway. The daily income was barely enough for the daily needs. However, the Sabbath was always celebrated festively with fish and meat, plaited challa, deserts and hot chulent. That festive meal lasted a long time, and it included heart rendering songs, in Hebrew and Aramaic, songs in which we thanked G-d for favors he awarded us, body and soul. And, if a poor wanderer appeared in the synagogue as a guest, he was called to the Torah, and then, he was invited home for the Sabbath meal. Sometimes the guest introduced a new tune to an old song. This was so rewarding that it seemed that complete happiness reigned in our house. However, the peak of satisfaction was seen during the Sabbath morning services in the kloiz of the Rabbi from Sassov. The official Rabbi worshipped in Beit Hamidrash. However, the center of study of the aristocratic Jews who stood out with their Hassidic way of life was in kloiz. There they gathered around their Rabbi, an offspring of the Shapiro Dynasty, a delicate man adorned with a white beard and sparkling eyes which expressed love and possessed a warm, enticing voice. The Rabbi often chanted the Sabbath morning prayers. He did not chant with a voice trained according to musical rules. However, his strong voice and the expression of his soul were thrilling, heart rendering and musical by themselves, according to all the principles of traditional form, so that the worshippers, whether they were veterans who knew his chanting, or newcomers, they all were deeply impressed in an extraordinary way by his variations which burst out of his throat and ascended into the heavens. His chanting and his charming personality inspired spiritual life in the Orthodoxy who were around him and increased the number of his followers to the great dissatisfaction of the official elected Rabbi, despite the charm, piety, and scholarly skill that the latter possessed.

The appreciation of the two spiritual leaders in Strzyzow, Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz and Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro, found its expression in the "Mishloach Manot" that were dispatched to them on Purim on silver or glass platters. My brother Isaac and I noticed the difference because we were the messengers of our grandfather. (Aside from this, we also served discreetly as the messengers of the grandmother, who sent all kinds of food articles to old woman to whom we could not disclose the name of the sender. Their pleasant surprise caused gladness to my soul so that right there I decided to do it again in the future.) On Rabbi Shapiro's plate, a sparkling five gulden coin shone from amidst the sweets, the equivalent of ten crowns, a nice gift considering how little my grandfather's daily expenses were, approximately a penny a day. In contrast, the appreciation of Rabbi Horowitz was expressed with a three gulden coin, just because he was the official Rabbi, and for the sake of peace. In distinction, he had heartfelt bonds with the Hassidic circle

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of Rabbi Shapiro. I too was satisfied with such evaluation of the Rabbis because the black-bearded Rabbi of short stature was the Rabbi to whom we owed official allegiance, but was less admired than the Rabbi with the snow-white beard who was full of life and youthful feelings, and whose piety was not so gloomy but cheerful and filled with love toward people. He also loved children. Therefore, we, the two Hassidic students, sneaked into his house when our father was invited together with a few other guests after services, and while the Rabbi's wife treated the guests with honey cake and preserves, we suddenly appeared to our father's embarrassment, who felt guilty because of the Talmudic saying, "One guest does not invite another guest." Nevertheless, we felt safe from father's slight anger because of the look and wink of the eyes of this holy and cheerful man who was our stronghold and shelter.

My father often visited the Rabbi's house on Friday nights after the Sabbath meal to mingle with the Hassidim, listen to the Rabbi's Torah discourses, and to enjoy the pleasure of the Sabbath by singing songs. My big brother Isaac, who was about seven or eight-year-old, was the firstborn, and, according to the religious rule, he had certain responsibilities, and he was supposed to guide me when I, at grandmother's urging, went to visit my mother and my little brothers and sisters. After I overcame my first apprehension, I developed a good relationship with them, especially with Naphtali, with whom I walked around the room while he sat in a walking chair on wheels. Suddenly, he stood up on his two little feet in the chair and burst out with a joyful laughter for his just-finished journey around the room. I derived great satisfaction from my usefulness in my parents' house, and I wanted to add joy and to entertain my little brother even more. And, as I began my sudden galloping and sudden stopping, I also wanted to surprise little Naphtali with these sudden intermittent movements. The physical law of perseverance was unknown to me then, so I began to gallop with the wheeled chair on which the tot was standing, hoping to hear gladdening laughter. Instead he fell, hurt his forehead on the cement floor, and began spasmodically to cry, which brought my mother running to the scene, terribly frightened. I stood stunned and frightened, thinking that I killed my brother, and I did not know how to escape from that shameful situation, even though it later appeared that it was nothing serious. Then, my mother inadvertently gave me such a furious look, even though she surely did not suspect that I did it intentionally. This fact, together with the lovingness with which she kissed her little one, convinced me that in this house, I was a stranger and will remain so in the future.

Embarrassed for such little understanding of the law of physics and life, I was saddened from the loss of affection, and sneaked away from there and ran "home" to grandmother. Without uttering a word, I went to bed. I felt that I had left with my parents a reason for unfavorable judgment of noble mind, just because I was helpless and confused at a time when I was completely innocent. I also felt that there was no chance for me to be accepted by them unconditionally, and that they would not understand my moods the same way my uncle Yerachmiel and aunt

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Yente understood them in my grandparents' house. Therefore, I solemnly decided to remain forever in Strzyzow and to keep a certain distance in relationship with my parents and brothers and sisters.

As a result, I felt no obligation to share anything with Naphtali, who spoke German, the way I shared with Isaac. It was an expression of some inner resistance more or less. One day I had to go on an errand to the suburb of the town. I was accompanied by my little brother Naphtali and, as a reward, I received a great juicy pear. With such a mouthwatering item in my pocket, I began my journey. All kinds of thoughts kept popping up in my mind, how to devour the pear without sharing it with my brother. Although his company pleased and entertained me, a pear is a pear. In addition, he was a brother who spoke a different language which meant that he was not such a close relative, contrary to reality. I debated with myself, whether a definite enjoyment of eating the whole pear is better than the doubtful enjoyment of eating only half of it. I kept wondering, "How could I turn my head sideways for every bite of the pear, and how could I take it out and return it to my pocket without being detected?" But before I made my decision, I knew it would not work and I would not be able to escape sharing the pear. "What should I do?" I thought to myself. The saliva filled the cavity of my mouth and demanded to be used in the most proper and useful way. And then, the most rational idea came to my mind. "You know, Naphtali," I said, "Until now we walked side by side for a long time. It was boring. Now, let us walk one behind the other. Something different. We will still be able to converse with each other. And, since I am a little taller than you, I could look forward over your head. Therefore, it is better for you to walk first, and I will follow you. But you should not look back because you are liable to trip and fall. Keep looking forward."

It was not easy to convince Naphtali, but he had no logical reason to refuse my suggestion and he surrendered. We walked, one behind the other and, slowly I ate the fruit. I was careful not to smack my lips. At least, I believed that I was successful not to make any sound. I managed somehow to keep in line walking in a goose step or, maybe, he had his own reasons for doing so, until I made a good-hearted gesture and said to him that from now on we could walk the rest of the way side by side as before.

However, he fiercely refused: "No Chanan, now I want to walk behind you and you should walk ahead of me. A menacing suspicion came to my mind. I became angry at such deceitfulness, and I tried to sway him away from it. But he insisted on changing positions. As far as I was concerned, I had no logical reason to oppose. The fact that I was a head taller than he did not bother him and he just demanded equal rights. This convincing, logical consciousness of just and unjust is our strength and our weakness all our lives. I marched forward and, in my imagination, it seemed to me that I heard the sound of biting into an apple. I had the urge to turn around and to expose his deceit. But he fiercely protested when he saw my slightest movement, insisting on the strict execution of my own cunning maneuver. Resigned, sad and silent, I continued on my way, while Naphtali smacked his lips behind me. The pear

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which was eaten a while ago and was resting in my tummy brought up a bitter aftertaste in light of my fantasizing about the taste of an apple in the present. I felt trapped in my own web, cheated, and, in addition, I did not feel like a straightforward, innocent person. I felt conquered with my own weapon, despite of the higher value of the fruit that I consumed. Somewhere in my heart, I recalled a verse which I apathetically memorized in cheder, that G-d pays the wicked according to his wickedness and traps him in the same trap that he set up for others. My real feelings at that time was, it seemed to me, filled with rage which was directed toward my little, deceitful brother. However, I restrained myself after I thought about the egotism and lack of integrity in my own person. I began to grasp all these traits in my character. What I have memorized and learned in the damp moldy cheder, about the righteous and the wicked which is connected to personal experiences, and rises and appears from far distances, even though, much time passes until we comprehend that the practical implementation of principle is in itself an exalted function which a person can hardly manage to execute during his lifetime. To mature means to arrive to that fitting position of correlating the theory with deeds. If we do not reach maturity, barbarism rules, despite of the accumulated knowledge of piles and piles of books.

In light of the above, is it possible to have an explanation for what happened in the land where art was cherished so much, where science developed immensely, in the land which spreads between the Danube and Rhine, where my lifeboat was supposed to have turned around? What is unimaginable is not the fact that the military was trained and specialized to murder women, children, and elderly people. This thing could have been done in any other place after systematic preparation and certain influence. In these conditions murder units could have been established everywhere. What was missing was the brakes against degeneration of the political rulers, the opposition of the men of spirit and all those guardians of science who apparently lacked maturity, and did not make the connection between theory and practice, between knowledge and action.

The value of science exist only when it creates morality. Otherwise it is only a heap of information which could be used for any dangerous purpose. Educational institutions in many countries lack this logical point, possibly because of the disease inherited from the Greeks which the clever idolators smuggled into the western evangelical countries in a superficial form. A child who grew up in the bosom of Judaism is required, when he intermingles with the western world which is called with a Christian name, to know the gentile contrast, the deep contrast, not only from the aspect of the different superficial science and methods of learning, but also about the basic goal in the face of qualitative life. The sailing on the Danube through Central Europe ought to be, for a conscientious Jewish child, a considerably difficult role which could not be described by the commonly used word, "assimilation." It was a compromise between two worlds which came into existence not by philosophical articles but by groping and searching for the values of life of the

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Jewish youth who were often helpless. The individual activity and the penetrated opposing values and opposed world outlooks concerning basic matters already existed as a result of Jewish children attending secular elementary schools. That is how the silent compromise started in the Austrian area where Polish was spoken, and it continued into Swabian surroundings, where the source of Danube, the majestic river is, which streams undisturbed between blue banks, through various countries unfluenced by any political changes, singing its eternal song.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR AND THE HOLOCAUST

By Itzhok Berglass

Friday, September the first, 1939, was the day that the Second World War broke out. Tension had been felt already in the last days of August, but the tidings that the war had begun came with the German bombings in our vicinity. In the first days, stillness prevailed in the town in the absence of reliable news about the situation. Indeed, the railroad schedule was in disarray as a result of sabotage and bombings by the German enemy. Nevertheless, people, including the Jews, believed in the fighting ability of the Polish army. Everybody was certain in the truthfulness of the government's promises expressed in the appeal for war bonds that we were "Strong, United, and Ready." We also were sure that the military would defend with all their might the defense industry district, located in our area, a triangle bordering the San and Visloka Rivers. On Monday, September the fourth, and the night that followed we still saw a military movement towards the Slovakian border to the south but, at the same time, the first caravans with refugees began to appear in Strzyzow. They came from places near the German border. On Wednesday the stream of refugees increased and grew even bigger on Thursday. On Thursday night, and on Friday, September the eighth, Strzyzow joined the main stream of refugees. It was like a river which on its way to the sea, absorbs all the waters of smaller creeks and continues to flow with the main stream. But, in spite of the wave of refugees which included many Poles, government clerks, and policemen, (they all returned after Poland's surrender,) the number of Jews was small. During the First World War, the Russians occupied Strzyzow twice. After the Jews suffered during the first occupation because of a casualty in the Mandel family, many families evacuated the town when the Russian came for the second time. The retreat of the Austrian army was slow and orderly, transportation means such as trains and carriages were put at the disposal of the refugees. This time, the Poles retreated in disarray, the trains were out of order because of the bombings by the Germans and sabotage by their agents. To hire a carriage was impossible.

Besides, the majority of the town's Jews, including the Galician Jews, in general, did not think of running. Many of those who ran in the First World War were still alive and did not try now to do it again. Neither did the rich and well-to-do who, for much money, could still have obtained transportation. Only the older people remembered the Germans from the First World War when they were "allies" of the Austrians.

Nobody in Strzyzow read the book "Mein Kampf," and the hearsay about the mistreatment of the Jews in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, did not sufficiently disturb the Jews from Galician cities. Although a few of the German Jewish refugees who settled in Strzyzow had warned against the Germans of today, they themselves remained. The Jews were ready to

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suffer from the Nazis but they were not willing to live the life of wanderers, especially after they had seen the suffering of the women and children refugees who passed Strzyzow. Such Satanic thoughts that the Nazis would annihilate men, women, and children were incomprehensible. The rumors were that they were sending young people to forced labor camps.

Because of all the above mentioned reasons, only a few families and single men left on foot. Among those who left were the Rabbi, Kehillah leaders, community activists, several young men, and a few wealthy people who feared being taken hostage.

The path of the refugees from Strzyzow led through Dynow, a cross-roads city. Thousands of refugees, families who ran out of means to continue their escape, many who were on foot and run out of energy to go any further, and well-known personalities who had not intended to go any further to begin with, were stuck there. (All they wanted was to leave town and be somewhere that nobody knew them.)

Some people who passed Dynow were stuck in Dubiecko. One of the group from Strzyzow, Reb Yechezkiel Ziebner, was killed in that town on his way from the morning services. He was carrying the bag containing his talit and tefilin, a Nazi noticed him, and shot him.

My brother-in-law, Reb Yacov Itzhok Bernstein, remained in Dynow with his three children. He refused to continue because of the Sabbath. After the German victory and the Soviet invasion into the eastern part of Poland, everybody returned to their homes. Again, caravans of refugees, though smaller, were seen moving in the opposite direction. A small number of returnees recoiled, hearing about the atrocities of the Nazis, and decided to wait for the Soviet army which, according to the Soviet-German agreement, were supposed to reach the San River. But the majority came home. Reb David Lieberman who left Strzyzow with his whole family, did not flinch from the maltreatment of the Hitlerists he had experienced, but returned home. On their way home, they prayed with a group of refugees on Yom Kippur. The Germans assaulted them and, wrapped in their taleitim, they were taken into a grove, lined up with their backs to the soldiers, and the soldiers began shooting in the air. Despite such an ordeal, he and his family came home, and he was among the first to be killed as it will be told further on.

The systematic killing period had not yet begun. But Jewish blood was spilled freely as soon as Hitler's soldiers arrived. In our vicinity, many killings occurred. Six hundred in Przemyśl, including Reb Moshe Deutch from Strzyzow. In Dynow--two hundred and thirty people, mostly refugees who were passing through town. The Nazis went from house to house, taking men only. In sendziszow, on Rosh Hashana, the Nazis selected fifty men from among the worshippers in shul and killed them. Five men were brought from Frysztak and killed in Strzyzow. Women and children--they did not touch yet. Those who were returning from the evacuation were in continuous danger. In addition to the Germans, Ukrainian bands attacked the caravans of the refugees, especially those who traveled alone. There were even incidents in which these people found shelter with the Germans while escaping from the Ukrainians. The most dangerous area was near Lesko. There the Ukrainians killed a group

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of refugees who were returning home. Among those killed was a son of Reb Ephraim Kneller. Only a few survived that massacre, finding refuge in a German field-kitchen unit. Tzvi Baumel was killed on his way home. He worked in Krakow before the outbreak of the war. When the Germans were approaching the city, he decided to go home to his father, Reb Benjamin, in Strzyzow. Passing through the town Preclaw, near Mielec, he went into the local Beit Hamidrash with a group of Jews. Soon the Nazis began knocking on the door, when he went to open it, they shot him and he was instantly killed.

The concentration of the refugees in Eastern Galicia was bigger than in other places because the Germans expelled all the Jews from the border towns to the Russian side. However, Strzyzow was forty miles away and had no such luck. The refugees from Strzyzow who were on the Russian side were joined by a few Jewish soldiers who remained in the east when the Polish army fell apart. Most people from Strzyzow were concentrated in Lwow. Help was extended to them by the Schiff family, the Jewelers from Rzeszow, and Reb Shalom Wallach, who owned a big liquor store before the Soviets requisitioned it. Their meeting place was in the house of Reb Fishel Goldberg. He was also a refugee from Strzyzow who arrived in Lwow with his entire family, and had a spacious apartment. In his house, the refugees who were lonesome, were warmly received. Especially warm was his wife, Feiga, who was the only mother among the refugees from Strzyzow. In Strzyzow she also used to help poor Jewish wanderers who came to Strzyzow by horse and buggy. She took them into her barn yard and the horses into her stable.

During the nine months that the refugees stayed in Lwow and its vicinity, until their expulsion to Siberia, many of those who were separated from their families returned home illegally. The reports which came from Strzyzow were not bad. Everyone who left his family there was homesick, and it was also difficult to get accustomed to the Soviet way of life. Those who did not return still yearned to do so, but they wanted to do it legally. Most of them were saved by being exiled to where the Nazis could not reach them.

All the returnees to Strzyzow crossed the border safely and arrived home, except one disastrous, shocking incident involving a young woman, the daughter of Reb Elazar Loos. She lived in Dynow and was expelled to the Russian side with the rest of the Jews soon after the massacre. While returning from a visit to her parents in Strzyzow, she was shot by a border guard as a result of a Polish informer. It was not clear whether it was a Russian or a German border guard.

The refugees from Strzyzow attempted to cross the border legally, with a permit from the German-Russian Population Exchange Committee, which was located in Przemyśl. Luckily, they did not succeed. Many Jews did cross to the German side with a permit by hiding their Jewishness. Those unfortunate ones were happy to receive a permit and did not know that they were going to a sure death.

The Exchange Committee was transferred later to Lwow, and there they resumed issuing permits to Poles and individual Jews whose families at home provided a confirmation from the German authorities that their

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return would be useful for the economy.

Tens of thousands of refugees in Lwow and Eastern Galicia who expressed their wish to return home on the German side, waited patiently and were sure that the aforementioned Exchange Committee came to Lwow to arrange their repatriation. These refugees wanted their return to take place in an orderly manner. Therefore, they voluntarily organized themselves into groups with a central leadership. They invested much effort in this organization, but luckily, no repatriation took place.

At the beginning of June 1940, all single refugees who registered to return home, were arrested and sent into forced labor camps throughout Russia. At the end of June, all refugee families were put in freight trains and sent off to Siberia, and to the northern provinces of Russia. From among the Strzyzow families, only my family and I were exiled. The Goldbergs and Dr. Frenkel obtained Soviet passports. Also Dr. Chwal, the only Jewish doctor in Strzyzow, who at first escaped alone and later brought his family over during a population exchange, remained in Lwow, and probably perished later with the local Jews. A few single people including the Rabbi of Strzyzow, Reb Kalonymus, escaped and obtained passports. All these people remained in Lwow and its vicinity.

When the Germans attacked Russia in June 1941, and occupied Lwow, all the people from Strzyzow returned home and shared the lot of the rest of the town's Jewry. From the Goldbergs, only two sons survived. The younger son, Elazar, joined the Soviet army. The second son, who studied medicine in Italy when the war broke out, joined the Italian anti-Nazi underground. Dr. Frenkel, the lawyer, returned home from work one day and found his house empty. His wife and two daughters had been taken away to the place of no return. He survived as Dr. Wierzbicki, with Aryan documents, settled in Krakow and, after the war, served as lawyer for the people from Strzyzow who returned from Russia.

The refugees from Strzyzow who were exiled to Russia experienced all kinds of hardships, imprisonment, hard labor, starvation, sickness, and plagues. Some died and were buried there. These were: Rabbi Naphtali Chaim Halberstam; R. Alter Zev's son-in-law who at one time organized and headed the Agudat Israel in Strzyzow; Rabbi Alter Zev's grandson, Reb Menashe Horowitz, who starved in the labor camp abstaining from eating none kosher food, and on Passover living on the sugar rations only; Reb Gershon Holles, the scholar, died in an epidemic outbreak in the South-Asian part of Russia after he had been released as the result of the Stalin-Sikorski agreement. He held onto a gold watch which had been presented to him on the day of his engagement as was customary then in Galicia. Ultimately, the watch survived but not the owner; Reb Aaron Taub died after he was arrested for the second time for refusing to except Soviet citizenship which the Soviet authorities forced upon the Polish citizens. He was afraid that he would not be able to return to his wife and children. He died from exhaustion serving in a labor brigade; Reb Mordechai Weitman died in Samarkand; One of Reb Alter Yacov Weichselbaum's daughters and her husband died from starvation in Dzambul. People from Strzyzow, who lived there could have saved them, but they found out about them too late; two sons of Reb Feivel Hauben died in a remote

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collective farm; an offspring of the Gertner family who was expelled from Germany and settled in Strzyzow, evacuated from Strzyzow to the east and, after many wanderings, found his death in a Soviet Sovchoz, lonely and abandoned; Itzhok Schliselberg, the translator's second cousin, also died of starvation, after giving away his rations to his young children; Reb Zisha Hirshfeld's daughter from Lutcza near Strzyzow and her husband also died in Russia.

Most refugees from Russia returned from Russia to Poland in the years 1945-46. A part emigrated to different countries, mainly to the United States. The majority settled in Israel.

Only one returnee from Russia did not lived to reach Israel. This was Naphtali Roth who, before the war had been an active member in the Zionist Youth Movement. The climate and life in Russia and the long journey home in the freight trains weakened even more his failing health. He was hospitalized in Poland, where he died after having a day of happiness brought on by the visit of two relatives from Strzyzow.

As soon as the Nazis entered Strzyzow, the maltreatment of the Jews had began. The Nazis beat them, plucked their beards and sidelocks and, with their savage behavior, imposed a deadly fear upon the Jews. They looted the Jewish stores and left them bare. At the beginning the authority was in the hands of the military, headquartered in the palace of Count Wolkowitzki, and also in a few private houses, including the houses of Reb Michael Schitz and Reb Samuel Feit.

By Rosh Hashana, the storm had calmed down a little. Nevertheless, Jews did not worship in the regular prayer houses but in hiding, as the Jews used to do during the Spanish Inquisition, in basements and attics.

On the second day of Rosh Hashana, a shocking incident occurred, which made the Jews of Strzyzow realize that their lives depended on the benevolence of each Hitlerite. The Germans brought five Jews on a truck from Frysztak whom they had taken out from a prayer house, still wearing their taleitim. They were killed in a nearby grove, a place where the town Jews used to stroll on their Sabbaths and holidays. Among the slain was one from the Puderbeitel family whose father was among the two hundred and thirty victims previously murdered in Dynow. There was also one of the Kracher family who owned a stone quarry. They were buried on the same place where they were shot. Later, after the intercession of the Jews from Strzyzow, they reburied the victims in the Jewish cemetery. People said that the main credit for the intercession belonged to Reb Michael Schitz.

Not to let the Jews forget even for one moment the trouble they found themselves in, another ugly incident occurred on Yom Kippur Eve which, fortunately, ended without a tragic result. Wanting to take advantage of the existing relaxation in the last few days, some Jews rushed over to the bathhouse to immerse in the mikva for the holiest day of the year. At the same time, a truck full of German soldiers arrived in town. Apparently, they had the desire to amuse themselves by bullying the Jews. Either they noticed, or somebody had told them that Jews were in the bathhouse, and they surrounded the place. The majority escaped half naked and hid in the area, but a few were caught by the Germans and brought

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to the marketplace. By then, a group of young Jewish girls came out and implored the soldiers to let the captives go. At the end, the Germans released the captives.

Days passed filled with fear and worry. The military command was replaced by civilian authorities and the troubles changed to a different format. Instead the savage and wild torments, oppressive decrees started coming, one after another, denigrating the Jews and turning them into dust. The German Commandant Keller was not especially bad, and perhaps he did not add to the decrees that came from above. But there were enough of them to torment the lives of the Jews.

When the administration took over a "Judenrat" was appointed as in all of the cities in occupied Poland, and other countries of Europe. The Judenrat consisted of eight to ten members and served as a liaison between the Jews and the German authorities. Reb Abraham Brav, the Zionist activist, was appointed as head of the Judenrat. The members were: Reb Yacov Rosen, Reb Aaron Deutch, community activists who were members of the latest Kehillah Committee, Reb Elimelech Waldman, the man from Mizrachi, Sheingal from Gorlice, who had moved to Strzyzow and was the brother-in-law of Dr. Samueli, the lawyer. (During the German occupation, many reputable Jews moved to other cities where they were unknown.) A few more were appointed, including two from the exiled Jews from Kalisz who had been brought to Strzyzow. In all the days of existence, the Judenrat in Strzyzow behaved decently. It always stood up for the Jewish people and did all that was possible to ease the Nazi decrees.

Reb Yacov Rosen was killed in Strzyzow and Aaron Deutch was deported from the ghetto of Rzeszow with his family to an annihilation camp. Reb Elimelech Waldman was one of the most active intercessors who negotiated with the Germans. He continued to intercede for his brothers in the ghetto. He believed as the others did, that by intercession, he would be able to annul the oppressive orders. When the Nazis selected his wife and children to be deported to the annihilation camp, they wanted him to remain in the ghetto. But he refused and went with them.

Reb Abraham Brav and Sheingal became active members of the Judenrat in the Rzeszow ghetto. They remained there until the last of the Jews from Strzyzow were gone. They were also the last to be sent to their deaths.

Among the first anti-Jewish decrees was the prohibition to travel by train and, later, the prohibition to leave the periphery of the town. A permit from the local commandant Keller was required to leave town, and during the "good days" of that commandant, it was not difficult to get such a permit. To travel by train, a special permit had to be obtained from the regional commandant in Rzeszow, and could be obtained only through the Judenrat. The Judenrat secured such permanent permit for Itzhok Leib Rosen, who was the only official freight deliverer in town. He could travel unhindered. Later, he was also permitted to get in and out of the ghetto in Rzeszow which had been established earlier, at the time when the Jewry of Strzyzow were still in their homes. In general, Jews traveled only when they were compelled to travel, because traveling was deadly dangerous.

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The next decree was forced labor. The Jews and, to some extent, the Poles were forced to work, each men a few days a week. Sometimes women were forced to work too. The Jews were sent by the Judenrat. Two German companies were active in Strzyzow: "Todt" a military contracting firm, and "Kirchof." Both used to feed the workers and also paid some wages. There were incidents when poor Jews volunteered to work, knowing that they would be fed. The Todt Co. treated the workers better than the Kirchof Company, where workers were beaten and tyrannized. The work was hard labor, paving roads, building tunnels, stone quarrying and unloading freight.

The Jews were also forced to do jobs which were a part of the Nazi oppressive system. They were forced to remove the gravestones from the cemetery, bury them in the ground and prepare the land for public parks. The gravestones from the rest of the Jewish cemeteries were removed after the expulsion of the Jews. The better stones were used for paving the marketplace, and the fate of the older stones is unknown.

The worst jobs which were forced upon the Jews were jobs not needed for the German war economy, but were created to humiliate and denigrate the humanness of the Jews. The Nazis made the Jews sweep the streets, do jobs in the quarters of the German soldiers and functionaries to disgrace the Jews. Jewish men and women were nabbed for these works mostly on the Sabbaths and holidays. During these works, the Jews were maltreated, their beards and sidelocks shorn off, and disgraced as much as possible.

Besides the workers from Strzyzow, a thousand young Jewish men from Warsaw, Radom, and Kalisz were also employed in our vicinity. They were organized in labor brigades supervised by Jewish supervisors and escorted by Jewish policemen. They lived in barracks outside of town in temporary labor camps. The Jews from Strzyzow were forbidden to mingle with them.

At the beginning, one of the slave-drivers of the Jews from Strzyzow was the Christian Sabbath Goy, Sibirca, who served the kloiz and the Beit Hamidrash. He was a Petlura man who escaped to Poland after the Bolshevik Revolution, where many of his kind found refuge. He had settled in Strzyzow, and the Jews with their forgiving nature had given him a job and a small house which originally was built for the sexton. Now his time had come to repay the Jews with evil deeds for their good deeds, and to torment them. After some time, he fell into disfavor with the Nazis. He informed that a certain Pole had expressed a dislike for the Nazis, and the Pole, wanting to protect himself, attributed this criticism to Sibirca, and according to Nazi justice, both were sent to a concentration camp. They never returned from there. They were the only two from among the Polish population in Strzyzow who were sent there. The city of Kalisz in northern Poland was annexed to the Third Reich, and its Jews were forced out and some were resettled in Strzyzow. They were housed temporarily in the prayer houses, and later they were settled in Jewish homes or abandoned stores where they lived together with the local Jews. At the beginning, they were supported by the local Jews, and later worked for the Germans and received rations for reduced prices.

Of course, all the orders which the Germans bestowed upon the local

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Jews were also applied to the Jews from Kalisz. They shared the same fate.

Until the expulsion to the Rzeszow ghetto, only a few of the young men from Strzyzow were sent to labor camps. These young men were snatched from the streets for this purpose.

During one such action, Itzhok Leib Rosen was caught in Tarnow. Since he had a travel permit, he was released. He also produced a document from a German firm in Sanok, approved by the General Government, stating that he was buying cattle for the German military.

Most laborers were sent to Pustkow or Bieszczadka, in Western Galicia. The Jews with their vitality pulled themselves together, despite the oppressions and decrees. Although the stores had been looted and abandoned by the owners, still everyone adjusted to the conditions and made an effort to find some livelihood and existence until the storm would pass. Tradesmen kept working and merchants sold merchandise which they had succeeded in concealing from the Germans during the looting, or they brought new merchandise from near and far by endangering their lives. The Jews barely survived. Many bartered household items and valuables for food, which the peasants brought to town, since Jews were forbidden to go to the villages.

The tradition of charity which was always deep-seated in each Jewish heart, expressed itself even more in those very troubled times which the Jews, including the Jewry of Strzyzow, had never before experienced.

Everyone who was able to help, helped the needy. However, charitable activity was scaled down to a minimum. It was done in secret because any organized activity except the Judenrat was forbidden, and for violating the Nazi Rule, there was only one punishment--death.

Informers who would benefit from their brother's misfortune did not exist in Strzyzow. There were two Jewish policemen who helped the Nazis execute their ordinances through the Judenrat and, understandably, did not enjoy the sympathy of the Jews in Strzyzow. It was known that one of them used his position to extort money from different people. In spite of that, he was not considered to be like those known disgraceful Jewish "Kapos." Ultimately, they were sent to the Rzeszow ghetto with the rest of the Jews and found their sanctified deaths as the others.

Besides the two policemen, there were a few helpers who worked for the Germans. One of them was a son of the better families in town. They were only simple messengers who obeyed the requests of those who were in charge.

As it was said before, the Jews adjusted to the oppressive life and edicts, hopeful that it would eventually pass. Because of those so-called "quiet days," the Jews did not prevent their family members who were on the Soviet side, from returning home. Some even urged them to come home. Homesickness was a strong factor among the refugees as was the inability to get used to the Soviet way of life. Nevertheless, even in the quiet days, all kinds of incidents occurred which did not let the Jews forget what a mean situation they were in. Worst of all were the killings of people for the smallest violation of the oppressive rules.

Every incident that occurred shocked the population for a while, but

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they thought that it was only an isolated incident caused by special circumstances, and whoever would succeed to stream through between the wicked waves, would be safe. Even during the expulsion to the ghetto, they still thought that, although the situation was difficult and burdensome, their life of suffering had reached its ultimate point. They did not imagine the possibility of total destruction which had been already decided at the higher Nazi echelon.

The first killing incident had already occurred in 1940. The German Commandant who replaced Keller while he was on his vacation, encountered Reb David Lieberman on the bridge which led to the village Godowa. The Commandant ordered Reb David to report to him at his office. According to hearsay, Reb David wanted to reach Count Filipowicz, with whom he had done business before, to ask him for food for his family. Reb David vacillated whether to report or not. At the end, he concluded that there was no escape. He went and did not return. The Commandant's office was in the house of the Notary Banski. The Hitlerites took Reb David to a nearby field, where he was shot in the neck while he was walking, his body was handed over to his family, and he was given a Jewish burial.

The excesses became stronger after the United States joined the Allies in their war against Germany. On Passover Eve, 1942, eighteen Jewish prisoners were taken out from prison in Rzeszow and executed in the Jewish cemetery which the Hitlerites turned into a killing field. The victims were all American citizens. Among the killed was Moshe Rosen from Strzyzow, a brother of the Rosen brothers who survived the Holocaust. In that same period, the fur action took place. The Jews were ordered to hand over all the furs in their possession. A short time later, a fur stole was found in Reb Samuel Sapphire's house. He was killed on the spot.

The worst incident occurred on May 4, 1942. When a Gestapo unit arrived in town to punish those Jews who escaped East in 1939, before the occupation, but were not exiled by the Soviets, and returned home after the Germans conquered the region of Eastern Poland. Dr. Rosenthal was the only one who was found in his home. The Gestapo took him to the churchyard and shot him using their *modus operandi*, a shot in the neck while the victim walked with his back to them. The rest of the returnees, Yechiel Rosen, Moshe Gertner, and his brother-in-law, Reb Hersch Lichtman, went into hiding as soon as they heard about the arrival of the Gestapo. Then the Gestapo killed six other Jews instead. Some of the victims were found in the house of Reb Samuel Moshe Groskopf, where they had been meeting to discuss charity problems, and the rest were caught in the street. On that day were killed: Dr. Rosenthal, Reb Samuel Moshe Groskopf, Reb Yacov Rosen, Reb Moshe Schefler, Reb Pinchos Eisman and one unknown man.

This killing incident depressed the spirit of the Jews, and they never recovered until the expulsion which came soon after. Trains loaded with Jews from Biecz, Jaslo, and Gorlice passed Strzyzow on their way to the extermination camps. They traveled in locked, very crowded cattle cars. The floors were covered with whitewashing lime for disinfection purposes. The women with their babies on their hands all tried to be near the small window gasping for fresh air.

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By then, the ghetto in Rzeszow was already established. Besides the Jews from Rzeszow, all the Jews from the vicinity were brought to this ghetto. The Jews in Strzyzow thought with dread what they could expect. Despite all the troubles, their situation in town was still better than in the ghetto. There, the Jews were hungry for bread and nobody knew what was coming. Like the drowning person who grasps at a straw, so did the Jews. They tried bitterly to escape the expulsion order. The Judenrat did whatever they could, they traveled to the German District Headquarters hoping that their intercession would result in some help.

The Nazis, seeing that the Jews lived in illusion, decided that there was an opportunity to be the inheritors of their victims. Although the Jews were permitted to take all their possessions to the ghetto where their wealth would anyway fall into the Nazi hands, each individual Nazi preferred to be the inheritor, not somebody else. There was also the possibility that the Jews might conceal valuables in their homes, and the Nazis would not get it. Therefore, with their characteristic cunning, they promised the naive Jews that they could remain in Strzyzow for the price of a few kilograms of gold, despite the fact that the Germans themselves were well aware of their intentions.

Despite of the savagery of the Nazis, the Jews believed that perhaps this time the truth came out of their mouths, and a member of the Judenrat, Reb Aaron Deutch, came to the town with an immense and bitter outcry, despairingly appealing to them to extend a helping hand for their own rescue. "Jews! Save yourselves, have mercy upon yourselves," he cried. He asked them not to hide the gold articles which were still in their possession. When despite all the efforts that were made, the collected gold in Strzyzow did not meet the quota and was not enough to satisfy the Nazi demand, Itzhok Leib Rosen, the only person with a travel permit, was sent to the rich Krosno, a nearby town, with a plea for gold donations to rescue the Jewry of Strzyzow from expulsion.

In Krosno the annihilation process had not began yet. Apparently, the Nazis could not possibly create their inferno everywhere at the same time. The Jews there still lived their oppressed lives working, and a few Jewish stores were still open. Only later did the Nazis come around to set up a ghetto in Krosno for the local Jews and for the Jews of its vicinity. The Jews were all murdered in the forests of Udzikan near Rymanow. Upon arriving in Krosno, Rosen turned to Reb Ever Klagswald, the shochet, who was the son-in-law of Reb Chaim Feit from Strzyzow. Despite the fact that the Jews of Krosno were not much better situated, Reb Ever, with the help of other people, succeeded in collecting a considerable number of gold articles and brought it to Itzhok Leib Rosen who was waiting in Reb Ever's house. As soon as Rosen brought the gold to Strzyzow, and when all the gold was delivered to the Hitlerites, they immediately set a date for the expulsion to the Rzeszow ghetto.

In the days of June 26, 27, and 28, 1943, hundreds of peasants with carriages arrived in town. A part were recruited by the Germans to transfer the Jews, and the others came voluntarily, expecting to benefit by plundering the expelled Jews. The Germans set a price of twenty-five zlotys for a one-horse buggy, and fifty zlotys for a two horse carriage.

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They allowed the Jews to take with them everything to the ghetto. They knew that everything the Jews took with them would fall in their hands anyway.

In total, one thousand and three hundred men, women and children were expelled from Strzyzow.

Filled with despair, the Jews loaded all their belongings on the carriages believing that they would live in the ghetto a long time. Some took with them the leftover merchandise which they had succeeded to hide from the Nazis to barter for food, and the tradesmen took their tools.

The exodus to Rzeszow lasted three days. S. S. men escorted the caravans and , on the way killed all the incapacitated, especially the invalids. Mordechai Russ was among those killed. He was an invalid from the First World War, and his legs were amputated. Reb Aaron Borgenicht, the sick and semi-paralyzed, was also killed. It was reported that Reb David Wiener who, during the German occupation, had not left his house but studied the holy books continuously, did not respond to those who came to expel him. Whether they were Germans or their helpers the poles, he did not pay attention to them. They shot him right there in his room.

On the third day, the last day of the expulsion, when almost all the Jews were gone, Reb Itzhok Leib Rosen arrived in town from the Rzeszow ghetto under the pretext that he had to hand over a storehouse of empty barrels which he managed. In truth, he came to retrieve his uncle Reb Chaim Rosen who remained alone in his room and refused to come out, claiming that he preferred to die in his room rather than in a strange place. Rosen reported that all the Jewish homes were broken open and looted for whatever there was left and, in the air, the wind carried feathers from jewish beddings which the pilferers tore searching for valuables. The Polish collaborators kept tab on each Jew in town. As a matter of fact, as soon as Rosen arrived in town, the mayor Wladislaw Gornicki, inquired about his business and also mentioned that his uncle had not left yet. Itzhok Leib Rosen succeeded in convincing his uncle to go with him, and he also witnessed the expulsion of the last Jews, Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, who was forced out from his house together with his family, to the sound of the wailing women and grandchildren. Al this did not effect the murderers. Nobody saw the Shapiros in the ghetto. They never arrived there. They were probably killed on the way.

The Nazis were helped by the Polish collaborators, headed by mayor Wladislaw Gornicki. His father, Peter Gornicki, the blacksmith, had always befriended the Jews and, for many years was elected as mayor with the help of the Jews. But the hatred for the Jews had been nourished in his house and passed on to his sons. Gornicki's helpers were all from poor Christian circles who always participated in the pogroms. The wealthy of the town this time had also stood aside, and it was hard to determine their position. The truth is that in the whole town not one Jew was saved. The only one who did hide was sent from place to place until he reached Gornicki's helpers. Ultimately, he was killed when he ran out of means to pay those who were hiding him.

Moniek (Moshe), Reb Aaron Borgenicht's son, was found by a farm worker in Jan Patryn's farm hiding in a stack of straw near the

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Visloka River. From there he went to Patryn's relative, Ignac Patryn, and afterwards to the house of Mrs. Maznicka. Soon somebody informed the police and, when they began to look for him, he moved to the house of Wladislaw Uszlicki. He kept paying for the hiding places with valuables which his parents left with their neighbors, Polish intelligentsia. They had handed him only a part of the valuables, retaining the rest for themselves as a safekeeping fee. After he spent all that he had, he was found killed in a water puddle not far from his hiding place.

In 1948, with the new Polish regime, Uszlicki, Maznicka, and a third man by the name Szaro, were arrested and brought to trial on murder charges. Mrs. Maznicka died during the trial, and the two others were freed for lack of evidence. After an appeal by the prosecutors, Uszlicki was sentenced to life imprisonment but after his appeal, he was freed again for lack of evidence. A few years later, one murderer was sentenced by Heaven, and his head was severed when he fell under a train.

According to my supposition and my knowledge, the Christian citizenry in Strzyzow could have been divided into three categories. The first category comprised of those who were hurting for the Jews but were powerless to do something about it and lacked the moral force to help them. The second category consisted of those who were happy about the Jewish calamity, thinking to themselves, "They got what they deserved." Many of these people collaborated with the Nazis and helped them to hunt for Jews in hiding. The third category were the apathetic who worried only about themselves and did not care what happened to their neighbors with whom they lived for many generations. Nevertheless, these people also benefitted from the misfortunes of the Jews. They took advantage when they bartered with the Jews, exchanging valuables and merchandise for food, and subsequently they inherited their stores, homes, and their belongings which were abandoned by the Jewish owners after the expulsion.

The hatred for the Jews had not ceased even after the expulsion. In 1943, a group of young Jews, natives of Strzyzow and its vicinity, came to Strzyzow from the Rzeszow ghetto. They were the remnants of the ghetto. They were used for different jobs before their deportation to forced labor and annihilation camps. The Rosen brothers and Elazar Loos, were among the group who came to dismantle barracks in the suburbs of the town and, on this occasion, they exchanged clothing and other articles for food to take with them to the starving ghetto. The people from Strzyzow reported them to the Germans and they barely escaped with their lives, never to be sent to perform such jobs again.

The Jews from the ghetto who worked in the vicinity and returned daily to the ghetto were sent from time to time to clean homes which were vacated by the owners after they were sent to their deaths. During such cleaning, they found articles of clothing which they later bartered for food. They took this food into the ghetto with the consent of their German foremen who kept a considerable portion for themselves. This time when the local Poles reported the Jews, the German foremen were also arrested. Later it was discovered that the informers and the local police had also not reported what they confiscated from the Jews but kept it for themselves.

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To emphasize the hatred for the Jews, here is a story about the treatment of a young Jewess, Gitel Shlosman, by a few Christian girls in Strzyzow. Shlosman left the town a few years before the war. She lived during the German occupation on Aryan papers. At the end of 1942, after the expulsion of the Jews, she came to Strzyzow to buy hides from the butcher Mr. Gocek on behalf of her Christian employer. Upon arriving in town she was recognized by a few Christian girls her age, who asked for her purpose for coming to a place where there were no Jews. Notwithstanding her pretense that she did not know them, the girls did not leave her alone until she reached the butcher's store. They waited for her outside the store, and she was finally forced to escape through a back door to a village where she stayed overnight in a farmer's house. She left town early morning amidst great danger again, because the man who bought her the train ticket at her request had recognized her at the last moment. The girls reported the incident to the German police, and the butcher complained to the merchant in Krakow for sending a Jewess who caused him entanglement with the German police.

That is how isolated Jews were pursued and hunted by the Poles, helping the Germans in their destruction.

The Rzeszow ghetto was set up in those streets which had been mostly inhabited by Jews before and the Nazis had concentrated all Jews from Rzeszow and the nearby towns and villages. The living conditions in the ghetto was as in all other ghettos. The crowding was terrible. They suffered starvation, sickness, and hard labor, plus daily edicts and many other misfortunes. The worst of them was the frequent "Actions" the selections of transports to the annihilation camps.

The young people, upon arrival in the ghetto, were issued labor cards. The laborers were forced to work mostly in the stone quarry in Zarnowo.

The Nazis began the liquidation of the ghetto soon after the arrival of the Jews from Strzyzow. They were helped by Polish policemen and also by Jewish "Kapos" imported from Warsaw, Kalisz, and other cities.

The elderly were not sent to the annihilation camps but killed locally. If the younger family members refused to separate from their loved ones, the Nazis killed them together.

That way the whole family of my sister Nechama was killed together with my mother Yocheved, refusing to separate. Killed were: My sister Nechama Bernstein, her husband Reb Yacov Itzhok, their two sons, David Dov and Elimelech Shlomo, and the little girl Bina. May G-d avenge their innocent blood.

The families of the people who worked outside the ghetto were put in the transports which passed Rzeszow on their way to the annihilation camps. They were taken to the railroad station at Staroniwa which was the second station to Rzeszow, on the Rzeszow-Jaslo line, where they joined the transports. Before boarding the train, they had to line up five in a row. The first in the row had to pay fifty zlotys, per person for the fare, in total two hundred and fifty zlotys, despite the fact that all their money was extorted from them before in different ways, and the possession of money was prohibited. People were killed for possession of money. Chaya, the daughter of Reb Aaron Deutch, was killed

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in the ghetto for possessing cash. Also Chaya Scheinman, Reb Chaim Mandel's daughter, and her daughter Frumet died for such a crime. And now on their last voyage to their extinction, whoever could not pay the fifty zlotys was killed on the spot. The wretched were led to the train in broad daylight in the middle of the street surrounded by S. S. men and Gestapo who kept hitting them with truncheons and riffle butts indiscriminately, women, children, and elders. If somebody stumbled on the way, he or she was shot and killed immediately. If the victims did not march in a straight line, they were beaten savagely. Relatives of the fallen were not permitted to stop for a moment to help their dear ones. They were forced to continue in line to the death train.

While the Jews were marched to the trains, sidewalks on both sides of the street were crowded with Poles who cheered this calamity of the Jews and jeered the afflicted, as it should be recorded for eternal abomination--the Jews were led to die to the sound of: "Your end has come, Jews!" After each such action, the road to the Staroniwa station was strewn with corpses.

After each selection, the lucky ones who remained to continue to work, were transferred to the eastern part of the ghetto until the next selection. It was called the ghetto of life. There were instances when those who remained in the ghetto succeeded in bringing with them family members and hiding them. But in their absence, the Nazis kept finding them and sent them away to their extermination. This happened to Chaya Rosen, the mother of the Rosen brothers.

The Jews knew about their fate. Nevertheless, they hoped, or deluded themselves, and believed, rather wanted to believe, the words of their tormentors, that the deported were only resettled to other places where they would be working. Upon arriving in the annihilation camps and before their annihilation, the Nazis forced their victims to write letters to their relatives who remained in the ghetto saying that they were working and feeling well. These letters were distributed all over the ghetto.

On December 11, 1942, only four thousand people remained in the Rzeszow ghetto which had thirty thousand people before, consisting of Jews born in Rzeszow and nearby towns and villages. On that day, the last transport was shipped out to an unknown annihilation camp. The camp in Belzec, where the majority of the Galician Jewry, including the Jews from the Rzeszow ghetto, were sent, had been liquidated already. The remnants of the ghetto in Rzeszow were put into a passing transport from the ghettos Tarnow and Bochnia. One hundred fifty people had been squeezed into each car. There were seven cars containing one thousand and fifty people.

From the ceiling of each car a rope was hanging, and the S. S. man announced that anybody who was tired of living can put an end to it with this rope. But the people still clung to their hopes. The last members of the Judenrat with its leader Reb Abraham Brav were also on this train.

Reb Samuel Feit, the young man, Itzhok Leib Rosen, his brother Samuel, and Chaim Adest, who were from Strzyzow, and one man from Bochnia

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who had jumped from trains several times before were in the same car. It was two o'clock in the morning. As soon as the train left Rzeszow, the man from Bochnia climbed over the heads of the people to get to the little window. Because of the density in the car he could not have done it otherwise. Then with pliers which he had hidden in his clothes, he cut the barbed wire over the window and jumped from the train. After him two more from Tarnow or Bochnia jumped out. Zachariah Yaffe from Czudec, a little town near Strzyzow, followed them. He was the fourth man. Yaffe had survived the ordeal. Samuel Rosen and his older brother Itzhok Leib were the fifth and the sixth, the last ones to jump. They jumped despite the protests and shrieks of a few women who were afraid that on account of their escapes, the S. S. men would take revenge on the remaining victims. Chaim Adest, a healthy young man from Strzyzow, had refused to jump despite the coaxing of the Rosen brothers. He was convinced that having a vital profession for the war economy (he had learned the plumbing and mechanical trade while preparing to make aliyah to Eretz Israel), he would get work wherever the Nazis sent him. Reb Samuel Feit refused to jump because he did not want to live anymore. His wife Rachel, and their only son, Joseph, had been sent away in a previous transport. His younger daughter stayed behind in the ghetto and his older daughter escaped from the ghetto with Aryan papers as it will be told further on.

About one hundred fifty people jumped from that death-train, including the Rosen brothers from Strzyzow, Yaffe from Czudec, and the young man Ritter from Lutcha. Ritter was a grandson of the hero from the blood libel in the days of the Kaiser Franz Joseph I, a story written earlier in this book. This young man fled back to his village Lutcha, where he was later killed.

For two days after jumping the train, wounded and bleeding, the Rosen brothers and Zachariah Yaffe circled around in the area until they succeeded to sneak back into the Rzeszow ghetto and were happy to be among their brothers again.

All the Jews who escaped from that death train returned to the ghetto despite the fact that their lives in the ghetto were in constant danger. For the moment, this was the safest place. Outside of the ghetto, with a few exceptions, they were surrounded by Polish enemies who were ready to hand over a Jewish body to the Germans for the price of a half kilogram sugar, or even without being rewarded at all. The Poles were happy to help in the annihilation of the few remaining individuals who were hunted like wild animals. When during the dismantling of the barracks in Strzyzow, Elazar Loos, the son of a respectful family, was asked by the mailman, Ludwig Kolodziej, why he did not run away? He responded: "Where to, and for how long will I succeed to be alive? There is no escape for a Jew."

Most of those who jumped off the train on November 15, 1942, survived and safely returned to the ghetto. Upon arriving there, the three from Strzyzow found the remaining Jews still there.

Characteristically, the behavior of the Nazis was such that the Director of the ghetto accepted favorably the escapees, and even more so

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they were accepted by the local projects foremen, despite the fact that they knew that these people had escaped from the death trains. Although the Hitleirites were united in their goal of the oppression and killing of the Jews, still, everyone looked out for his own interests and the job he was responsible for. Every German was afraid that not having a job, he would be sent to the eastern front. At this time neither woman nor children were deported, but only young people, this caused them to be short-handed. Therefore, they were happy to accept the returnees in order to continue to use their labor and remain on their jobs. Nothing would be lost by killing the Jews later.

There were no incidents of organized resistance in Strzyzow. The town Jewry went as did the majority of European Jewry towards their deaths without active resistance. Jews had fought as soldiers in the Polish army against the Germans. After the Poles' defeat, no resistance was possible or rational. Before the German defeat in Russia, no one rebelled. Even people who lived on their own land did not rebel, and rebellion was impossible for the Polish Jewry who lived among a hostile population. Even though the Poles were enslaved by the Nazis, the majority adapted themselves to the enslavement without their individual lives being in danger. Not only did the Poles failed to help the Jews, in many cases they helped in their annihilation.

In addition to the above, the strong rulers, the Nazis, planned the killing of the Jews with deceit and hypocrisy. Before they directly attacked the powerless and defenseless Jews, they broke down their spirit and power of resistance gradually. They proclaimed their strong hatred for the Jews but the decision would have caused an armed resistance even in the difficult conditions of the Jews as the remnants of the ghettos and the partisans did. This was not a war with the Jewish people but contemptible murder by ambush.

Whenever possible, they took the aged, the women and children for annihilation, at the time when the men and youth were at work. By lying to the victims, they hid their true intentions and induced in them hope until the last moment. Any resistance, the smallest one, was a sure death, and every Jew hoped that by endurance he would survive until the end of the war. They believed that the killings were only partial and not aimed at all the Jews. On the other hand, there were many people who waited for death as a redeemer after losing their families. Many men from Strzyzow, when the Nazis asked them to remain in the ghetto in order to exploit their labor until their turn would come, did not agree but joined their families on their last journey.

There were two incidents of resistance in Strzyzow which ended in the death of the resistants. In fact, they hastened their end.

The young man, Moshe Thim, was nabbed by a few German soldiers while they were washing their military vehicles at an open well. They tried to force him to do their job. He forcibly resisted and hit them back with their own weapons. At the end, they overpowered him and brought him to the commandant. This happened in the so called "good days" of Commandant Keller. When the boy's father, Reb Kalman the tailor, who worked for Keller and the rest of the officers, found out about it, he went to

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Keller and pleaded for the life of his son. Keller could not forgive the young man for having the audacity to strike the superior German soldiers, or, maybe he was afraid to free such a person. On the other hand, Keller could not withstand the pleas of the unfortunate father who had served him faithfully all this time. He did not pronounce his sentence but he sent the boy to the District Commandant in Rzeszow. Moshe Thim never came back to his parents.

The second incident occurred during the actions in the Rzeszow ghetto when the family of Reb Samuel Saltzman from Niebylec was led to the railroad station, Staroniwa, for deportation. Reb Samuel Saltzman was strong and young, and the Nazis wanted him to stay behind and continue to work for them. However, he refused and joined his family. On the way, an S. S. man who escorted the transport, struck his wife. Reb Samuel the Jew, a native of Niebylec whose Jews were known for their pride and strength, of whom the peasants were always afraid, had already escaped once from the Germans for some small infraction of their decrees. He could not endure the mistreatment of his wife by an S. S. man. He attacked him and struck him with severe and powerful blows. Another soldier from the convoy who marched behind, shot him in his neck like the "heroes" of that period, and killed him instantly.

In the forest near the village Pstrongowa, on the road between Strzyzow and Sendziszow, small groups of Jews with their families were hiding. They oftentimes attacked Nazis. But these were people from Rzeszow, Czudec, Niebylec, and not from Strzyzow. In 1943, one of these groups attacked the police in Strzyzow and demolished the station. In this action, a partisan by the name Vilf was killed. Officially he belonged to the Jewish police in Rzeszow, but secretly, he was a member of the anti-Nazi underground and helped his brothers.

Part of those in hiding survived and came out together with their families after the Red Army liberated the area.

The heroic deed of a native of Strzyzow who settled in another town should also be mentioned. This was Reb Menachem Groskopf, the son of Reb Smauel Moshe, a known silver ornaments maker for taleitim. Reb Samuel Moshe Groskopf came from Sassov, whose people were well-known as ornament makers. Reb Menachem was raised in Strzyzow and was an alumnus of the Beit Hamidrash. He married a daughter from Brzostek near Tarnow and settled there. He lived the traditional life of the older generation, namely, he studied Torah mornings and evenings, and in the daytime he was engaged in commerce to feed his family. Menachem Groskopf was also active in the community. When the Germans occupied the town he was nominated as head of the Judenrat. As usual, they demanded that he supply people for the forced labor camps. Reb Menachem, the warm-hearted Jew, could not do it, and he told them that he will not hand over Jews for hard labor and affliction and, if it is necessary, he himself was ready to go. This was at the beginning of the German rule and Reb Menachem could have hoped that by obeying the Germans, he would not be harmed. Nevertheless, he performed his heroic deed and the Nazis killed him right there for resisting their edicts.

Somewhere else in this book, Reb Itzhok Leib Rosen reported a very

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strong resistance to a Jewish "Kapo," despite their brutality in helping the Nazis to inflict pain on their own brothers, there existed some possibilities for a favor by influencing them through their relatives and through the inner Jewish rulers. Because of that fact, Itzhok Leib was saved, as he told in his article.

After the above mentioned deportation, there were no more families in the ghetto. Only men and youths remained who were sent in groups to work in the area and later to forced labor camps where the conditions were similar to death camps. Being in the ghetto, the few lonely people from Strzyzow stayed together and, if possible, lived together until they were separately sent to other camps. The Rosen brothers, Elazar Loos, Yacov Adest, Nechemiah Felber, two sons of Reb Levi Kalb, Menachem Lieberman, Naphtali Diamand and others lived together.

Naphtali Diamand was once sick and could not go to work, which often happened to many others. But this time, on returning from work, his colleagues did not find him in the room and on his bed there was a bullet and blood stains. During the daily inspection, the Nazis could not forgive him his absence from work because of his illness, and they killed him in the room.

The Rosen brothers were among the few from Strzyzow who remained alive. They were sent from camp to camp. From the labor brigade in the ghetto, they were transferred to the labor camp Huta Komarowska, which was affiliated with the Rzeszow ghetto and administered from there. The Lieberman brothers, Itzhok and Leibush, the sons of Reb David Lieberman, and Nechemiah Felber were also in that camp. A day before their arrival, the young man, Mordechai Beitler, Reb Leibush Beitler's son, was killed during an attempt to escape. The two Lieberman brothers became sick with typhus, and were taken back to the ghetto, but were never seen again. The Rosen brothers together with Menachem Lieberman and Nechemiah Felber were taken to the camp Kochanowka and later to Pustkow. From there the oldest Rosen Yechiel, was sent to a camp unknown to me, and the young men Itzhok Leib and samuel Rosen, Menachem Lieberman, and felber were sent to Plaszow, and from there to Mielec. In this camp, which was exclusively Jewish, worked about three thousand men in the airplane industry. When the Russians were approaching, the above-mentioned four from Strzyzow were sent to a salt mine in Wieliczka and later to the famous annihilation camp Auschwitz. Luckily, there was no room for their transport, so they were sent to Limeritz which was in the Sudetenland. Menachem Lieberman was sent from there to Dachau and was not seen again. The two Rosen brothers and Nechemiah Felber were transferred to the Mathausen camp, which the guards themselves called "Murderhousen." This camp had three branches, the main branch, Branch No. 1 and Branch No. 2. Branch No. 2 was the worst of the three, and was burned by the Americans as soon as they came, with the intention of wiping such horror off the face of the earth. However, with their action, they did a service to the Nazis who were interested in forgetting their treacherous actions. In that camp, the people from Strzyzow encountered two more from Strzyzow, the brothers, Wolf and Nechemiah Hauben. Both of these men and Nechemiah Felber succumbed a few days before the liberation, after years of pain,

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hunger, beatings and hard labor. They collapsed under the last horrible edict which was bestowed upon them.

This was the decree of disinfection ("Entlausung") which was done in the following manner: Lining up thousands of people naked for six hours outside in thirty degrees below zero temperature, and having to walk through rows of cold showers. For each four persons, there was only one blanket, and only a few fortunate people had on a pair of torn shoes.

Three thousand five hundred people succumbed to this blow, and the three people from Strzyzow among them. In the labor camp Shiwna, Yacov Felder succumbed. He was sent there from Rzeszow, after his family was deported to the annihilation camp in one of the transports.

The two Rosen brothers were liberated by the Americans on May, 5, 1945, and met in the American Hospital another man from Strzyzow, Eisik Welisz-Guttenberg, who lived in Zmigrod before the war, and is currently in the United States.

Of all the inhabitants of Strzyzow who were under the Nazis, only eight survived: The Rosen brothers, Yechiel, Itzhok Leib, and Samuel, Reuven Greenbaum, Elazar Loos, David Schefler, Pearl Rosen, the Rosen's sister, and Hinda Feit. When the people from Strzyzow worked in the stone quarry in Zarnowo, the Rosens and Smauel Feit obtained two Christian birth certificates--the Rosens for their sister Pearl, and Samuel Feit for his daughter Hinda. With these documents they escaped to Krakow. After the arrival of a few young Christians from Strzyzow to Krakow, these girls were in danger of being recognized, so they left Krakow and went to Berlin where they posed as Polish girls until after the war. There they found themselves many times in danger as a result of the allied bombings of the Germans.

Reuven Greenbaum was also moved from one camp to another. From the Rzeszow ghetto he was sent to Bieszadka, from there to Pustkow, to Auschwitz, Glejowice, Grossrosen, Limeritz and, finally, to Mathausen the worst of them all. With his luck, they did not let his transport in for lack of room. Ultimately, he was sent to Theresienstadt, where he met Elazar Loos, and there he was liberated. After the liberation, he was sent to Buchenwald, which by then became an American camp for the liberated. Thanks to his youth, he received an entrance permit to Switzerland, and later immigrated to the United States.

Elazar Loos who went through hell-fire in the German camps was liberated in Theresienstadt. He visited Strzyzow after the war, but as a result of all the sufferings he went through, his health failed and he did not realize his dream of going to Eretz Israel and joining his sister there. He died in the Displaced Persons Camp in Landesberg, Germany. About David Schefler, his sister Shoshana Ginsberg will write about him. Natives of Strzyzow who were stranded in the German occupied eastern part of Poland and survived were the following: Gitel Shlosman whom we mentioned before, Joseph Reich, a grandson of Reb Eliezer Loos, Shimon Mandel, a grandson of Reb Yeshayahu Mandel, Joseph Weinberg, and Dr. Tzvi Hersch Eisner.

Joseph Weinberg, who lived in Lwow until the outbreak of the war, was in the camp of Janow, which was named the "School of Murderers,"

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because that was there the S. S. men and the Gestapo received their education in murder and brutality. It was reported that the commandant of the camp used to stand on the balcony of his house armed with a rifle and, surrounded by his family, he showed off his marksmanship by shooting Jewish children who were thrown in the air by his subordinates. His little daughter stood near him and begged her father to continue to play which so amused her. The commandant ordered the Jewish inmates to turn around and killed them with a shot in the neck as it was customary with the Nazis. He imposed such a terror on the inmates that they always obeyed his orders despite the fact that they knew that obeying was sure to bring their death. Joseph Weinberg had prepared himself for a long time for such an order and he decided to disobey. When he did, the commandant slapped his face, but did not kill him. Joseph was later in Auschwitz and there he was active in helping his troubled brothers. According to the testimony of one of the witnesses, an inmate in that camp, the architect M. Kubowitzki, Joseph Weinberg jumped from a train transporting him to an annihilation camp. He ultimately survived by a miracle from the Russians who wanted to kill him together with a group of Jews as German spies. The group was looking for a resting place after being liberated.

Joseph Reich, the son of Adela Loos, who was the daughter of Reb Eliezer Loos from Strzyzow, moved with his parents from Rzeszow, the town where they lived before the war, to Jaslo, his father's birthplace. The pursued Jews falsely believed that by changing towns, their luck would also change and they would be able to survive. Details about his survival will be in the article of his aunt, Miss Leah Loos.

Shimon Mandel, Reb Benjamin's son, found himself at the outbreak of the war in Strzyzow, at his grandfather, Reb Yeshayahu Mandel's house. After a while, disguised as a Christian boy, he successfully reached his parents' house in Dombrowa near Tarnow. Having been moved around in German concentration camps, he was liberated in Theresienstadt, where he met Elazar Loos, and later settled in Israel.

Dr. Tzvi Eisner, Reb Yacov Eisner's son, who grew up in his parents' house in Strzyzow, together with his wife, were hidden in a bunker during the Nazi occupation. At the end, he left the bunker, and with Aryan documents in his hands, he moved into the lions den in the Ukraine, a place of ardent hatred of the Jews, and survived. Presently, he lives in Poland and works as a doctor.

Also in Western Europe, France, and Belgium, many from Strzyzow perished, and only a few were fortunate enough to be saved from the Nazi hands during the occupation of those countries. One of them was Moshe Mussler who lives in Israel with his family and participated in writing this memorial book. He also wrote about his and his family's sufferings and rescue during the Holocaust.

In the life-threatening days and destruction, the strong family ties expressed themselves with exaltation. Sons did not abandon their parents, grandparents, but went with them to the annihilation, even though occasionally they could remain in their places and stay alive, according to the false hope instilled in them by the Nazis. Parents who could not

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escape the Nazi hell, tried to extract their children to prevent their suffering and pains. It was told in this book by Rabbi Chanan Lehrman that his parents who were forced to return to Galicia from Hitler's Germany, succeeded in smuggling out a young girl together with their own children. Shulamit Greenwald nee Hasenkopf tells how her father, Reb Michael Hasenkopf from Strzyzow, (the translator' uncle,) who could not leave Germany, implored her: "Do not remain here. Leave as fast as you can." The only request of Reb Samuel Feit, who remained in the death train during the escape of the Rosen brothers, was that they watch over his young daughter Henia, who was left in the Rzeszow ghetto.

Yenta Gertner, the daughter of Reb Israel, stayed in Germany until she succeeded, after much hardship and great effort, to take out her three sons and sent them to the western countries. Only then did she come to Strzyzow to join her husband Reb Joseph Berger. Strzyzow had seemed to them to be temporarily safe. Their fourth son had been sent before to Eretz Israel where he lives now and, from him, I obtained the details of his mother's effort. The youngest, Zachariah, went with a group of children to Holland on August 31, 1939, one day before the outbreak of the war, and, from Port Hak-Van, two hundred fifty children sailed in a dutch ship to the British port of Dover. Upon the arrival of the ship, under the darkness of night, the British refused to permit the children to disembark, until the Christian Dutch captain threatened to sink the ship, with its passengers and staff, to the abomination of the whole world. Under this menacing pressure, the manager of the port contacted his superiors in London. When the leaders of the British Jewry, including Lord Herbert Samuel, found out about it, they successfully interceded with the Interior Ministry and obtained the necessary permit.

CHILDREN IN CAPTIVITY

During the Holocaust, many Jewish children were handed over into Christian hands to rescue them and keep them from the inhuman sufferings that was the fate of their parents. Further on, I will tell about two cases of handing over children from Strzyzow to Christians.

The first was the child Aryeh, the son of Mordechai and Vita Popper, the daughter of Reb Eliezer Loos. When his mother, Vita, found her tragic death, as it was told before, the child was four years-old and lived with his father in Przemysl, where most of the expelled Jews from Dynow lived. After the city was occupied by the Nazis and the tormenting of the Jews began, the father was sent to work on the railroad and could not keep the child with him. To give him to another Jewish family became dangerous and, therefore, he gave the child to a Polish family which, for a sizeable financial reward, took care of him. At times when Mordechai was marching to work in a convoy under the escort of the Nazi soldiers, his nanny would bring Aryeh out to the street so that the father could see his dear son. According to Mordechai's sister-in-law, Miss Leah Loos, the father was sent with his nephew, Joseph Reich to Auschwitz and his son remained with the Christian woman. Until this day, his whereabouts are still unknown. Whether he lives somewhere as a gentile, not

CHILDREN IN CAPTIVITY



THE CHILD ARYEH, THE SON OF MORDECHAI AND VITA POPPER,
THE GRANDSON OF REB ELIEZER LOSS FROM STRYZOW



NECHAMA GERTNER WITH HER SON ISRAEL,
THE GRANDSON OF REB ISRAEL GERTNER, FROM STRYZOW

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knowing about his Jewishness and the great respected family from which he originated, or whether he was handed over to the Nazis and murdered, nobody ever found out.

Nechama and Moshe Gertner's son, Israel, who was just recovering from scarlet fever, prevented his mother from leaving Strzyzow before the Germans approached, as she planned to do. She wanted to protect him from the hardship of travel. The father Moshe, escaped by himself to Lwow. He was not exiled by the Soviets in June 1940, but returned to Strzyzow after the Germans occupied the eastern part of Poland in 1941. Their fate, his wife's and his, were the same as the rest of the town's Jewry.

After our return from Russia in 1946, we heard unconfirmed rumors, that before their deportation to the ghetto, the mother handed over the child Israel, who was then six years-old, to her Christian maid who came from a village near Niebylec, and who had taken care of him in his childhood.

In Strzyzow which I visited for a short time, I was not able to find out anything, and, it was unsafe to loiter around in the remote villages. With the savage hatred of Jews which prevailed at that time, only death could have been found. Then and after my arrival in Israel, I did promise a sizeable amount of money to several Poles in Strzyzow as a fee for helping me trace down the child, without results. Neither were the many Jewish institutions which were active in Poland able to obtain any positive results.

In 1966, a cousin of the boy, Moshe Berger, from New York, without the knowledge of the Polish language, visited Galicia and reached the village near Niebylec, in order to search for a trace of his lost cousin, Israel. From conversations with the villagers, he concluded that surely the child was given to the Christian woman, but he could not find her. Therefore, the child's fate remains unknown.

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AFTER THE WAR AND THE HOLOCAUST

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Some of the Holocaust survivors and repatriates from Russia visited Strzyzow after the war. There were different motives for the visit, but the main motive was the yearning for home, the spiritual need to bid farewell to the birthplace which, along with everything that was dear to them, they had "temporarily" left years before. Before leaving the native land to begin their new life, they wanted to see for the last time all those places which reminded them of their dear ones, and of the good life when they were young. I was one of those visitors.

I went to Strzyzow not without fear. A big part of the Polish Population related with open hostility to the few Jews who came out from hiding. The Poles were particularly hostile to those Jews who had returned from Russia whose number seemed to the Poles ten times greater than it was actually. Hostile remarks were often heard about the large number of surviving Jews. The popular rumor spread among the Poles was that Poland supplied Russia with coal in exchange for their supply of Jews. There were incidents in which Jews, women among them, were taken

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off the trains by force and killed. Individual Jews, while visiting their hometowns for the same sentimental reasons as mine, were killed. The murderers did not know nor did they care, that those lone ones rescued from fire, the Holocaust, were leaving their homeland en masse and, that to the majority of refugees who returned from Russia, Poland served only as a transit station on their way to the wide world. From Szczecin, where thousands of repatriates were concentrated, Jews were escaping nightly in trucks and sometimes by ship through the Oder-Elba Canal to West Berlin. This escape was carried out with the silent agreement of the Polish authorities and by the bribery of the Russian-German border guards. The Jews had to beware only of the Jewish-Communist activists because the escapes had undermined the existence of all kinds of committees which the Communists had organized. The enemies of the Jews did not take into consideration that through the open Polish-Czechoslovakian border, a continuous stream of Jewish refugees was flowing to Austria and Italy. In their strong hatred of the Jews, the anti-Semites murdered Jews at the borders during their escape, though they knew that in a few hours, they would have left Poland forever. Such a killing occurred before the mass exodus through Szczecin and Klacko, while the Jews were still looking for escape routes. As soon as we crossed the Polish border on our return from Russia, we were shocked to hear the news of the murder of a group of young men who tried to cross to Slovakia on their way to Eretz Israel.

In Rzeszow, where a small number of survivors had settled after they came out from the bunkers and tried to find some livelihood, a pogrom took place in 1945. These Jews were later transferred to Krakow under the protection of the Red Army, and there they became victims of a pogrom which occurred shortly after their arrival.

My niece Henia and I came to Rzeszow on our way to Strzyzow in 1946, a short time after the pogrom in Kielce. The air was saturated with hostility toward the Jews but in Rzeszow itself all was quiet. A few native Jews who returned from Russia had settled in a Jewish house and had organized some kind of a Jewish committee which drew support from Jewish welfare organizations. The committee had a small cafeteria and provided lodging for the needy. In addition, there were in Rzeszow people from the surrounding towns and villages who waited for the liquidation of their affairs in their hometowns. The new Polish merchants, perhaps some of those who had mocked and jeered the Jews when they were led to their deaths in 1942, and who had organized the pogrom in 1945, now enjoyed this concentration of Jews who had no intentions of staying, but meanwhile were good customers in their stores, restaurants, and lodgings.

As soon as we entered the primitive train on the Rzeszow-Jaslo line which passes through Strzyzow, we immediately encountered strong hostility toward the Jews. In the car, three "innocent" peasant women were talking about the Jews who had disappeared. Of course, they did not realize that those who were sitting nearby were Jews. During the conversation, one said to the other with an expression of satisfaction, "Their end has come," and the other responded, "I am glad."

We traveled the road well-known to us from before the war, and got

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out at the dilapidated Strzyzow station. As soon as we left the railroad station, we saw the last Jewish cemetery which was located on a hill not far from the station. There was no sign of the concrete wall which surrounded the cemetery nor the gravestones. In one place where Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz was buried, a pile of rubble was visible. That is all that remained of the Rabbi's tomb.

We walked to the town, feeling as if we were returning to the home which we only left yesterday. Nothing changed, everything was so close to our hearts. This can only be expressed with a Yiddish word, "Heimish." Then the pain awakened with more strength, and the wound which was not healed yet opened again. The same house, the same courtyards, and the same stores, only our brothers and sisters were missing. From the Poles, only a few were missing, those who passed on in a natural way, but not even one Jew could be found. All the stores had new owners, but many stores still had the same merchandise as before. In our store I found merchandise which had been there when I left in 1939. All the Jewish houses and dwellings were occupied by new residents who also used the furniture of the previous owners.

Here are the changes that did occur. The house of Reb Aaron Kanner, the adjacent Beit Hamidrash, including the small house where the Christian "Sabbath Goy" used to live, were all demolished. This demolition had brought the end of the Beit Hamidrash alley which had been the spiritual center of the Jewry in Strzyzow. Instead a broad street was opened which continues through the old Jewish cemetery all the way to the northern hills. The brick fence and the concrete wall which surrounded all three cemeteries were entirely destroyed. Only the old oak trees in the old cemetery survived. The adjacent two cemeteries were turned into a public park which is used by the neighbors. Nobody knew of the whereabouts of the old gravestones.

The shul remained intact, desolate, as an eternal witness to Jewish life for generations. In addition to the disturbance of the Jewish remains in their graves, the gravestones from the cemetery were used for pavement of the marketplace. Maliciously, the gravestones were laid with the inscriptions up.

Witness to Jewish life in town were also the houses that were built by Jews, including the three structures which served the community: The kloiz of Reb Moshe Leib Shapiro and his son Nechemiah, the Talmud Torah and hostel for the poor, and the community bathhouse. The Jewish houses are now occupied by Christians who also inherited the household articles. The community buildings are serving the Christian population.

A few mute remnants also remained, namely, the copper candelabras and the brass chandeliers in the shul which I mentioned before in the chapter about the prayer houses.

During the First World War, the Austrian authorities wanted to confiscate these candelabras. This took place during the action of collecting all copper and brass articles for the war effort. The copper roof of the Catholic church in Strzyzow was then replaced with galvanized sheet metal. With great difficulty the Jews did succeed in preventing the confiscation of these candelabras, claiming that they were an inner

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

part of the shul. Before the Germans occupied Strzyzow, a few young men hid those items to prevent their confiscation. The unfortunate did not know that they should first preserve their lives. Apparently, these articles are still hidden somewhere.

In one of the Christian cemeteries, there are graves of two young Jewish girls who were brought to town by the Germans after the expulsion of the Jews. They were killed and buried without markers on their graves. I was told that there are Christians who bring flowers to the graves on All Saints Day.

During our visit, remodeling was going on at the prayer house of Reb Moshe Leib Shapiro. The building to whose perfection he had devoted so much aptitude, was being prepared for the use of voluntary fire fighters brigade. And that is what it is used for at present.

On the eastern part of the marketplace, three homes were destroyed because the Nazis did not like their aesthetic looks.

In the center of the market is a tomb of Soviet soldiers who fell during the battle with the Germans for the liberation of the town. The tomb was surrounded with a small garden, and at present it is enlarged and engulfs the whole marketplace. For years the City Council and the clergy fought to liquidate the marketplace and turn it into a public park, but the Jews had opposed it. The store owners and tradesmen, with the help of the local inhabitants, succeeded to fail the idea, which would have meant deprivation of their livelihood.

At present, the park does not bother anyone. The town is asleep. No commerce, no traffic, perhaps because of the semi-Soviet regime, or because of the absence of the effervescent Jews. The weekly market is still on Tuesday. However, it lasts only two hours with a meager participation of peasants from the villages, and it does not last as before, from morning to evening.

We were received in town with politeness. The offices which we had visited to arrange the return of our home did everything to alleviate the formalities as quickly as possible. The meager funds which we had received from the sale of the house provided us just enough money to buy food and lodging during our stay in Poland, and provisions for the trip to a safer shore. We stayed in town three days, but we slept only one night in the house of Dr. Adam Patryn, the nephew of the deceased Doctor Joseph Patryn, the ex-mayor of the town. Like his uncle, he and his family were friendly towards the Jews. During the anti-Jewish boycott campaign, his mother took in as a business partner Reb Heshel Diamand, and for that reason, the stop of the annual religious procession near her store was cancelled. Dr. Patryn himself attended a wounded Jew who was hiding in the forests during the German occupation which was a very dangerous act.

We left the town never to return, like all who visited their home towns after the war. Few individual Jews returned and settled in the towns of Galica and Central Poland, and, from a Jewish perspective they live atropic lives, almost like the Spanish Marranos trying to hide their Jewishness. Some even paid with their lives, for yearning to live in their birthplace. In Strzyzow nobody settled. The heir to the Jewish

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community was the Town Council, and later the Soviet style City People Committee. This is the situation on town at the present.

In the oldest Jewish cemetery a public park was planted. On the second and the third cemetery which were used by the neighbors as vegetable gardens, a school was erected. Since there was no vacant space around, and foundations in Poland have to be deep, the skeletons were removed from the graves and deposited in one place.

The shul was originally planned to turn into a flour mill, but instead it was turned into a storage room for the local cooperative. In 1959, the Peoples Committee of the town decided to destroy the shul and build a public building. However, the Commissioner in charge of historical landmarks from Rzeszow District opposed, and declared that the building is sound, despite being neglected since 1939, and should be preserved as a landmark. He suggested to improve the structure and to use it for administrative or cultural purpose. After painstaking intervention of the Strzyzow organization in Israel and with their agreement, it was decided, according to information received by us, that the shul become the regional museum.

During the compilation of this book, the shul is still used as a storage room, and it is not known which proposal will prevail--the Central Authority's which helps to preserve Jewish landmarks in many other bigger cities, or the local authority. Particularly, in such a remote provincial place, which strives to erase the memory of Jews, and has not hesitated to destroy old buildings and the desecrate cemeteries, as mentioned before.

In 1959, the gravestones were removed from the pavement of the market, apparently, by an order from higher authorities and, also as a result of our organization's intervention. After the gravestones had been lying in a pile for two years, they were moved to the hill where the last Jewish cemetery was located, except the ones which fell apart because of their usage as pavement for close to twenty years. The cemetery is being used for farming by different people, mainly city employees.

To the Talmud Torah building, another floor was added, and it serves as a medical clinic for the townspeople.

Lately, the Jewish bathhouse was also renovated, and it is used by the public under the People Committee's supervision.

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Ultimately, the central administration prevailed and the shul in Strzyzow remained intact. It was renovated in 1966. Some interior changes were made and it was turned into a city library. These are the changes that were made:

The two entrances from the south side were partially blocked and made into windows. The stairs which led to the women's balcony were demolished. Two new entrances were created, one from the east side, where the holy ark used to be, and one from the western side. Inside the main sanctuary, a balcony was build around all four walls with stairs leading to them from the inside. Only the center of sanctuary remained untouched.

The four columns with the vaulted ceiling remained in its original height. The rooms around the main sanctuary were also remodeled. Out of the school room, the Kehillah room, and women's section, one large conference room was made. The interior of the shul was painted a uniform white color which covered up all the murals painted by the Garfulnkel family, and also the excerpts from Psalms which were engraved in the wall since the eighteenth century. Only the leviathan which was painted two hundred years ago and was recently restored with great effort by Polish artists remained in place. In front of the two entrances there are signs in Polish: "The Central Public Library in Strzyzow." The fact that this building served as a prayer house for the Jews for four hundred years is not mentioned because there was no one in Strzyzow to see to it, unlike Krakow or even a smaller town like Lancut.

Shortly, two other houses near the shul will be demolished. The house of Reb Reuven Saphire which is located on the right side of the lawn in front of the shul, and the house of Reb Yacov Kanner on the left side. On these lots the city intends to build a large commercial center. The city originally planned to construct such a building on the vacant lot, after demolishing the shul, but failing to get permission from the authorities, they still found a way to build the building which will include the lot in front of the shul.

During the renovation of the shul, when the brick wall on the south side of the structure separating the stairwell from the women's gallery was demolished, an opening to the stairs leading to the attic was found. There the Poles found the attic full of used and torn books. These books had been there since I was a young man, and they had kept piling up because of the large size of the attic. Nobody ever bothered to bury them as is customary with used and torn Hebrew books. Polish scholars who were conducting research about the Jewish life which had disappeared found out about those books and so did we. We heard rumors that four hundred holy books were discovered in the attic of the ancient shul. After we checked it out, the true character of this find became clear to us.

The presence of the Jews in Strzyzow is being forgotten. Once in a while, some Jew living in Poland reaches Strzyzow, trying to buy Hebrew books, candlesticks, and chandeliers, which can be found in gentile houses, the heirs of the Jews. One who recently visited Strzyzow was the brother of Reb Reuven Saphire.

It is understandable that our contact with our birthplace which we still visualize as the effervescent Jewish town will eventually cease because we have no interest in the new gentile Strzyzow.

One more person from Strzyzow survived the Holocaust. This is Joseph Baumel, the son of Benjamin. He and his brother Tzvi, lived in Krakow and, at the outbreak of the Second World War, attempted to return home to their parents in Strzyzow. Tzvi was killed in Preclaw near Mielec and Joseph came home.

A week before the expulsion of the Jews from Strzyzow to the ghetto in Rzeszow, he returned to the place where he worked before in Krakow, a big Jewish business which was now administered by a German. He hoped

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to be able to work there. Unfortunately he was caught by the Nazis and was sent to Plaszow and other camps. During a transport he jumped from a death train which was going to Auschwitz, winding up in Mathausen, where he was liberated. After the end of the war, he met a girl co-worker from before the war, who was with him in one of the camps and who he thought was dead. He married her, and they immigrated to the United States of America.

WORDS OF CONTEMPLATION AND THOUGHTS

By Rabbi Israel Frenkel

JUDAISM AND NATIONALISM

This article is dedicated to the memory of the martyrs, my wife Esther, daughter of Reb Shlomo Diamand; my daughters Rachel and Sarah, my sons Shlomo and Shalom who were killed in Lwow in 1941, for the sanctification of the Divine Name, by the savages, the Nazis and their helpers, whose names should be obliterated forever.

The horrible and fearful Holocaust, the impressions of which are carved with a steel etcher in everyone's heart, had revealed and exposed the cultural consciousness of Esau, and manifestly proved that secular knowledge is not a sufficient means to educate the sleeping animal in the human being. There is nothing in the human being that can curb his natural inclination to plunder and murder. It is clear that what was pathetically called progress was only an outward appearance, blinding the eye from seeing the animal in mankind, who as soon as he smells blood, shakes his back, kicks with his legs and rushes to satiate his passion, exposing his nude image and his true character.

The same thing is lacking in Jewish Nationalism which was created in the same form. The force that is needed which could restrain the inner dismantling of the spirituality, causing assimilation and loss of the meaning of the word "Nation," of which the Diaspora had become a scaffold and the dispersion throughout all the corners of the globe had oftentimes offered various material convenience in exchange for assimilation. Our history confirms such a fact by the disappearance without a trace of the ten tribes who sailed into the mighty sea of the Assyrian people. They were the Samaritans who adopted the strange cult during the reign of Jerubaam, even before the general dispersion, refusing to surrender to the holy authority of the Temple in Jerusalem.

The nationalism of the Samaritans was insufficient to stand as a barrier against the plague of assimilation, but such was not the case in the Kingdom of Judah. Because Judah held on firmly to the Hebrew traditions and culture, it was not swept away with the torrent and did not fall victim to the craze of disintegration which plagued the Kingdom of Israel. In fact, after seventy years in Babylonian exile, Zerubavel, Ezra and Nechemiah, made the declaration about the return to Zion which provoked the declaration of Koresh, the ruler of Babylon, resulting in the building of the Second Temple and the restoration of the political life of the Jewish people in their land.

Thanks to the spiritual center in Yavneh and its scholars, the well from which the soul of the people drew its spiritual food, and their glow, which illuminated the darkness of the exile, and the hearts of the afflicted, made them believe in a glorious future after the coming of



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the Messiah, which turned into the "I believe" of all Jews. This has preserved our energy and enabled us to reach this point at a time when within other nations, religion and nationalism are sovereign ideas. The states are separate from religion because religion engulfs many nationalities. Our religion engulfs our nation alone, as it is said: "This nation alone shall dwell without consideration of others." Israel and the Torah are one. Blood relationships do not make the Jews a people. Extremism and racism are strangers to Judaism. Racism by itself stems from Darwinism which denies the Teachings of The torah of Moses, which begins with: "And G-d created man." David King of Israel was the grandson of Ruth the Moabite who accepted the ethics of Judaism recognizing the Torah's world outlook without external material enticement. When she said, "Your G-d is my G-d, " she became part of Israel's body.

Territorial boundaries do not define Jewish nationhood either. Besides the mysterious holiness of our land "Upon which G-d's eyes had been cast from the beginning until the end," the borders serve only as an insulator to prevent infiltration of alien influence. Within their borders the Jewish people can fulfill their aspirations and their characteristic life undisturbed, without being socio-economically dependent upon gentile rulers, a first step toward spiritual surrender, which ends up in complete assimilation. The criterion of natural Judaism is based specifically on deeds and obedience, on ways of thoughts and actions, whose roots were derived from the great and rich past of the people, and the mental inclination of the gentle Jewish soul, nurtured by the historical idealism hidden in the Book of Moses.

Even before the conquest of our land, when the Israelites wandered in the desert and stood at the foothills of Mount Sinai, when they had repudiated the Egyptian rituals, the voice of Moses, the leader of our people, was heard: "Today you became a nation." By receiving the Torah the nation had been crystalized and became a whole unit. It would be considered a betrayal of the people and their national values to turn away from the Torah, Heaven forbid. Nationalism without a Jewish outlook and idea, and without religion, is like a body without a soul, not able to exalt the Jewish soul to its desired level.

Until now my words were addressed to the Jewish youth, "to the boy and girl only." Now I would like to turn the coin to the other side: "To the mature man and woman." Already at the end of the nineteenth century, there were anti-Semitic politicians in Austria and Germany who developed a concept, defining the jews a sect of believers observing Jewish religion. With such a concept they wanted to solve the Jewish problem with the kiss of death, by burning the soul out of the existing body. It attracted the assimilated and they became faithful partners of this concept in order to fight Zionism. To our sorrow, the premise of depriving the nationality had also found many sympathizers among the Orthodox segment of our people, who were apprehensive that Zionism might penetrate the wall of the Beit Hamidrash and would negatively influence the religious youths. For the same reason, the Orthodox also opposed emigration to the United States which, as it appears now, was destined by Providence. The increase of the Jewish community in the United States

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through mass immigration had saved the American Jewry from assimilation. We witness the same phenomenon following the development of the Jewish community in Eretz Israel and the forming of its religious image. The Jewish people's strong will to live and the Divine promise: "And even when they (the Jews) will be in the land of their enemies, I will not despise them, and will not abhor them, to be destroyed," was stronger than the artificial wall that some Jews erected between their heart and brain, between the body and soul, between nationality and religion. The self negation in different countries of the Diaspora did not reduce even one iota the hatred of the Eternal People by the world. It also did not stop the national feeling of the youths. Also, the seekers of social justice among the nations, the dreamers of a new world, and their leader Karl Marx, in his stigmatizing chapters about the character of Judaism, are trying to describe Judaism in an unfavorable light. They are depriving the Jewish people of their national character. According to his teacher Marx, Stalin the student, in his pamphlet "The problems of Nationalism" negates the nationhood of the Jewish people, relying on Marx' quotations.

However, the subsequential force of the Zionist movement, its growth, the flourishing progress of the settlements in Eretz Israel, the people's fight for freedom, and the ocean waves of the exodus, has eradicated the above false idea forever. As a result of these historical events, Stalin changed his mind, according to Gromyko's declaration in the United Nations, and the recognition of the Jewish State. And if the gentiles could change their minds, more so those Jews who kept their distance and had a negative opinion toward Zionism, causing division--they surely ought to change their minds and negative stand toward the resurrectional movement of the people and its spirit. Nationalism and Jewish religion are identical and both are derived from the same source--the Torah of Moses, the foundation of which the claim to our land is based. And, without the land, we cannot carry on the wholeness of the Torah.

Judaism has taught us to love mankind. Our people were crowned with titles such as merciful, shy, and benefactors. Judaism is a synthesis of the people's heart and its brains. Its symbol is the head phylactery opposite the brain, and the hand phylactery opposite the heart, which shall not be separated. Judaism requires turning severity into a form, to sacrifice the body on the altar of the nation, for the eternal soul of the people, for the existence of the nation, and sanctification of the Divine Name.

The brain of the nationalistic Jews should be influenced from the spirit of the Torah, the soul of Judaism. The religious Jew should comprehend with his intellect the importance of the national factor which is Judaism's body. The Jew who believes shall rest and repose on the seventh day because on this day G-d rested. The nationalistic Jew should do the same because his forefather had protected him for generations. The religious Jew should put on his prayer-shawl and tefilin as a devotion to the Divine, and the nationalistic Jew as a devotion to: "Thou shall respect thy father and mother," and, "Thou shall not abandon the teachings of thy mother.

BY RABBI ISRAEL FRENKEL

The platonic division between religion and nationalism is a disturbing factor in national unity, and its demolition is in order.

A PARTIAL ANSWER, REGRET AND GUILT

This article is dedicated to the tragic death of my mother, Chana Turner, in the ghetto Kozow, and to my brother, Tzvi, his wife Hassah, and their son Baruch. Blessed be their memory.

The heart of every Jew is replete with Job's sufferings, and sometimes filled with Job's complaints against G-d. Let the believing reader find in these lines a partial answer to his complaints against Providence.

Years have gone by since the awful tragedy occurred. This was a national tragedy and a tragedy for thousands of individuals. The nation was somewhat compensated for her losses through the establishment of the sovereign State of Israel in the holy land. and the return of its sons to their home. A celebrated beginning of total redemption and also a small consolation to the individuals, the surviving remnants, each of whom can declare: "I was there and saw the suffering." However, for the nation or the individual, it is still a long way from a complete recovery. We are even further from understanding the horror of the tragedy which we witnessed, and of which we were a part. Once in a while a "severe complaint arises in our hearts against Heaven," and everyone is like Job from Biblical times who objected and wondered about G-d's justice. Therefore, an attempt will be made here to enlighten the impasse, according to this writer's outlook, an outlook to which he arrived immediately after the Shoah, and which has been growing stronger inside of him from then until the present.

As it is known, the nature of a person is a synthesis of material and form, of human wisdom and instinct. He always stands at the crossroads between good and evil. He can freely choose between them, as our sages said, "The path a person follows--he is led to," If his godly part, his wisdom, overtakes instinct, he overpowers his bestiality and becomes a free man, not a slave to his passions. Then he is an ethical thinker, a whole person. However, if his instinct dominates his wisdom, he becomes a slave to his bestial passions. His spirit becomes warped, he loses G-d's image, and his wildness surpasses even that of the beast.

This freedom of choice to select a path in life is one of the cornerstones of the holy Torah, which is based on "There is law, and there is a judge." The leadership from above, Divine providence, is in command of everything around us. However, it is different with man's actions. Good or bad deeds are not controlled by a higher dictate. "He does not dictate bad or good." A person is unhindered and is free to perform good or bad deeds, from which he himself is responsible. And it is up to heavenly justice to punish man for his bad deeds, and reward him for his good ones. This is the primary religious principle referred to as: Reward and punishment.

On the basis of the above theory that a person has the freedom of choice, free to perform humanitarian deeds or, in the alternative, he can rob and murder, therefore, we come to the conclusion that, if a

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person finds himself in a dangerous situation, he must make a choice and do everything possible to escape from that danger that is hovering over him and not rely on miracles. This was formulated by our sages: "Everything depends on Heaven except deeds. When you see a crooked path, beware, and G-d will assist you." Here we reached the partial solution to our problems.

Is there a more dangerous situation than a small minority living among a grim, hostile population that is always ready to destroy them? In such a dangerous situation, it was an elementary religious commandment to do something to alleviate that problem and escape from that place, as Jacob did when Laban's face changed and gave him that hostile look. G-d told him, "Return to your fatherland," and leave this dangerous place. From that, one should draw the conclusion that whoever closes his eyes to danger can only blame himself. The individual or community finds himself in a situation of abandonment by G-d.

Just as in regard to the flood, G-d had told Noah one hundred and twenty years earlier to build the ark. And Providence had sent Jeremiah, the messenger, with a warning, half a century before the destruction of the Holy Temple. The return to Zion Movement was also created by Providence to awaken the European Jewry from their sweet dreams, and take them away from the flesh pots. They refused to see that around the golden calf there were animals with human likeness that were waiting for the proper moment to destroy them. When some of those nationalistic messengers came to us from a "distant place" because they came from assimilated circles, but we should have understood that they were sent by G-d. The Zionist Movement engulfed assimilated families also, whose children became fighting pioneers. "The sound of the masses is like the sound of the Almighty." It was G-d's message to save them from the crematoriums in their future. In fact, the Jewish settlement in Eretz Israel remained unscathed by the blood-flood, just like Noah's ark during the flood.

Was it not a sign from G-d when, after the First World War in which we lost more blood than others, Balfour appeared with his declaration for a Jewish Homeland in Eretz Israel? The gates of Palestine were open for years but, unfortunately, we refused to leave the golden calf and the flesh pots of Europe. Our leaders also committed a sin because they chose the comfortable but risky way of, "Stay put/do-nothing attitude." Forgetting the teachings of the Torah: "And you will be blessed in all your endeavors," the leaders refused to recognize the sign of G-d.

In conclusion, we must say that the tragedy that befell our nation is not as some would like to interpret it as G-d's punishment. However, it should remind us of our guilt for being passive to the oncoming danger. We continued to live in a sea of hatred at a time when it was hinted from Heaven to escape and make aliyah to Eretz Israel, the land on which, "G-d set his eyes on from the beginning to the end."

Even now we try to return to our stupidity and cling to the defiling nations. We are returning to the danger and we sit among the gentiles whose bestiality may burst out tomorrow or the next day. There are some people among us who try to wrap this thing in piety. They are looking

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for the beard on the faces of the Israeli leadership, and if they do not find it, they kick the State. Let us not search in the faces of the Israeli leadership for the features of the high priests who served in the Holy Temple. The leaders' greatness expresses itself in that they know how to stand up to the enemies who are at our gates. Great is the suffering even now that the Jewry of Poland, Lithuania, Galicia, and the majority of the Hungarian Jewry are not with us in Israel. How can we correct this sin? By returning to the homeland in Eretz Israel. This will be the consolation for the destruction. This will be the answer to our disturbing thoughts which keep pestering us. A great danger hovers over us. Statehood or slaughter. Let us select Statehood.

OUR STRENGTH AGAINST A HOSTILE WORLD

The world's nations have utilized all kinds of methods in order to force us to disintegrate and cease to exist. They use paradoxical controversial distortions on our account to motivate the nations to exhibit their hatred for the Jews. Simultaneously, with the wild shout, "Take revenge!" for the supposed ritual killing of a Christian child during the pogrom in Kielce, was also heard the beastly roar about the Judeo-Communism. From the left we were crowned with the title of international capitalists and from the right with the title international Communists. It makes no difference whether the distortions are believers or atheists, conservatives or progressives, we always remain the weak, gentle people, always the scapegoat, the lightning rod which ought to divert the anger of the masses from their rulers who direct their rage upon the helpless, defenseless, Jewish citizens.

However, the strong will to live possessed by the Jewish people, that stiff-necked nation, refused to resign from their historic existence, and would not give up their hopefulness for a bright future. The trials and tribulations that the Jewish folk organism had to endure, that their tormentors imposed upon them, did not break or weaken their drive for continuity. The desire for moral and spiritual resistance has risen even more, in spite of the painful suffering, as the Torah says in Numbers I, v. 12, "But in the measure that they afflicted the same, so it multiplied and so it spread itself out."

After the Second Destruction, Rome celebrated the destruction of Judea at the gates of Titus. They thought that the end had come for the nation. However, soon the sun began to shine from Sura, Nahardea, and Pumpedayta, the Talmudical universeities where the bloodied organism of the Jewish people was healed, the nation's soul was forged, and the will to live was refreshed to await a future full of hope, and refused to give up even one iota of belief in the eternity of Israel. At a time when not even a trace of the Roman Empire remained, we awoke to a spiritual life by creating the Babylonian and Jerusalem version of Talmud, which glued together the loose parts of the persecuted Jewish people from Babylon and Eretz Israel into one unit.

When the Crusaders tried through pogroms and murder to break the stubbornness of the Jewish will to live, a bright star began to shine from the Jewish scholars of Spain. The well-known Golden Era which introduced

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new horizons of wisdom and thoughts for the Jewish soul, crystalized itself in the thirteen "I believes" of Maimonides. These thirteen statements refreshed with hope the Jewish lamb which spread throughout the world and strengthened the belief in a promising future.

When the Ukrainian Hitler, Chmielnicki, committed his brutal bloodshed from the Jewish body, the nations of the world thought that we had despaired and our stubbornness was broken forever. But soon a great light appeared in the darkness: The Hassidism of the Baal Shem Tov, of blessed memory, which shined into the downtrodden Jew, brought an uplifting of the Jewish soul. The Jew drew power, belief, and assurance in a brighter morning, and looked with abhorrence upon his tormentors.

After the blood-flood, the last gruesome catastrophe of the European Jews, our enemies thought: "Their hope is gone." They were sure that after such a bloodletting from the body of the Jewish nation it will remain powerless, and Jewish struggle for self-determination was shattered forever. However, despite our enemies, with help from above, the grandchildren of the Hasmonaim, with incomparable heroism and might, the modern-day Macabees jumped into a holy war with enthusiasm, and fought for the existence and continuance of the body and soul of the Jewish nation, and they did not fear for their lives. Because the dying of Jewish heroes possesses a high moral idealistic sense, our present-time Macabees, with their readiness to die, have removed the diasporal shame of being led like sheep to the slaughter.

The quiet noise of lamentation and the roaring rivers of blood from our holy martyrs in Europe disturbed the conscience of some of the righteous gentiles who sinned by being passive to the Jewish tragedy. The millions of souls of our martyrs were seeking an amendation and a reason for the Holocaust. Therefore, the Israeli heroes who spilled their blood on the battlefields during the war for Independence have given an amendation and content to the holocaust in Europe. Their blood had touched the victim's blood.

MARTYRDOM AND THE SANCTITY OF LIFE

By Rabbi Isaac Glikman, author of Holocaust and the Revival. Dedicated to the memory of my older brother Joel, and his family. May G-d avenge their innocent blood.

It was told: When Rabbi Yossi, the son of Kisma, became ill, Rabbi Hanina, the son of Tradion, came to visit him. And Rabbi Hanina said, "Brother, don't you know that the nation which rules us was predestined by Heaven? And I heard that you are openly engaged in studying the Torah, with people gathered around you. You are also holding a Torah scroll on your lap." The sick responded, "Heaven will have mercy." Said Rabbi Hanina, "I am talking reality and you are telling me that Heaven will help. I will be surprised if they will not burn you together with the Torah scroll." It was told that a few days later Rabbi Yossi passed away

and the biggest personalities of Rome came to his funeral. On their return, they found Rabbi Hanina engaged in studying Torah, a large crowd around him, and he was holding a Torah scroll on his lap. He was brought before the Romans who tied him up together with the Torah scroll, put branches soaked in water, and put them on his chest to delay his expiration. His pupils told him: "Open your mouth and let the fire enter you." Their intention was to hasten his death and lessen his pain. Then Rabbi Hanina responded: "The one who gave me life should take it away. I cannot do it." A Roman by the name of Kalztoniri said to the Rabbi: "Rabbi, if I would make the fire bigger and take off the wet woolen sponges, would you recommend me to obtain a reward in the hereafter?" Said the Rabbi: "Yes! I swear." Soon the fire grew bigger, the wet sponges were removed, and Rabbi Hanina expired. Another Rabbi lamented: "Some gain a reward in the hereafter in a second, and some have to serve G-d all their lives." (Excerpt from the Talmudical tractate, Avoda Zarah, pg. 18.)

Two basic things stand out from the above tale which described the spiritual image of Rabbi Hanina, who had reached the highest level of sanctification. The first part of the story shows us the greatness of the virtue to love G-d and his Torah which burned inside him like a flaming fire. It prodded him publicly to defy the ruler's order forbidding the study of Torah, without considering the danger to his life. When Rabbi Hanina was asked why, he responded that G-d's commandment is to study Torah. He did not even try to defend himself in order to save his life, as if he were just waiting for the chance to sacrifice his life on the altar for the holiness of G-d and his Torah. Yet, the second part of the story is no less amazing. It extends the principle of the sanctity of life that prevented the Rabbi from hastening his death, even though he was in great pain and on the verge of dying. At his student's suggestion to open his mouth, he said: "Life is not the domain of man. It belongs to the one who had given it." The reason the other Rabbi cried was not that Rabbi Hanina had refused to hasten his death, but rather, that Rabbi Hanina, in his horrible suffering, was forced to help the Roman, his brutal executor, receive a reward in the hereafter for relieving him from his suffering and hastening his expiration.

Two commandments, one parallel with the other, have come down from heaven to the people of Israel and imprinted their mark on them. "And I shall be sanctified among the children of Israel." (Leviticus XXII, 32,) "And ye shall keep my statutes and live with them." (Leviticus, XIII, v. 5.) According to Halacha: "Not ye shall die with them, did G-d say, but live with them." The first commandment requests sanctification of his Name, and the second commands us to preserve and guard our life regardless of the circumstances or situation, as long as it is not connected with the sanctification of his Name. These two commandments conquered the Jewish heart. They penetrated the depths of the soul and became personal characteristics of the people, which protected them from spiritual and physical annihilation. On one hand, the spilled blood for the sanctification of the Divine Name during all generations was a kind of bloodletting from the nation's organism which strengthened her spirit

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and healed her soul. And, on the other hand, the strong guidance for the continuity of life, despite all physical and mental suffering involved, guarded the people from physical annihilation. The ability to adapt to the conditions of diasporal life, filled with humiliation and bitterness, and the strong will to continue to live, even though we had to bow down to let them tremble on our backs, those commandments guarded us from annihilation and suicide.

Our sages drew the same moral from Rabbi Akiba when his ship broke up at sea. He was asked the question: "Who saved you?" He answered, "A board from the ship happened to come along, and to every wave which came at me, I nodded with my head." And from that response, the sages concluded the following: "If the wicked attacks you, you shall nod your head to them." This became the policy of the Jewish people in their diasporal life. This policy had brought the wrecked ship of the Jews through the stormy waves of the tyrants and the wicked who threatened to sink her during all the years of the dispersion, until the ship reached safe harbor.

Every once in a while we hear criticism from the younger generation in our land about the passivity of the holocaust martyrs in relation to their annihilators, who led them like sheep to the slaughter; words as sharp as stabbing swords which desecrate the honor of the martyrs whose destruction resulted in the establishment of the State of Israel. Their ostentatious words are accompanied by, "If we would have been there...." And they do not tremble nor feel the extent to which their remarks are deprived of basic reality, missing understanding and historical sense. The example Rambam used in his Guide For the Perplexed (Part II, sec. 17) is known to contradict those who believe in antiquity and take as evidence nature's existence after the creation, believing that nature existed in the same way during the formation or prior thereto. It is the same as though someone compares the living condition and natural development of a child after his birth to the natural growth and development in his mother's womb. The Holocaust martyrs had suddenly found themselves in the mouth of a savage animal who had trampled great nations and mighty governments. The martyrs had no arms or shields. They had been dispersed and dwelled among a gentile and hostile population. They knew well that rebellion had no chance to succeed and would have been suicidal. To satisfy feelings of vengeance by killing a few cursed Nazis would have caused immediate death and horrible torture for thousands of Jews.

Undoubtedly, if the victims would have been given a chance to survive for the price of betraying their faith, they would have followed in the footsteps of the martyrs from past generations and would have given their lives away. But the German Amalekites declared war on Israel and his G-d, and did not give his victims the opportunity to sanctify the Divine Name. They the victims, preserved the purity of their faith and carried on their duty to live until the last minute. They returned their souls to their Creator, believing that they had merited to be the ones who drank the poisonous cup of the tribulations of the dispersion to the end, and the spilled blood fulfilled the faithful function which repeats

BY RABBI ISAAC GLIKMAN

itself in Jewish history. The expression of the Prophets came through in one short sentence: "In thine blood thou shall live."

It is true that they did not survive the flood of blood and fire but, with their deaths, they bequeathed their lives to the People of Israel. Therefore, arise and honor the martyrs of the Holocaust. Because of their blood we are alive.

===== I SHALL SEE THE HOLOCAUST BEFORE MY EYES FOREVER =====

By Shlomo Yahalomi

The question, "Why does the righteous suffer and the wicked prosper?" Is as old as the universe. Already the master of the Prophets, Moses our Teacher, asked G-d: Let me understand your ways." (Exodus XXXIII, v. 11). According to our sages, the intention of this questioning by Moses was, "Why is it that some righteous men prosper and some suffer, and why is it that some wicked men prosper and some suffer? (Talmud tractate Brachot, pg. 7). Also Jeremiah asked: Why are the wicked successful?" And there is no harder question than this one. Despite all the answers that have been given, this question remains and has never been fully solved. There is a vacuum among the thinkers of the world. And, if this is asked by every generation and they have never diverted their mind from it, more so, this question is asked by our generation, the generation of the Holocaust. And this question will probably be asked in the future until the Revered Name will reveal the reasons for it, and all mankind, not only the believers, will see that, "G-d's ways are just and all his deeds are benevolent." However, it is true and correct that G-d's thinking is not as ours and we are not competent to understand his ways or to reach the depths of his thoughts. As Rabbi Nachman from Bracław had already expressed in his sharp remark, "What kind of a G-d would he be if Nachman would understand Him?" Nevertheless, plenty of pleasant thoughts were expressed and much was said about the puzzling question, even though it was not explained completely. However, these thoughts and explanations made it easier for us to digest one of the greatest curiosities. We will briefly mention a few principal answers which have been given by our sages, adding explanatory comments from commentators and writers, and a little bit from this writer too.

1) The Creator of mankind has created a world with everything in it. He created mankind with wisdom and has given him true learning, the Torah of Life, which guides and shows mankind which way to follow and the required deeds, fulfill G-d's commandments, and despise wickedness. Although G-d can force mankind to fulfill his commandments, he has given him a free choice to distinguish between good and evil. If man chooses the good, he merits his reward in the hereafter. And, if he chooses wickedness, he is punished. Yet, if G-d would reward the righteous and punish the wicked in this world, this would invalidate the whole principle of free choice because man would be afraid to sin and, perforce, would choose to be good. Therefore, G-d conducts the world in an ambivalent way. One righteous man prospers, and the other not. The same

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is true with the wicked. From this ambivalence the free choice between denial and belief is derived, between the fulfillment of G-d's commandments and their disregard. If the human being is free to choose as he wishes, he is responsible for his deeds and there is a punishment and reward, mainly in the hereafter.

2) Let us quote the sages in their own words: "Just as the wicked is punished for the smallest infraction in the hereafter, so is the righteous man punished for the smallest infraction in this world. Just as the righteous are paid a reward in the hereafter, even for the tiniest good deeds, so are the wicked rewarded for any tiny good deeds in this world." (Talmud, tractate Tamid, pg. 11.) Again, the sages have said: "The Almighty brings suffering upon the righteous in this world so they would be rewarded in the hereafter. He bestows favors upon the wicked in this world in order to torment and denigrate them to the lowest level in the hereafter." (Talmud, tractate Kidushin, pg. 40). And the sages continued: "G-d is exacting with the righteous and holds them accountable for each little wrong that they committed in order to secure their tranquility, and the best reward in the hereafter. The wicked, he rewards for the little good they do in this world and holds them accountable for their wickedness in hereafter. There are many more sayings on this subject throughout the Talmud and the Zohar. To sum up what the sages have said in our own words is: G-d Pays the wicked in this world so that they would have no reward in the hereafter because over there, the rewards are so great that they do not compare to the rewards of this world. In contrast, the righteous man's punishment for a sin is much greater in hereafter than in this world. And that is how Rashi comments on the sentence: "And He pays his enemies in order to deny him."

3) So far we have considered the traditional teachings. However, in the mystical teachings, in the Kabbala books, the "righteous suffering" is explained as follows: There are no new souls in our generation. They have all been in this world once or many times before. And, if it so happens that a person had sinned in his previous life and, after his departure, G-d had mercy upon him, he is lowered again to this world in order to pay for his sin and cleanse his soul. Therefore, it is possible that he might become righteous and honest, fulfilling equally the small and large commandments, yet he could still suffer because of the sins of his previous life.

4) By what has been previously said we are establishing without doubt that the righteous man suffers and the wicked prospers. However, many of our ancestors cast doubts, whether what we see as good and evil is in fact so. The source of this opinion comes from our sages, and we will explain it in detail. Let us begin from the verse in Genesis I, v. 31. "And G-d saw everything He made, and behold it was very good." The commentator comments on it as follows: At first glance, everything we see in this world is seen with our eyes. We do not know if the bad we see or the good is absolute, because we see only what happens now but we cannot see the consequences of these events. Therefore, we cannot judge whether it is good or bad. What we consider bad may result in good.

And G-d saw what he made means G-d who sees and can look until the end of the generations. He can see everything ha made, not part of it. "Behold it was very good." G-d knows that everything is very good. "Day unto day pours forth speech, and night unto night reveals knowledge." It happens that you are full of wonderment and question about the Divine's ways and you cannot understand the phenomenon of daily life which seems to you as an obscure puzzle, but you have to realize that the "day of the future will eventually come in place of the "day" which has passed. "Pours forth speech" means that the day of the future will explain, interpret, and reveal knowledge about the "night" of today and tomorrow. It will expose the obscure and remove the doubts. Many occurrences are so obscure that they do not make sense and are not logical. You see only obscure lines but, "At the end of the world is the solution." End of the world means in the far future. "This world is not as in the hereafter." In this world you say blessings on good tidings and on bad, but in the hereafter there is only the best. Why? Because in this world our lives are short and we cannot see the end results of bad things, but in the hereafter, where the end results became known, that is where everything is good and beneficial.

"And Joseph shall put his hands upon thine eyes." (Gen. XLII, v. 4.) When Jacob's sons sold their brother Joseph to the Ishmaelites, it was a big event in that period, a horrible tragedy to our Father Jacob from which he refused to be consoled. However, the future showed that this tragedy became a great source of happiness because "G-d considered it a favor." "And Joseph shall put his hand upon his eyes" means that the misfortune of Joseph showed that humans are short-sighted and cannot see the end of G-d's intentions. As it is said: "Man's days are short and filled with wrath." (Job XII, v. 1.) Since man is short-lived, he cannot see the shaping of history to the end. Therefore, he is full of rage and bitterness. (According to the book Wisdom and Morals.)

How precious are the words of Reb Moshe the Scribe, the author of Chatam Soifer who explains that: "And thou shalt see my back but my face shall not be seen," means that G-d's ways are visible but are only understood later, a long time after the fact. But, when these events occur, they are not understood and oftentimes seem strange and unjust, Heaven forbid. On the phenomenon of the treatment by G-d of the righteous and the wicked which sometimes undermines the belief in G-d, Rabbi Aaron Levin of blessed memory, may G-d avenge his blood, commented on "Let me see I beseech you, Thy glory?" What was G-d's response? "I will cause all my goodness to pass before thy face," which meant that G-d will show Moses all the facts as they occur in their entirety, and it will prove to you that, "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and I will show mercy to whom I will show mercy." Because I have mercy for those who need mercy, and I am gracious to those who need graciousness.

Rabbi Yanai said it in one and succinct sentence. "We cannot pass judgment about the welfare of the wicked and the suffering of the righteous." Wise men do not ponder a problem which they cannot solve completely.

However, all that we have heretofore discussed has concerned individual

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righteous men. The matter is entirely different when we approach the dreadful chapter of the Holocaust. The words "Six Million" hang in the air before our eyes, engraved with letters of blood, fire, and clouds of smoke from the furnaces and gas chambers, in which they were tortured and died. The parents, wives, sons, daughters, brothers and sisters, millions of people from the House of Israel!!!! The horror of the Holocaust to which there is no similarity in all the chains of terrible persecutions which have followed our hunted people during close to two thousand years of dispersion--there is no explanation for it. And, although we are forbidden to question the virtues of G-d, blessed be He, surely every believing Jew ought to think that G-d is right. We should not proclaim, as, to our sorrow and shame, extreme Orthodox Jews proclaim, that this was a punishment from Heaven for our sins! Even though G-d is righteous, we should not denounce our purified martyrs. As it is said in Deuteronomy XII, v. 7. "Ye shall not do so unto the Lord your G-d." On which the commentator Rim comments, "Do not say yes to your Lord your G-d, and do not justify every tribulation."

Here is what Rabbi Yehuda said about the quotation in Jeremiah IX, v. 9. "Who is the wise man who understood why we lost our homeland," This question was asked the sages, the Prophets, and the angels, and nobody seemed to be able to explain why, until G-d himself gave the explanation, as it is written: "And G-d said because they abandoned my Torah." At the outset those words seem puzzling: What is the difficulty in answering the question why was the land lost? That the sages, the Prophets, and the angels could not answer. Essentially, every child who studies in school, if asked why we lost our land, would answer, because Israel sinned. So, why didn't the sages and the rest of them explain it? A deep thought is hidden in Rabbi Yehuda's words. He wanted to point out that the sorrow and humiliation of the sages was so great and the embitterment so strong that, despite the fact that they believed and knew that G-d is righteous and His judgment is just, they did not want to openly justify the destruction. They could not restrain their distress and say that the Jewish people deserved such a harsh punishment. They did not dare to accuse Israel and, therefore, they did not answer that question.

Only the Holy, blessed be He, He himself could have said, "Because they abandoned my Torah." Nobody else could have said it. No sage, no Prophet, and not even an angel. And if somebody would challenge this and say: If, on one hand, we are obliged to admit that G-d is just, and, on the other hand, not to justify the Holocaust, then, does this mean we should not think about the holocaust altogether, and it should be forgotten? To this we will respond and say: Heaven forbid! Such a thing will not take place among the Jews. On the contrary, the horror of the Holocaust cannot disappear from before our eyes--not even for one second. If we forget, we will add another Holocaust to the original Holocaust. It would be a sin to ourselves and our nation. Let us explain this subject.

When trouble befall an individual or upon a whole nation, there is, in addition to the negative, also a positive side. As it is written:

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

"Tribulations cleans all the sins from man." (Talmud, tractate Brachot, page, 5.) Tribulations awaken man from his sleep and urge him to recount his deeds, and to ask himself: "Why?" Why did it happen? What were the reasons for it? And, if he keeps pondering this question continuously and if it brings him to draw the true moral and the rightful conclusion, corrects what needs to be corrected, and he does not continue in the previous mistakes, this is considered the positive side of the tribulations. But, if afflictions do not wake man up, do not cause him to recount his deeds, and are not a factor and a strong lever to pick him up from his slump, from the life that he lived until now, then they were only empty pains that did not produce any positive results.

The conclusion that we derive from the above is as follows: Not to preach publicly about sins connected with the Holocaust, but every individual should think for himself and ask himself why and do some soul searching. Then he will find many answers to his questions.

Everyone should beat his own chest and not the chest of others. And that is the right conclusion and the proper moral. Everyone who does not want the holocaust which befell our people to have occurred in vain, should remember: "And I shall see the Holocaust before mine eyes forever."

REMEMBRANCE AND FORGETFULNESS

By Samuel Nachum Frenkel, Toronto,
son of Esther, the daughter of Reb
Shlomo Diamand from Zyznow.

According to medical science the process of forgetfulness is a natural process which accompanies the mortal from the day of his birth until he leaves this world.

Just as the parts of the body degenerate and lose their vitality with the approach of old age, so do the brain cells and many nerves become rigid and weaken the memory.

However, when parts of the body degenerate, they express themselves in all types of diseases which interrupts the normal function of mankind and causes pain. There are symptoms which serve as a warning that healing action is needed. But with forgetfulness, this is not so.

Forgetfulness is free of any symptoms, and the body does not feel any pain or discomfort. There are certain forms of mental illness for which forgetfulness is a remedy. It is well known that physicians of the psychoanalysis school of thought inject the mentally ill with special drugs to hasten their forgetfulness and to rehabilitate to a normal life.

Yet, if forgetfulness is a blessing to an individual, it is a curse and a tragedy for society. "REMEMBER, DO NOT FORGET" is a warning with which our Torah is replete, is addressed to the whole nation in general because forgetfulness means the kiss of death. Therefore, the people needed harsh warnings against it. Contrast this to the quotation "A promise is made to the deceased that he will be forgotten from the heart." Without this promise the Jewish individual who painfully remembers the past could not find the energy to begin building a new life. Then came

BY SAMUEL NACHUM FRENKEL



SAMUEL NACHUM FRENKEL TORONTO, CANADA

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the eternal commandment, "Remember" which warns the people not to expel from their heart the memory of the holy martyrs of our nation and to eradicate the memory of the Amalekite.

May the memory of the holy martyrs be blessed and their souls be forever bonded in the bond of life with the martyrs of all generations.

===== WRITTEN BY SURVIVORS =====

===== WOE IS TO ME FOR THOSE WHO PERISHED =====

===== IN MEMORY OF MY FAMILY--OBLITERATED IN THE HOLOCAUST =====

Millions of our brothers were annihilated. However, the sorrow for the millions does not soothe the pain of the individuals for their close family members who were among the victims. The pain hurts even more because almost my whole family could have survived, if not for the mistake of my sister and brother-in-law. Also for reasons beyond their control, my wife's family could have survived.

My sister and her husband acted humanely, but their mistake was ascribing to the enemy any human feeling and that the brutality of the Nazis would be beyond comprehension.

My brother-in-law, Reb Yacov Itzhok Bernstein, who was Nechama my older sister's husband, left Strzyzow on Thursday, September 7, 1939, with his three children, David Dov, age seventeen, Elimelech, age fourteen, and their daughter, Bina, age six. He reached Dynow, his birthplace, and stopped at his parents' house where his mother and his brother-in-law the assistant Rabbi of the city, Abraham Shorr, lived. During the whole day, Friday, he could not find transportation in order to continue his escape. Only at the end of the day, as soon as the Sabbath closed in on them, did they find an opportunity to continue. Most refugees, learned, pious people, Rabbis and scholars among them, traveled on the Sabbath, recognizing the life threatening situation. But my brother-in-law, the fearful and the pious one, refused.

He remained in Dynow until the Germans entered the town. He survived the big massacre when the "Knights" killed two hundred and thirty men. At that time they did not touch ~~women~~ and children. Thereafter, he returned to Strzyzow to my mother and sister by horse and carriage which was sent for them by my sister. They lived in Strzyzow relatively quietly for a short time. This was during commandant Keller's rule. Later they suffered together with all the townspeople until the bitter end.

The family was killed in the vicinity of Rzeszow because it was not worthwhile for the Nazis to deport my old mother Yocheved to an annihilation camp. She was killed locally, like all the old people, together with the rest of my family, who refused to be separated from her.

The younger sister Chaya Sarah Feivusz, lived in Sanok, with her husband Abraham Itzhok, and two children, Yacov and Ruth. In order to get rid of the Jews who lived near the newly established German-Soviet border, the Germans expelled all the Jews to the other side of the San River, before the Russians arrived. Only a few Jews ~~went~~ into hiding to wait until the storm of the expulsion would be over. My sister's family were among them, despite the fact that at the beginning, they did plan

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

to leave. They were packed and just waited for a horse and carriage to take them to the other side of the San River.

At the beginning of the occupation, they too lived a relatively quiet life until the annihilation began. When they felt that the peril was nearing, they built themselves a bunker together with the bakery owner, Diller, who was the son-in-law of Reb David Dembitzer from Strzyzow. They built the bunker in a big oven in the bakery and lived there a few years under exruciating conditions, constantly afraid of being discovered. They lasted almost until the liberation of the city by the Red Army, but a few months earlier the Nazis discovered the bunker and killed all of them.

The circumstances of the survival for the eight people of my wife's family could have been different. They were going to be exiled by the Soviets like us but, for some reason, were not sent away and were killed during the Holocaust.

My father-in-law's family, refugees from Sendziszow, had expressed their desire to return home as we did and, therefore, would have been exiled on the same Friday, at the end of June 1940, when we were arrested to be sent away. But my father-in-law became ill and was operated on in Zolkiew. Therefore, he, his wife, Frieda, and son Eliezer, were spared from exile.

A short time after the operation, my father-in-law passed away, and my mother-in-law along with her son remained in Zolkiew until the occupation by the Germans after the outbreak of the Soviet-German war. They were among the first to be killed before the others were sent into the ghetto.

My brother-in-law, Reb Abraham Taube, the husband of my wife's sister Chana, in whose house we lived before our exile to Siberia, was a very rich man. Almost all the rich people in town were sent into exile by the Soviets to places where the Germans had not reached. My brother-in-law was sure that he too would be exiled with his family and, for a long time was packed and waited. Unfortunately, the Soviets did not touch them.

He was a goodhearted man, benevolent to the needy, even to those who later collaborated with the Communists. The Soviet authorities did not know the local population and, in order to distinguish between the average people and the rich, they recieved advice from those whom my brother-in-law helped. These people remembered their benefactors among which my brother-in-law belonged, and they saw to it that my brother-in-law was left alone.

That is why my brother-in-law remained in his house, worked in his specialty, managing the big forests which were nationalized by the Soviets, until the German occupation.

My sister-in-law Chana, with her brother and their mother, were soon killed. My brother-in-law jumped off a train which was transporting Jews to the annihilation camp. He was shot at and died in horrible pain. Their two sons, Joseph, age seventeen, and Moshe, age thirteen, were tortured to death in the Janow camp known for its disgrace.

My wife's older sister, Leah Millstein, was an active public servant

WRITTEN BY SURVIVORS

in women's charitable organizations and in the Free Loan Society, in Lwow. She was the wife of a rich manufacturer, a partner in the famous beer brewery in Kalisz. She did whatever was possible to escape the Soviet exile. During the Nazi occupation she reached Warsaw on Aryan documents, and there she disappeared without a trace.

The only member of my wife's family who had no chance to survive was her brother and his family. He was a timber merchant and, during the annihilation, he escaped with his wife Bilha, into a village where they were hidden by a forester, a Christian acquaintance. He exploited them as much as he could, and then handed them over to the Nazis.

Of all my family and my wife's family, only those who were exiled by the Russians, survived, since they were out of reach by the Nazis.

MY FAMILY

By Shoshane Ginsberg nee Scheffler

My father Shimon Scheffler, and my mother Sheindl, were religious people, as were the majority of the people in town, and, in that spirit we children were raised.

Even though our parents were very religious, they did not put obstacles in our paths when we joined the pioneers of the Zionist Youth Movement, and aspired with all the others to immigrate to Eretz Israel. Our parents understood our feelings that we, the youth, could not continue to live in the Diaspora, in an atmosphere of hostility, deprivation, and prequent pogroms. They themselves hoped some day to join us.

To our regret their aspirations of joining us did not materialize. They sanctified with their deaths the divine Name, together with my brother Moshe and my relative Shoshana Gelbwachs, who was adopted by my parents just before my sister and I immigrated to Eretz Israel.

My brother David survived the German concentration camps but his health was ruined going through so much suffering. When he arrived in France after the liberation, he died after a prolonged illness. G-d shalll avenge their blood.

MY MOTHER

By Pinchos Klotz-Aloni

The well-know folk sonk, "Mein Yiddishe Mame," always reminds me of my mother. Everyone knows his mother. Mine was just like yours, like everyone's mother. And when I happen to think about another cordial song, "A brivele De Mamen," I feel that I have sinned. I have written very few letters to my mother.

When I left my mother, more than thirty years ago, I left with the enthusiasm of a twenty year-old man with the thought of discovering a new world, and, if not, to help build a new world. I thought very little about the fact that I left at home such a dear mother who longed for me

BY PINCHOS KLOTZ-ALONI

and waited for a letter. Now I would gladly write to her, but where is she? Where is my mother?

In the past, mothers were brought to a decent burial, and everyone knew their burial place. They had a gravestone which carried their holy names. But my mother, do I know where her blood was spilled? Maybe her blood was not spilled at all? Maybe she was gassed to death in a gas chamber? Or, maybe she went to the ovens alive? Therefore, the pain is much heavier when you do not know what happened to her, where her bones disappeared.

And from my memories I draw pictures about my childhood when my mother showed so much love to me, when she protected me from my strict father's punishments. She was always covering up for me, taking the blame herself, because she knew that the things my father considered mischievous were not mischievous at all. All I wanted to do was to go to the river for a swim or run to the woods to play and, when I became older, I wanted to read a book. My father refused to recognize all these things. According to him, a Jewish boy ought to sit in cheder or Beit Hamidrash, study Torah, and not spend time foolishly.

However, my mother understood well these "foolishness" but I did not know to appreciate her greatness, her good-heartedness. Now, when I do understand it so well, she is not here anymore. Regretting does not help, and neither does beating my chest. All that is left in my memories is the vision of her, her bright portrait, which I will never stop revering and respecting as long as I live.

You see, my dear mother, these few lines that I wrote as a tribute to you are a tribute and a Kaddish for all the Yiddishe Mames, because they all were alike, they all possessed the same merits, the same attributes. May the radiant vision of the "Yiddishe Mame" appear before us from the tragic past like a light tower in a stormy sea to shine upon our paths in our present life.

FATHER SAID: "DO NOT REMAIN HERE."

By Shulamit Grinwald-Hasenkopg

I arrived in Eretz Israel from Frankfurt, Germany, at the end of October 1938. How much I longed for that day, but how bitter were the circumstances through which I finally merited to immigrate. For years I belonged to the Zionist Pioneer Youth Movement, and I was getting ready for a life of realization in Eretz Israel. My emigration documents arrived on Rosh Hashana 1938. The formalities were all arranged. The crates with my baggage were already sent and my suitcases were packed and ready. My mother was crying about the fact that our family was being torn apart, but I was joyful. I was looking forward to my departure. It was customary that on a day when a group of Zionist youth departed, relatives and friends came to the railroad station, singing Hebrew songs dancing the Horah, not paying attention to the hostile looks of the Nazi onlookers. Thus my day of departure was approaching. It was set for Monday, November 3, 1938.

WRITTEN BY SURVIVORS

And behold, on Thursday, my uncle came home with bad news. He had heard that Jews of Polish origin were expelled from nearby Wiesbaden. We were filled with anxiety. My mother, as usual, had already prepared everything for the Sabbath. We anxiously went to sleep. At five in the morning I was awakened. I heard a voice from my parents' room. "Get dressed immediately! The whole family! You are being expelled to Poland." I got up and went into the next room. Two German policemen and one secret policeman in civilian clothes were standing there. "Oh! Here is one more Jewess," a policeman said. My father pleaded with them not to chase out such small children in the street in such a cold and rainy morning. There were three little brothers in our family. But to no avail. On the insistence of my father, they postponed my expulsion for three days because of my emigration papers. The whole family was ordered out. We were stunned. We woke the brothers. I helped mother to pack a few things. I went up to the attic where the wet laundry hung. It was frozen stiff because of the cold night. I still remember to this day the packing of the wet and frozen laundry. My little brothers were told that they were going for a train ride, and this, understandably, made them happy. In one half hour we were ready because the policemen kept rushing us. They were pressed for time. They had a lot of work to do expelling all the Jews from Frankfurt.

I embraced my family, and the policemen locked the apartment. I was allowed to take my suitcases with me. The policemen escorted my family to a transit station. It was five in the morning. I, a sixteen-year-old girl, was left alone in the street in a pouring rain, a suitcase in each hand. I was perplexed. I did not know where to turn. I was sure that all my relatives were expelled. Suddenly, two Christian women passed by. They did not even see my face, but one said to the other in a happy voice, "It is really a nice day. They are throwing the Jews out in the street." Only then did I begin to cry in that gloomy morning. Bitterly crying, I took the two suitcases, and went to the "Pioneer House," to my instructors. They were still asleep, and I woke them up. I told them what happened. They immediately woke up the youngsters who they thought were designated to be expelled. They packed their belongings and provisions, including warm blankets. When the police came, the youngsters were taken away, leaving the food and the warm clothes behind.

The Sabbath passed in depression. I was supposed to leave Germany Monday. On Sunday I met my father. The Poles did not let him cross the border and he was returned to Frankfurt, Germany. The police gave him back the keys to the apartment. I met him in the street and silently embraced him. We were speechless. We walked home together. He opened the door and, in the kitchen, the food for the Sabbath was still on the shelves. All the beds looked as if the people had just slept in them. Suddenly my father began to tremble, a cold sweat covering his face. He began to vomit and he fainted. I pulled him, my strong, husky, and tall father, into bed. He then broke into a spasm and said: "Do not remain here! Go away from here quickly. We are all doomed. Only you have a chance to survive." Those words were a prophesy.

On that Monday, three youngsters, all by themselves, went to the

BY SHULAMIT GRINWALD-HASENKOPF

railroad station. The station was empty. We sat in a corner and cried.

In Munchen the train filled up with emigrants, but the depression did not fade away. Only when the train passed Rusbach, the border station, and left the German land, did a sudden change of mood overcome us. Everybody began to sing: "Masel Tov Jews, we are going home." This was a song which came from the heart, never to be forgotten.

THE BITTER ACCOUNT

By Shlomo Yahalomi

THIS IS NOT A DAY FOR SINGING
RATHER TAKE A SHEET OF PAPER AND WRITE AN ELEGY
(Reb Yehuda Halevi)

It happened the second day of Shavuoth 1947, in a Displaced Persons Camp, in Ferenwald, Germany. The synagogue was filled to the fullest capacity, actually overflowing. Outside the synagogue, hundreds of worshippers who had survived fire and frost, men, women, and orphans, waited to say Yizkor. They were getting ready to pour out their sadness and bitterness before the Master of the Universe. I was standing on the pulpit immersed in my thoughts, wondering how I would be able to fulfill my obligation and memorialize so many untainted martyrs, and also those who passed away of natural causes. I was duty bound to memorialize my parents, grandparents, my wife of my youth and our children, my sister and family, uncles, aunts, and so many colleagues who dissappeared without a trace. And I did want to remeber them all. Who would if not I? My heart was shrinking from pain and sorrow, my head weighed heavily upon my shoulders as if a huge mountain was pressing it. How can I roll these rocks off my chest? And suddenly, I remembered a heart-warming story about one of the ancient Rabbis of Strzyzow, Rabbi Elimelech Shapiro. And this is how the story is told:

Once during the High Holidays, the Rabbi took his prayer book in his hands and approached the pulpit to chant. The Rabbi chanted all day, but the prayer book remained open on the same page where he had opened it at the beginning of the day. When the Hassidim saw it, they were puzzled and asked him for an explanation. The Rabbi responded with a story. That in the days of the Baal Shem Tov, there was a Jewish man who was a tax collector for the master of the village. The man had a wife and one son. When the parents of the boy passed away, the master took him into his home and raised him as a Christian. Years later, when the boy found out that his parents were Jewish, he decided to run away and return to Judaism. When it became known to him that Yom Kippur is a day of pardon and forgiveness, the boy escaped to the nearest town and went to the synagogue. This was just before "Kol Nidrei." He saw that most people wore white, and prayed with tears in their eyes. He was very moved. He took a prayer book in his hand and, with tears in his eyes, he said: "Lord of the Universe, I do not know how to pray, I do not know what to ask for. Take this prayer book and read what it is

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appropriate to read because you know it all.

Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech paused for a second and continued: "So did I. I took the prayer book in which the prayers are according to the holy Ari's version. It is full of mysterious and wonderful secrets which I absolutely do not understand. Therefore, I opened it and put it before G-d, without turning the pages, and said: "Master of the Universe, you have before you a prayer book according to the holy Ari's version, and you know everything."

This is the story that came to my mind which relieved me from my confusion. Like that boy who returned to Judaism, I meditated, "You, G-d, knows everything at a glance." Suddenly a shriek escaped my mouth: "Yizkor Elohim," (Remember O G-d).

From that time on, every time I say Yizkor, I recall the above story. And that is how I memorialize all the souls. Also now, I intent to list with blood and tears all the victims that were sacrificed on the altar of the Nazi inferno, I know that I cannot remember everyone. But I rely on the Almighty who knows and remember everything.

I will not write about my parents who died in the prime of their lives because they died of natural causes and I wrote about them in another place in this book. Here I will tell about those who were killed for the sanctification of the divine Name. First let us remember my companion, the wife of my youth, the enlightened, talented, and clever, Leah, the daughter of Reb Eliezer Licht from Brzostek, near Jaslo, in Western Galicia. The Licht family was a well respected family, and my father-in-law was an enlightened, and pious man. He established and led an exemplary Jewish home. All his sons and daughters were known for their education and exemplary behavior. My wife was the youngest of them all, and she was called "The brains of the family." After our marriage in 1936, we settled in Brzostek, and lived there for three and a half years, a life of happiness and tranquility, until the outbreak of the Second World War. The war brought an end to all our hopes and destroyed our home.

On the first day of the war, the enemy bombers appeared in the skies over our town. The fright was enormous. Many of the residents told me that, "Jews like you" meaning men known for their wealth, should escape because they will be the first victims. People were also convinced that the Nazis would not hurt women. Therefore, in order to spare the wife and the children, it was advisable for the men of the house to leave. Even my clever wife had begged me to go, first to my birthplace, Strzyzow, where my brother Heschel the head of the Kehillah was living and, later to escape together wherever we would decide. After much hesitation I left Brzostek, and a week after the outbreak of the war, I reached Strzyzow. This was September 8, 1939. I did not find my brother in Strzyzow because he had left a few hours before my arrival. While I was standing and regretting that I did not find him, the door opened and he walked in. It appeared that on his way, somebody told him that I was on my way, so he immediately returned. He wanted us to plan together what steps we should take. My brother was lucky to secure one seat in the car of Count Bilitcki, a Christian estate owner. He owed money to my brother and,

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therefore, he offered him a place in his car to travel to Lwow. My brother insisted that I should take the seat and he would somehow manage to find transportation. I refused. I was sure that he was endangering his life and finding a seat, even in a horse drawn cart, would be next to impossible. Finally he surrendered. We separated with hugs and kisses, hoping to meet soon after Hitler's defeat.

Saturday night rumors spread that there would be heavy fighting between the Polish and German armies in the vicinity of Brzostek because of the hilly topography. I decided without hesitation that I should not be here in Strzyzow while my wife, who was pregnant, was on the front line. Early next morning I returned to Brzostek. And, simultaneously, the Nazis occupied the city. I spent two months under the Nazi occupation. I will not go into details of my experience during these two months. Ultimately, my wife and I, and my relatives, concluded that the Nazis did not hurt women and children and I must go away. And so, on October 31, 1939, I was on my way. And here again I am skipping over many details about my wanderings and prisons in Lwow, Odessa, and Charkov, hard labor in Siberia, and on and on. I received a letter and then a package from the wife of my youth. Despite the horrible situation in which they found themselves, she successfully ended her pregnancy and bore us a son.

"Life" in the Nazi inferno turned into hell. The sufferings have increased day after day. The savage German animals began to hurt women also. Everyone felt that the end was imminent, but still a spark of hope flickered in the hearts of the hunted and the tortured. My wife who possessed a lot of energy and was known as a clever woman refused to sit idle and wait for the bitter end. When the "actions" began at the end of 1942, she escaped from Brzostek with our daughter Sarah to the Krakow ghetto. (The infant son Joseph Chaim had died before because of the horrible living conditions.) She bleached the little girl's hair blond and, whoever did not know her and saw her golden curls, thought she was Aryan. After a short time in the Krakow ghetto, she escaped to the Bochnia ghetto where her sister was living. In time, she found out that there was a way of obtaining emigration papers for a large sum of money by taking the place of another woman. She was able to pay more than the other woman was willing to pay. (This woman survived although at that time, she was unwilling or unable to pay such a large amount. Still she did manage to survive notwithstanding the suffering she went through.) My wife obtained the much sought-after travel papers and, with a few more "lucky" people, she was put on a train which was supposed to take them abroad. Instead, the train arrived in the infamous Plaszow camp. Soon after their arrival, the cursed Nazis murdered all of them. May G-d favor their memory with all the rest of the untainted martyrs and avenge their spilled blood.

My sister Eta, was one of the attractive, educated, clever, and polite daughters of Strzyzow. What she learned she remembered. Whether this was our Prophets or the "Pan Tadeusz" (A famous Polish poem by Adam Mickiewicz), she knew it all by heart. Even though she was a little more educated than other girls, they never envied her. They loved her with their souls. It was all because of her gentleness and good-heartedness.

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She was easy-going and loved everybody. She strictly adhered to the Fourth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." After my father passed away, she watched over my mother as if she were the apples of her eyes. She married a good man with a heart of gold, as the saying goes. He was an enlightened man with many virtues. His name was Reb Aryeh Leib, the son of Reb Benjamin Beinish Halevi Federbush, from Dzikow. The Federbush house was a house of Jewish glory. Both my sister and her husband were very charitable. A woman survivor from Dzikow has told me that my sister had sent back to Strzyzow her entire hope chest to a poor girl friend who was going to be married, and bought herself an entire new wardrobe. If there was in town a poor Bar Mitzva boy, she used to provide all the food for the festive meal. And the way she behaved, so did her husband. Despite being busy in his business, he always found time to spare to do something for the poor. He chaired the Food for Poor Committee and distributed the vouchers for lunch or dinner to the poor, as it was customary in many Galician towns. And G-d had blessed them with prosperity and with a lovely dear son whose name was Joseph Chaim, after my father. The boy astonished everybody with his looks and charms. What can I say in conclusion? That my sister and her husband's house was a rich and happy house. They gave charity, practiced kindness as befits a true Jewish home, where G-d's Torah and good deeds was their pedestal. And then the horrible war began.

The Nazis occupied Dzikow a few days after the war began. Dzikow and its vicinity was considered by the Nazis an important area and they ordered the Jews to leave town. On Sukkoth 1939, all the Jews were expelled, my sister among them. They went to Radomysl, and then to Lwow. In Lwow they suffered greatly both materially and because of my sister's illness. Still they worried about me and as soon as they found out that I was sentenced to hard labor and was sent to a remote labor camp in Siberia, they managed to send me a few packages. Later I found out that, not only did they send packages to me, but also to other relatives. What a food package meant in those days knows only he who suffered as we did. I also received a few encouraging letters which strengthened my spirit. Despite my sister's sad and bitter situation, her letters were a work of thought and style. I was astonished at her ability to do such writing in days of such hardships. Her last letter was imbued with sorrow and sadness on one hand, and cheerfulness on the other hand. Ending her letter she signed off with, "Eta the daughter of Dvoira who needs a complete recovery."

Soon after the outbreak of the Soviet-German war, when the Nazis marched into Lwow, they committed excesses and massacres on the Jews. My brother-in-law, my sister and child escaped, and returned to Dzikow. There they stayed until August 1942. On the fifth day of the month of Av, they were expelled to Baranow. They were forced to march on foot, men, women, children, old people and infants. In Baranow my sister's in-laws were murdered. From there they were taken by train to Dembice. In Dembice they took away my sister's son, Joseph Chaim, and killed him right there before his parents' eyes. They refused to do my sister the "favor" of killing her first. In the camp of Dembice, the Nazis

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concentrated 58,000 people. On the seventh day of the month Av, they selected 600 men. One hundred were sent to Rzeszow, one hundred and fifty to Tarnow, two hundred to Pustkow, and one hundred and fifty back to Dzikow. My brother-in-law was in the last group. My sister was later killed with the rest of the fifty eight thousand. Only about fifty people survived the Holocaust.

After all that my brother-in-law went through and what he saw, he became dejected. He constantly held his little boy's clothing under his arms. He worked slave labor in Dzikow. In addition to all the tortures, he was forced to sing Polish and Yiddish songs for the cursed and the wicked because he was an excellent singer. Ultimately, he was also murdered. Before his death, he handed to somebody his son's clothing and told them to watch over his son.

See G-d and look. See my pain, sorrow, and broken heart while I write these stories, avenge their spilled blood.

My heart shrinks from pain when I begin to continue the bitter account memorializing the victims that my brother Heschel sacrificed on the altar of the Nazi inferno. He too lived a respectful and happy life. He lived as the majority of Jews lived throughout Poland and Galicia. The Holocaust destroyed his house and ruined everything he owned. But it is my duty to name the victims.

My sister-in-law, my brother's wife of his youth, Hinda, was the daughter of Reb Joseph Saul Halevi Weidenfeld, from Limanow, a well-known noble family. After my brother was forced to escape to the Russian side, his wife with their two sons, the beloved Joseph Chaim and Isaiah Itzhok, remained in Strzyzow. My brother's wife, Hinda, was a fine, good-hearted woman. Her relationship with our mother Dvoira was spotless. She revered her like her own mother. After my mother passed away, my sister and I lived together with my brother. She treated us motherly and cordially. That fact was known in the whole town. For a certain period, the situation in Strzyzow was bearable. It even reached the point that all the wives whose husbands were on the Russian side, secretly asked them to return home. Hinda too had written my brother and asked him to return. However, my brother refused to abandon me as long as I was an inmate in the Russian jail. He hoped that he would be able to do something about it. He remained in Lwow and, due to that fact, he remained alive. If he would have returned, he would have perished in the Holocaust. It did not take long and the situation in Strzyzow became bad. The persecutions became worse day after day, and in the bitter end, they perished together with the whole town in Belzec. May G-d remember them favorably and avenge their blood.

The list is not complete yet. I am duty bound to memorialize the martyrs related to my present wife, may she live until a hundred and twenty. Her name is Dvora, the daughter of Reb Menachem Mendel Eisen from Wielopole.

My father-in-law, Reb Menachem Mendel, was born in Ropczyce. He was a grandson of Reb Shmaryahu, a pupil of the famous Rabbi Shlomo Zalman Frenkel from Wielopole, who once said to his Hassidim, "During my absence, you can ask Reb Shmaryahu for a blessing." My father-in-law

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inherited from his grandfather the purity of belief and his piety. He gathered in wanderers and the book of Psalms never left his hands. He was active in the Visit the Sick Society. Survivors have testified that he was no less G-d-fearing and possessed as many good virtues as his brother Reb Shlomo, the Assistant Rabbi in Wielopole, to whom even gentiles came to litigate. My father-in-law and his brother perished in the Holocaust. G-d shall avenge their blood.

Also my mother-in-law Chana, their children: Yacov Shmaryahu with his wife Miriam and their children, Abraham, Bina, and Shragai Feivel; Rachel with her husband Mordechai Pinchowski from Strzyzow, their children; Eliezer, Chaya Pearl, Frieda with her husband Itzhok Weiser; their daughters Miriam and Breindl. The son Isachar, and also the son Aaron David, who escaped to Russia, but disappeared without a trace and was never heard from. Beside my wife, another son and daughter survived and are now in the United States. They all were scholars and observant Jews.

In addition to all the dear ones from my immediate family, many more martyrs perished from the big families of Diamand, Kanner, and Eisen. Aunts and uncles, among them my uncle Reb Nathan Kornreich from Bukowsk, who was my mother's brother and his wife Gnendl, who was killed by the Poles as soon as the Nazis came. The list would probably reach in the hundreds. Many whom I remembered are listed in the list of the martyrs at the end of this book.

I want to express my gratitude to the one who is above us in heaven, for my survival. My wife Dvoira and I have two daughters who are dear to us. So did my brother Heschel merit to make a new home and he has a lovely wife and two sons who are following in G-d's ways.

MY FATHER REB CHAIM ITZHOK KALB

THE SON OF REB TANCHUM YACOV OF BLESSED MEMORY

Who has the perception and the pen to record the history of our generation, a generation born, raised, and educated in a shtetl, at the end of the past century, and was swept with the torrent of the First World War into the West, became integrated with that new world, and with the ascent of Hitler, his name shall be obliterated forever, has made aliyah and settled in Eretz Israel? Who could have been able to withstand such powerful storms which this period bore but an outstanding scholar? Only he who absorbed the inner dynamic of the living Judaic Torah, was able to withstand all those changes of life. And such a person was my father, Reb Chaim Itzhok Kalb.

He was the son of Reb Tanchum and Sarah. Reb Tanchum was the shochet in Strzyzow, an enlightened man who was revered by all the people. He spent his childhood in abject poverty. To avoid being recruited into the army, he went to Hamburg, Germany, to stay with a relative. In Hamburg, he gave Talmud lessons to the rich Orthodoxy. The way of life there which was so different from his small town, had deeply impressed him and bore in him a yearning for values with which Judaism was blessed.

BY DAVID KALB

On his return home, he married his wife Rachel, had two children, and soon the global storm placed him in Bohemia. There he established himself in the business world and became the founder of the Orthodox Kehillah in Teplice. His spouse and he were not spared sadness and sorrow, when three of their children were taken away from them as a result of different diseases.

Soon his cleverness was publicly known and, when any dispute occurred, whether legal, personal, or material, the townspeople turned to Reb Chaim Itzhok for advice. How else can you signify an outstanding scholar if not by his ability to translate his knowledge in practical daily use? He mixed well with people and he was especially beloved for his chanting. He preserved his clear voice until the last days of his life.

When Hitler came to power, my father was well-established economically, he branched out into many businesses and was a wealthy man. He managed to salvage only a fraction of his wealth, before it was too late, in order to start a new life on Eretz Israel.

He was seriously injured as a result of a car accident. He lived four more years, thanks to his considerable energy and love for life, defying all medical prognoses. He died on his eightieth birthday.

THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL SHALL LIVE!

By Leah Loos

How many Jews survived the Holocaust in which six millions perished? Not many tens of thousands, one from a town, maybe two from a family. Without using the word "miracle" to describe the manner of the survival of each Jew, hundreds of volumes would not be enough. This was an enormous event unknown in world literature because mankind had never experienced such a Holocaust until the appearance of Asmodeus-Hitler.

I would like to describe here, within the limited frame of this memorial book for the martyrs of Strzyzow, the history of one survivor, a remnant of a family close to one hundred people.

My mother Sarah's family of the Holles Dynasty, had lived for many generations in Strzyzow and its vicinity. My father Eliezer, of blessed memory, came from a little place near Lancut. His large family was scattered throughout Galicia. Most of my mother's relatives lived in Strzyzow and Rzeszow. During the Holocaust my parents and my brother Elazar remained in Strzyzow. Also my cousins, my mother's brother and his family, my father's nephew, Reb Ephraim Kneller with his family, remained in Strzyzow.

From this entire family only one person survived, my older sister's son, Joseph Reich. How they all perished is already told in this book. I just want to tell how this single remnant survived. During the selection, when the Nazis separated the young people into two groups, those to be sent to forced labor and those to be sent to their annihilation, both my older sister's son and daughter were selected to be sent to a labor camp. my sister's son, Joseph, left his parents, but my niece, Henia, refused to separate from her parents and went with them to the

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annihilation. My brother Elazar, was sent to a labor camp. He went through all the hardships in the ghetto and camps. Although he broke an arm, he managed to stay alive. In Theresienstadt, after the liberation, he contracted typhus. His body overcame this disease too. However, his mind was damaged and he became depressed. He managed to contact me. I was then in the service of the Allied Forces in Italy. He recieved my encouraging words and the news about our nephew's survival. He expressed his wishes to come and settle in Israel. But the British ruled our land and the fate of the Jewish survivors was in their hands. In order to make aliyah, they had to obtain permission from the British. This disappointment depressed him even more and until I was able to take some steps to speed up his illegal aliyah, he put an end to his life. I erected a gravestone for him in Landesberg, Germany, and this is the only gravestone in our family.

My cousin, the son of my mother's sister, Meir Holles, lived in the United States. During wartime, I was in constant contact with him. In every letter he expressed fear about the fate of our family. He deluded himself with false hope that perhaps somebody from his family will survive. His spirit broke after he found out the bitter truth that no one from his family escaped the inferno. He too put an end to his life. He was lonely. From his family, the Fradels and the family of Elazar Wurtzel, six children with their own families, no one survived.

My sister Vita, left her residence in Dynow after the first massacre. She with her husband, Mordechai Popper, and son Aryeh, who was four years old, moved to Przemyśl. There, while crossing the San River, my sister met her death from a Russian or German bullet. She wanted to bring provisions for her family. My brother-in-law stayed in the Przemyśl ghetto with his little boy and my nephew, Joseph, the son of my other sister. They worked and managed to hide the child for some time. When the last action began against children, my brother-in-law gave away his little boy to a Christian family for a sizeable sum. The boy was five years-old, and he himself chose a non Jewish name, "Tadek." I was told about the amazing instinct he had to preserve his life. Like all other ghetto children, he had the instinct of a hunted animal. In one of the actions, he felt what was happening around him, so he ran away and hid in a huge soup barrel in one of the food-serving places. He remained there until the danger passed, and then he returned on his own to his father.

I have no information about the fate of this child. The only survivor, Joseph, my nephew, does not know the name of the Christian family or their address. All of my efforts and searches brought no results. Did the Chistians hand him over to the Gestapo? This question is constantly on my mind.

During the final liquidation of the ghetto in Przemyśl, my brother-in-law and my nephew were loaded into a train which supposedly was destined to go to Auschwitz. They have hidden in their boots some break-in tools with which they broke open the car and jumped off the train. About one hundred Jews were killed by German bullets. Joseph and another man survived and reached the forests near Tarnow. The other young man

BY LEAH LOOS

was injured in his knee. For a week they roamed around in the woods, alone, hungry and depressed, until they reached the point of apathy and unwillingness to live. One day they noticed a pair of horses in the woods. Joseph's companion who was a village boy knew that at noontime the owner of the horses was bound to appear to water the horses. They waited for him. When the owner came, Joseph appealed to him to give them food and shelter, especially to help his wounded comrade.

They did not expect a positive answer. They were sure that the gentile would report them to the Gestapo for the reward of a kilogram sugar or salt. To their great surprise, not only did he not report them, but he returned from his house with a basket loaded with precious food and cigarettes which his wife had prepared for them. These people should be remembered for generations to come. The name of the peasant family, these gentle souls, was, Michael and Maria Wlodek, from the village Lenkowice, near Tarnow. These farmers hid the boys in a bunker under the treshing floor. They fed and clothed them for a year and a half until the liberation. Even though they were very discreet about having Jews under the house, their lives were in constant danger, because their house was swarming with S. S. men, and the neighbors could have reported them at any moment or even their own children or servants. If only there would have been more Poles like these farmers, many more Jews would have survived. After the liberation, my nephew, Joseph Reich, went to our house in Strzyzow, to his parents' house in Jaslo, with the illusion of finding someone alive. He found no one. Nothing interested him anymore in Poland. He contacted the Jewish underground organization to help him reach Eretz Israel illegally, knowing that I, his aunt, lived there. I was in Italy at that time as a volunteer in the British Army. There I heard about his survival and found him in a Displaced Persons Camp in Padua, Italy. He immigrated to Eretz Israel via Aliyah Bet, settled there, established a family, and his two children will be the continuation of our family. The people of Israel will live!!!

===== IN MEMORY OF MY PARENTS WHO PERISHED SOMEWHERE IN POLAND =====

By Dr. Chanan Lehrman
Rabbi of West Berlin.

My parents were simple, humble, and unpretentious. Their only aspiration was to live a decent, straight life in the spirit of the ten Commandments, and to implant the same principles in their offspring.

My father, as evidenced by his last name, came from a scholarly, Rabbinical family, going back many generation. He refused to use his Torah knowledge as a tool to earn a living. Therefore, he became a small-caliber merchant. My father was always happy with what he had and lived from day to day being grateful to G-d for each day. Several hours a day he devoted to study the words of the Torah which he also taught to his children, fulfilling the Commandment, "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." He did not leave the task of teaching to the professional teachers.

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Such were his ideals and his virtues. His heartiest honesty was accompanied by his alert cleverness and intuition which had kept him away from frivolity. My father was blessed with an endless resource of good-heartedness and with a sense of humor which did not leave him in his most difficult moments.

He found a helper in the person of his spouse, my mother, who was energetic, strong-minded, and sharp-witted in her practical life. Her devotion to others which had no limitations, was known to everyone. Her appearance, her stature, and her alertness, in spite of her shaky health, stood out in endless vitality and left a deep impression on whoever had a chance to meet her. To raise nine children, each of whom had a different character, was for her a simple matter. Even to feed them from her own labor during the years of the First World war, when my father was mobilized, was not too difficult for her. She still had time left to help her neighbors, help the sick, and console the poor. Not only with words, but with deeds. When someone brought into the house one, two, or even three poor people to be fed, she welcomed them with a smile. "Nothing to it. One more mouth, one more spoon of water to add to the soup." Because of her belief, she could move mountains. Such belief is what we intellectuals arrogantly call extremism. Was it not extremism when, at the height of 1914-18 War, she did not even once conceded the lighting of the Sabbath candles, one for each member of her family?

She was always able to obtain these candles which had become increasingly scarce. And every time, after she finished the candlelighting ceremony which was for her a symbol of renewal of the covenant with G-d, her heart was filled with joy because she considered this covenant the destiny of her family. And, if a child's life was in danger, she felt certain that her love for G-d would not disappoint her and it will be the source of her rescue. Her perseverance was so strong that even a Commandant of a concentration camp could not withstand it. When one of her children was in that camp, she managed to free him without money and without "contacts," only by the power of her tears. When my parents, two elderly people, were expelled from Germany to Poland together with their youngest child, she managed to get the child out from that miserable country which later turned into a gigantic valley of death. G-d kept his covenant which my mother had made with him during the Sabbath candlelighting. My parents fulfilled their obligation toward G-d. They blessed their children and taught them ethical virtues and they knew that their children were on safe shores, although scattered throughout the four corners of the globe. This was their last comfort when they approached their tragic end. Behold, here they were again lonesome, hiding in a cellar beneath a factory, with potatoes their only provision. Only one food package out of five had reached them from abroad. They continued to live only by the strength of hope that the day would come that their family would be together again.

The suffering continued. The winter of 1941-42, the last before the terrible slaughter, had brought them to the brink of despair. without heating, clothing, or food, in a stage of complete weakness, a critical shriek escaped from their mouths, with greater bitterness than

BY DR. CHANAN LEHRMAN

the shriek of Job. But this was only a momentary weakness which flashed upon us with a blinding light, revealing the situation they were in, which they kept covering up with calming words not wanting to disturb us.

The last postcard was dated July 1942, which doubtlessly was smuggled out, simply notifying us in a few words written in haste and with a trembling hand, that they were transferred to a place without a personal address, but not to worry about their fate. From then on, we did not receive any communication. Their pain, like the pain of thousands of others, ended. Only now are we beginning to familiarize ourselves with their sufferings. Their destiny was the destiny of many millions and I would like to ask your forgiveness for telling this personal story which nowadays is nothing but a banal problem. Our imagination is not capable of grasping the awe and the dreadfulness which giant numbers symbolize. The image does not react until the event is personal. I would like to ask your permission to rever my parents' memory by which you will become participants in memorializing all the victims from all the nations. The custom of Jewish tradition demands that on the remembrance day of the death of one's parents, "Kaddish" should be recited, a prayer that praises and exalts the will of G-d, candles should be lit to symbolize the power passed on from father to son and spread the spiritual light which might bring peace to the world. I doubt if I will ever find out the exact day of my parents' departure, but my lectures beginning today and hereafter, will be about the relation between logic and belief and it will be given in a traditional spirit. This will be my humble contribution to the collective light and all this is because of the spark that may parents lit in me. (The last section of this article is an excerpt from my lecture on November 9, 1944, at the Lucerne University in Switzerland, on the subject of "Jewish thoughts in the History of Philosophy.")

The author of this article is a grandson of Reb Moshe Krantzler from Strzyzow who, at that time, was a lecturer in the above-mentioned university.

MEMORIES FROM MY FATHER'S HOUSE

By Seryl Fishler-Mandel

Oftimes when I walk in the street and come across a man wearing a beard with sidelocks, on a gentle face from which the radiance of the divinity shines, a shiver goes through my body. The vision of my father, of blessed memory, appears before my eyes.

My father was a G-d-fearing man. All his faculties were immersed in studying and teaching to others the Holy Torah.

The small business which my family owned after the First World War, suffered very much because my father treated it very lightly, feeling that the store was not worthy of devoting too much time. Therefore, the burden fell on my mother's and children's shoulders, and we derived very little livelihood from the store.

The daily program of my father began at three in the morning. At

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this early hour he got up and went to the Beit Hamidrash. He always stopped on his way at the mikva, and soon after, he sat down to his studies.

The sound of his humming was heard all around him, and everyone knew that Reb Chaim Mandel is studying already. He taught the Talmud to young men, Mishnayoth to the adults, merchants and tradesmen. His sweet voice and the Sassov traditional songs filled the vacuum of the Beit Hamidrash when he chanted on the Sabbath and holidays.

My father of blessed memory, used to make pilgrimage to the Rabbi from Munkatch where he taught Torah to the Rabbi's son-in-law who is now the Rabbi of Chulon, Israel. He sat in as an arbitrator in many litigations, being known for his acuteness.

After the passage of Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro from Sassov, who lived in Strzyzow, my father of blessed memory, together with Reb Yeshayahu Mandel, Reb Samuel Moshe Groskopf, and Reb Chaim Yacov Nuremberg, all of blessed memory, continued the Rabbi's traditions and his court was preserved under the leadership of the Rebetzin Chana, until their son Rabbi Nechemiah returned from Vienna and inherited the Rabbi's place.

My mother, may she rest in peace, had suffered with great humility because of her worries for a livelihood. There was a houseful of small children. Only with the help of my grandparents was the family able to exist until the children grew up and helped in the store.

My younger brother Naphtali, of blessed memory, had intertwined Torah with ethics, and also obtained a broad, general enlightenment.

I, as a young girl, joined the General Zionist Association and my goal was to make aliyah to Eretz Israel. It is hard for me to describe how great my suffering was because of the negative attitude to Zionism in our home and, even my studying Hebrew was met with objection.

I was convinced that there would not be any possibility for me to make aliyah directly from my home to Eretz Israel. Therefore, I left my parents' house in 1931, and, just before the ascension of the savage, I reached Berlin.

The moment I entered Germany, I energetically concentrated my efforts to obtain a permission certificate. My efforts were fruitful and, thanks to it, I am now able to write these memories here in Israel. I showed the way to my family which remained in the Diaspora. But only one sister followed me and is at present with me. My sister Mina, may she rest in peace, who also was an active Zionist, was supposed to have come from Warsaw with the last illegal group. However, she did not board the ship. She was apprehensive that the ship would not reach her destination. She was fated to remain with my family until the bitter end.

MY HOLY FATHER THE MARTYR, REB ABRAHAM KALB THE SHOCHET,

OF BLESSED MEMORY

By Ben Zion Kalb, New York.

My master, my father the teacher, the martyr, Reb Abraham, the son of Reb Tanchum Yacov, told me that he was the grandson of Reb Kopel from Lykova, a descendant of Rashi. On the gravestone of my great-grandfather, Reb Avremah'le Nobitnitzer, was inscribed as follows: "A holy and godly man who blew the shofar for Rabbi Hersch from Rymanow." My father was holy and untainted while alive, before he was murdered by the Nazis. Torah and prayer, benevolence and devotion to G-d, had filled his life since he was first able to understand. He did everything with amazing exhilaration. Whoever heard my father express his inner soul during his chanting of the High Holiday prayers, "Malchuyot, Zichronot, Shofrot," or "Kol Nidrei," remembered it all his life. He did everything with holy fieriness and excitement, fulfilling the precepts of eating matzo, sitting in the Sukkah, lighting the Hanukkah candles, etc. He was like the "eternal fire which burned on the altar and never went out." I never saw him go to bed or get up in the morning, even when he was tired. His mysterious melody at the midnight prayers was filled with yearning for the living G-d and it always woke me up in the middle of the night. His powerful belief in G-d was most convincing, more than all the logical and philosophical proof. He cleaved to the righteous and to Hassidism. He frequently visited the Rabbis; Rabbi Yechezkiel from Sieniawa, Rabbi David Moshe from Tchortkow, and his son, Rabbi Israel, also the Rabbi from Ostrowce, and other world famous Rabbis. He was attached to them with all the threads of his soul.

During the Holocaust, when, with the help of G-d, I successfully rescued over three thousand Jews, men, women, and children, I needed to sign all kinds of messages in order to organize such a holy task, I always signed "Ben Avraham." I was sure that thanks to my father's merits who taught me to put my life on the line for our people, I was able to complete such a holy task successfully. The last time I saw him at the end of 1939, he told me to take with me the small Talmud that we possessed. When I told him that the Talmud is not very popular with the Gestapo, he responded with excitement, "Torah shields and saves." I took it with me, and this is the only object left from my father. The Nazis murdered him near an open grave in the cemetery in Newmark.

My mother, Sheindl, was murdered together with my father. She was the daughter of Reb Bezalel who had been a shochet and Assistant Rabbi in Sczucin for fifty years. The simplicity with which she believed in G-d and her good deeds were well-known. When she gave charity, she did not want anybody to know. My sister Malka, her husband Moshe Halperin, a pious scholar, and their five-year-old son Bezalel, were all murdered.

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May G-d avenge their spilled blood. My older brother, the martyr, Menachem Mendel, was very charitable. He revered our father and mother very much. When the Gestapo came to take him away, my mother told him to jump out of the window and escape but he said, "And what about you?" He was afraid that if he would escape, they would kill our parents instead. He did not realize that our parents would be killed later anyway. That is how they were all killed. May G-d avenge their blood, and may their meritoriousness shield us and all of Israel.

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IN MEMORY OF MY FATHER AND MY TOWN

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By Menachem the son of
Moshe Kandel-Nuremberg

"I remember thee and I growl" about you my native town, which I left forty years ago. You were wiped off the face of the earth, and you are no more.

My town, my dear town, how can I forget you? You are fresh in my memories as you were on the day when I left you. I still remember the marketplace, all the streets and alleys, filled with charm and beauty.

I recall in my memory all the revered citizens, the scholars, the simple and faultless folks, they all were people of faith, straightforward, innocent people.

It comes to my mind the remembrance of the old shul, the kloiz, and the Beit Hamidrash, which were filled with scholars, delighted young-men and boys who diligently studied Torah, and out of those walls the sound of Torah was heard. This effervescent life which so strongly pulsed was cut off by the cursed Nazis, savages in the form of humans. They all perished during the Holocaust in the fire which engulfed the entire House of Israel. And from my eyes tears are dripping for the destruction of our nation.

Let me commemorate my father, Reb Moshe, the son of Reb Itzhok Eisik Nuremberg, who was one of the outstanding people in town. He stood tall both ways, physically and morally. An outstanding scholar who knew Talmud, was an authority in the ritual rules and strictures. My father was well acquainted in the responsa, and he was a teacher and instructor to Israel. Many people came to his house for advice and enjoyed his resourcefulness. He was a fiery Hassid of Rabbi Yechezkiel Halberstam from Sieniawa, and he also dabbled in writing and left manuscripts which have not seen the light yet. He ended his days as Assistant Rabbi in Keln, Germany. May his memory be blessed.

This article was written on the day of his yahrzeit.

IN MEMORY OF MY FAMILY

By Ruth Kremerman-Russ

My father, Reb Aryeh Leibush Russ, and my mother, Rachel Yidis, were typical of the previous generation. They opposed my aliyah to Eretz Israel and I did it without their blessing. My dream to make aliyah materialized but my happiness was mixed with sadness because I had to leave my parents when they had not yet recovered from the loss of their only son, Abraham. My brother Abraham died when he was only twenty-three years old. My sister Sarah with her husband, Moshe Blau, was planning to follow me. My brother-in-law was supposed to immigrate as a Rabbi but the British Mandatorial Government had canceled the Rabbinical privileges for aliyah and they, with their three children, remained in the foreign land. They were all annihilated by the Nazis, and I never merited to see them again. May G-d avenge their blood.

IN MMEORY OF MY FATHER, SISTER WITH HER FAMILY.

WHY, O WHY, DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN?

By Harry Langsam

My mother, Fruma Ryvka, of blessed memory, died at the prime of her life, leaving five orphans the youngest of whom I, was only six months old. Until 1939, when the horrors of the Holocaust befell upon Israel, I always envied other children for having a mother, and inwardly carried a grudge against G-d for taking her away at such a young age. But having survived the Holocaust made me realize that maybe G-d did it because she was a righteous woman and he wanted to spare her so much suffering.

My father, Reb Yacov, the son of Reb Tzvi Elimelech, was a tall, handsome man. His face was adorned with a dark, chocolate-colored beard, and the last time I saw him, in October 1939, his beard was sprinkled with a few gray strands.

My father was a pious, deeply religious man, but not a fanatic. He understood that the world is moving forward, and one cannot stop progress. He himself was an avid reader of the "Yiddishe Togblatt," an Orthodox newspaper published by Agudat Israel. He never objected to seeing a child reading a Yiddish book or newspaper. But he never permitted any of us children to deviate, Heaven forbid, one iota from the basic religious principles or rituals.

My father was a Hassid and admirer of the Rabbi from Munkatch, and all the Rabbis from the Dynow Dynasty, with whom we were related through Reb Pesach Langsam from Jawornik, from whom the Dynow Dynasty originated.

When the Second World War began, on September 1, 1939, I was working in Tarnow. My brother Simcha lived in a nearby town, Zabno, and my oldest sister Beila with her family, lived in Dombrowa, also not far from Tarnow.

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Friday, September 1st at eight o'clock in the morning, was a moment that I will never forget. The owner of the paper-bag factory where I worked, Reb Wolf Getzler, had just walked in and headed straight for the electrical box. He pulled the switch to stop the machines and said, "children, the war has began."

On Saturday, when I walked in the street with some friends from the Religious Zionist Organization, we were nabbed by Polish soldiers and taken to dig bomb-shelters. This was the first time in my life that I was forced to desecrate the Sabbath. A short while later, by the intervention of the Jewish community leaders, we were released, promising to appear voluntarily the following day to continue the building of bomb-shelters for the civilian population.

Sunday night, September 3rd, Tarnow was bombarded all through the night with destructive and incendiary bombs. The whole town was on fire. The next day, early in the morning, the entire population began to evacuate the town. People with worried faces, red-eyed from a sleepless night, and loaded with packs of their belongings, were going somewhere without a definite direction. There was total chaos.

I hurriedly joined the stream of refugees leaving behind my meager belongings, thinking that I would soon return. I went to Zabno, where my brother Simcha was working in a bakery. My intent was to bring him to Tarnow and from there to evacuate with all the others eastward, stopping in Strzyzow to see our father.

The road was swarming with evacuees, and every few minutes we had to ditch into the fields because the German planes were machine-gunning the civilian population. When I arrived in Zabno, my brother was gone and I was told that he went to Dombrowa to join my sister's family. So, having no choice, I set out in the direction of Dombrowa. I walked a day and a night until I reached Dombrowa. I was happy to find my brother and to see my sister with her family. For three days we debated amongst ourselves what to do. We simply did not know how to handle the situation, whether to evacuate or not. There were all kinds of contradictory opinions. Older people who lived through the First World War were against leaving, pointing out, a) we could not run faster by foot than the motorized German army, and b) being a refugee is very difficult. Therefore, we decided to remain in Dombrowa. On Friday, September 8th, the German army marched in, and took the town. A dark night began for the Jewish people.

The High Holidays were upon us. The prayer houses were all locked up by decree. The Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur services were conducted secretly, out of the Germans eyes. My brother Simcha and I had not heard anything from our father. Therefore, we decided that I should try to reach Strzyzow. Soon after the first two days of Sukkoth were over, dressed as a peasant boy, I started out on my journey to see my father. It was a distance of eighty kilometers, and a very dangerous journey. I had very little money and a few packages of cigarettes on me. Cigarettes had become a scarce commodity at that time. I arrived in Strzyzow on a Friday afternoon, it was Hoshana Raba. The first unpleasant welcome into town that I received was to see a group of Jewish young

BY HARRY LANGSAM

men working at forced labor under the supervision of the Sabbath Goy, Sibirca, who was among the first of the gentiles to take advantage of the situation and show his hostility towards the Jews.

Of course, my father was happy to see me and to hear about the well-being of my brother, my sister and her family. Only from my sister Golda had we not heard anything, nor did we know her whereabouts. A few days later, a mail smuggler brought a note from her which said that she was fine and was in Lwow. She hinted that we should join her. My father and I decided that I should return to Dombrowa and plan together with my brother and sister what to do next. Traveling for a Jew was very dangerous because Jews were forbidden to use transportation. Only angels watched over me and were my guardians. Soon after I reached my brother and sister in Dombrowa, I began to insist that the only thing to do is to escape to the Soviet side. My brother hesitated. He tried to find all kinds of excuses to hold me back. His main reason was fear of becoming a refugee. In the meantime, the Germans went ahead with their oppressive orders. They issued an order that all males ages 18 to 60 have to register. This convinced us both that the time to escape had come. We decided to go to Strzyow first to see our father and, from there, to reach the San River on the German-Soviet border. Again, by sheer luck we had no trouble reaching Strzyow. We told father about our decision and he gave us his blessing. Nobody suspected that it was as dangerous for the older people to remain under the Nazis as it was for the younger people, and nobody could even imagine that the Jewish people faced a total annihilation. Before we left home, our father told us: "As a father, how can I urge you to wander off into the unknown but, on the other hand, there is too much risk for you to remain here. Therefore, go with the grace of G-d and do not forget Him. But please try to be back home for Passover. I hope by then Hitler will be dead and we will celebrate the seders together." We have never forgiven ourselves for not taking our father with us.

It was raining heavily. The hills surrounding Strzyow were covered with low clouds and it seemed as though the hills were hiding their embarrassment for being forced to leave them. We said good-bye to our father, to our town, to our birthplace, with a trembling heart and tears in our eyes. We never saw our father again. Oh G-d! Please avenge his innocent, untainted blood.

During the imprisonment in Soviet Russia, I received one postcard from my father in response to my letter. He wrote that he was not hungry, that Reb Mordechai the baker helps him with bread, and he was wondering why we were in a labor camp. He perished with all his brothers and sisters from Strzyow, apparently in the annihilation camp of Belzec.

My sister Beila, her Husband, Naphtali Einhorn, with their three little darling boys: Tzvi Elimelech, Itzhok, and Yehuda Zev, who resided in Dombrowa perished somewhere in Poland. She was married into a big branched-out family, the Einhorns, and the Apples, who also lived in Dombrowa, but none of them survived.

Finally, I want to mention my aunt, Tova Feldmaus, who was my mother's sister, her three children: Hersh, Elazar, and Gitel. Their young

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spilled blood should never be forgiven.

As I wrote before, a good angel watched over me, my brother, and my two sisters, four offspring of my father did survive. We all established families, bore children and grandchildren, as the Prophet said: "The perpetuity of Israel is infinite."

DAYS AND YEARS IN STRYZOW

By Chana Schiff-Shmulewicz

First I would like to reminisce about my childhood, about the days of my attendance in the elementary school. From the scholastic point of view, I liked the school very much, but being Jewish with Christians all around me had caused me much suffering. One particular incident which left a great impression upon me happened in school in history class. My teacher had asked me a question and I gave her the right answer. Soon thereafter, she asked a Christian student from an intellectual Polish family a question, but the student failed to respond. The teacher was shocked and remarked loudly that her heart ached seeing that Polish history flows from the mouth of a Jewish girl, but the Polish girl was ignorant and did not know anything about her own national history. This remark which contained so much anti-Semitism deeply impressed me. When I told my parents about the incident, they did not think that it was out of the ordinary. They advised me to get used to these facts and, in the future, not to get upset over such incidents.

That is how I spend my years in school, years of open discrimination by the teachers against the Jewish students. The Polish students did not stand passively by. As a result of their upbringing at home and school, they always looked at us disdainfully and, most of them teased us and called us insulting names. But in most cases we kept quiet. Thus, in our hearts we had accumulated a bitter pain which influenced us in our future and guided us in finding something that contained a challenge and satisfaction. This was the Zionist Movement in our town.

After we graduated from school (seventh grade), we found ourselves in a vacuum. We were without a goal and with nothing to do. The only avocation in town was around the Visloka River. There we spent hours in Jewish company, we conversed and read books. I remember well the day when a few of the young sons in town, Elazar Goldberg and Joseph Schiff, (I did not know then that he was to be my husband,) asked us to join the Hebrew Youth. In that period, the membership of this movement was small and consisted mostly of boys. The home of that group was in the club of the Zionists, named "Hatikva," which was located in the big house of Reb Shlomo Diamand, blessed be his memory. His grandson, Reb Shlomo Yahalomi (Diamand), is very active in the compilation of this book. The Chairman of the Zionist Movement was Itzhok Berglass who invested much time and effort in this book, and even now continues as the Chairman of the Natives of Strzyzow and Vicinity Society. Thanks to these two, this book which is so dear to us came into existence.

We soon became adapted to the movement. We found in it what we were

BY CHANA SCHIFF

looking for, namely, ideals. We began to work for these ideals and derived great satisfaction. Our main goal became now to make aliyah to Eretz Israel. Our first instructors were Joseph Weinberg and Pinchos Klotz and, from them, we absorbed the love for our land. We had many groups and one of them studied Hebrew under the guidance of Mr. Hersh Shapiro. After he made aliyah, we were taught by Libka Greenblatt, Mr. Elimelech Waldman, and others, whose names I do not remember. They all perished in the holocaust. May their memory be blessed. Later on, we ourselves began to instruct the younger members of the movement.

We worked several years in the movement and, ultimately, we went to a training kibutz which was required in order to be qualified for aliyah. The day of our departure was approaching. On one hand, our hearts rejoiced immensely at the prospect of making aliyah to Eretz Israel and, on the other hand, we were moved with the thought that soon we would have to separate from our families and colleagues.

On Thursday, January the 4th, 1935, in the early morning, a day wrapped in cold and snow, we began our journey. To the railroad station we were escorted by our parents, brothers, and sisters, and our comrades from the organization. My grandmother, Esther Hinda Berger, who was known for her wisdom, also came to the station in spite of her advanced age. She was the wife of Joshua Berger.

One year after my emigration, my husband's parents, Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff, and his wife Ryvka, also emigrated with their youngest son, David. Reb Levi Itzhok was one of the active leaders of the Kehillah in Strzyzow and a fiery Hassid of the Rabbi from Sadigora. My husband's older brother, Meir, who was very devoted to his parents, his wife Dvoira, and their little daughter, Chaya Leah, remained in Strzyzow and they all perished in the holocaust. They planned to follow us but they and many others like them did not make it.

My husband's house was known in town for its hospitality. Almost every Saturday night and holidays, the Hassidim used to gather in Reb Levi Itzhok's house to celebrate the yahrzeits of their Rabbis. The house used to fill up to the fullest capacity. The Hassidim used to tell Hassidic tales and enjoyed the festive meals prepared by my mother-in-law, Ryvka, who was a righteous woman. She was helped by her mother-in-law, Chaya Leah, and by Dena Brauner, the wife of Zalman Brauner. My in-laws have continued their traditional hospitality here in our land. My father-in-law became active and was one of the founders of the Natives of Strzyzow Society in Israel.

Now I would like to commemorate my parents. My father Reuben Shmulewicz, may G-d avenge his death, was a G-d-fearing man and easy-going with others. He did not seek reverence or money, only love for the Torah and love for his fellow Jews. He studied Torah day and night, and participated daily in studying Mishnayoth with Reb Shalom Schwartzman.

Yom Kippur in our house has left a deep impression in my memory, I remember that on Yom Kippur I did not see my father from the beginning of "Kol Nidrei" until the closing prayers "Neilah" the next day. All that time he spent in Beit Hamidrash, contemplating the holy books. My mother was a good-hearted woman, devoted to her children, and known for

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her charitable activities. Blessed be her memory.

I would also like to mention a few people from Strzyzow that were our neighbors, people of charity and good deeds, as my mother used to tell me. Like Reb Moshe Scheffler, known for his help to the poor and the sick. Reb Mordechai Schwartz, the baker, known for his benevolence and whose bakery was open to all the hungry. Reb Mordechai's son, Eliezer, followed in his father's footsteps and possessed the same virtues. He lived in our land for many years and passed away after a prolonged illness.

Of all the comrades of the Zionist Movement, only a few survived and they are here, living with us in Israel, thanks to the fact that they were fortunate to immigrate before the outbreak of the war.

We left behind in Strzyzow many comrades with hope to meet here in our land. These were boys and girls who contributed so much to the Zionist Movement in Strzyzow and they could have contributed much more of their energy and strength in the development of our homeland. But, they were waiting for the entrance visas into our land, the cursed war broke out which prevented the materialization of their dreams. From among my girl friends, I would like to remember my best friend, Leah Rosen. She was waiting to immigrate to Eretz Israel, and meantime her life was cut short by an untimely death. She was my best friend. This happened only a few months after my aliyah. I was deeply shocked and her memory never left me.

I would like to memorialize here a few more sons and daughters of Strzyzow. They all were cut down in the prime of their lives, by the savage Nazis: Miriam Zanger, Ryvka Kresh, Rachel Diamand, Chaim Dym, who was my husband's best friend, Naphtali Diamand, and many more boys and girls who were known for their talents. Their memory is always with me, and I will never forget them. May their memory be blessed.

ETA HACKER, (FROM THE LANDESMAN-DIAMAND FAMILY.)

By Shlomo Yahalomi

Eta was born to her parents, Reb Asher Leml and Miriam Landesman, in or about the year 1885. Miriam was the daughter of Reb Shlomo from Zyznow. Eta was orphaned at a young age. She was a very sensible and clever woman, with a gentle spirit and a delicate soul. Her life was not strewn with pleasantness. Before the Nazis came to power, she lived a modest and honest life in Vienna, Austria. Then, with the ascension of the Nazis, she was forced to leave Vienna and, after much wanderings, she arrived in the United States. Eta always remembered her parents, her origin, and the Jewish spark remained with her all her life.

After a prolonged illness, she passed away on the thirteenth of the month Teves, 1964, in New York. According to her will, she was flown to Israel and buried near the Rabbi Ashlag, of blessed memory. She left all her possessions to orphanages. May her memory be blessed forever.

HOW I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE TOWN OF MY ORIGIN, STRYZOW

By Shlomo Neumann
From the Adest family

One day when I was in the office of our kibbutz, I overheard a chavera by the name of Tenzer, mention that her family came from Strzyzow.

Strzyzow!--I jumped up surprised, that is the place where my father's family came from. Through her I got in contact with the Society of the Natives from Strzyzow in Israel and obtained the memorial book about the martyrs of Strzyzow. I was surprised to find that the name Neumann was not mentioned in that book.

This brought me to write what little I know about my family.

Our father, Reb Moshe Aaron Neumann, of blessed memory, was born in Strzyzow in the year 1882, the son of Shlomo Neumann from Strzyzow. To the best of my knowledge, our grandfather was a contractor who built houses. He also dealt with timber. According to my oldest sister Chana, who remembered my grandfather as a very old man, he lived to the age of one hundred and fifteen years. He passed away in 1920, after the pogrom in Strzyzow. Until the pogrom he is said to have been a healthy upright man with a long white beard. He is said to have been born at the time of Napoleon, and passed away after the First World War. He was heavily beaten during the pogrom, when the hooligans claimed that a Polish child had been murdered and he was suspected to being a party to the murder. Our grandmother was called Odesss before she married, and was a teacher of young girls. Our father Reb Moshe Aaron Neumann, fought in the Austrian Army during the First World War, and was a prisoner of war. He married my mother, Chaya, who was born in Rzeszow, and my three sisters, Chana, Toni and Gina, were born in Strzyzow. After the war, my family moved to Magdeburg, Germany, where I was born. Our father taught Jewish children and prepared them for their Bar Mitzva. He also was the founder and leader of a shul.

Our mother Chaya, of blessed memory, passed away in 1933.

We stayed in Magdeburg until my father was transported by the Gestapo to Poland and interned in Zbonszin, on the Polish-German border.

My sister Toni, of blessed memory, who was in Poland at the outbreak of the Second World War, lived in Krakow. During the war, my father lived together with her in Krakow and in 1942, they both moved to Strzyzow. This was the last time we heard of them....My oldest sister, Chana, of blessed memory, managed to get to England just before the war broke out. She and her husband, Fred, of blessed memory, are buried in England.

My sister, Gina, came to Palestine and settled in kibbutz Rodges. She later left the kibbutz to study nursing. In 1949, she was sent to France to work in refugee camps for displaced persons who were waiting to immigrate to Eretz Israel. Toni fell ill and remained in France where she married Abraham, who recently passed away. Today she lives in

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France.

I succeeded to escape to England at the age of thirteen. During the war and until 1947, I was in a Youth Aliyah Hachshara Center, and from there I went to Israel on that famous boat "Exodus." When I finally managed to get to Israel, I joined our chaverim from England and together we established Kibbutz Lavi. I was married in Lavi to my wife Rósi, and we have three children. Two girls and a boy.

Bat Sheva, my oldest daughter, is married to Ronni, and they have two children. They live in Ranana where my other daughter, Irit, also lives. She and her husband Motti have four children.

Our son Moshe Aaron, lives in Lavi, is married to Sarit, and has two sons.

The reason for my parents' immigration to Germany from Poland was the fact that my father hated Poland, as he told me the evening before he was expelled to Poland by the Gestapo.

My parents were Zionists. My mother's family who lived in the United States sent us tickets to go to America before Hitler came to power in Germany, but my mother, of blessed memory, would not hear of it. After this incident the family in the United States broke off all contact with us, even during the Holocaust.

FROM THE LEGACY OF THE MARTYRS

NAPHTALI THE SON OF REB CHAIM MANDEL. MAY G-D AVENGE HIS BLOOD

Excerpts from Naphtali's letters to his colleague and student, Chaim Mohrer in Eretz Israel.

(First letter)

Time grabs a person with a strong grip and does with him as it wishes...and only occasionally does a person isolate himself from the tumultuous life into a corner, remaining with his soul, until he feels how much he distanced himself from real life and feels an emptiness in his soul. Sometimes his soul cries from the depths of his heart, and laments for its devastation. The latent yearnings attack the person for the times that have passed him by.

And now, my beloved, I came to alert you that being in the Holy Land, the metropolis of G-d's Kingdom, the land that G-d claims to be eternally His....remember, my loveable Chaim, that you left your native land and came into a new environment, between those who call themselves leftists and rightists, where the licentiousness is tremendous. Therefore, Chaim, watch your actions and watch over your soul....Remember how the Talmud comments on the verse, "You created darkness and it became night," which means, that this world resembles night....Make an effort to set aside time for studying a page Gemara or to read the Books of Ethics. Avoid the crowds who are immersed in emptiness because you are in a place where nobody knows you and the temptations are immense. Therefore, do not associate with them, with the people who have no sense to distinguish between day and night.

With me personally, there is nothing new. I study Talmud daily, the tractate of Yoma, and the commentaries, the Bible, and philosophical books, the Rambam, The Obligation of the Hearts. There I find consolation and the healing of body and soul.

Sunday, Chapter of the week, "Bechukotay." 1936.

(Second letter)

Here in our shtetl, dear Chaim, everything is the same. G-d continues to lead his world monotonously. The annual guest, the winter, has arrived and, when the people or the animals breathe, a white steam emanates from their mouths. The sidewalks in front of Bunim's candy store is already littered with the shels of pumkin seeds and inside the store, they are busy studying the game of billiard. Suddenly, tables with six holes, six balls, and long sticks appeared in all the candy stores. The whole game consist of trying to knock the balls into the holes. You cannot imagine what is going on with that billiard. The cursing and foul language of these loathsome creatures, these "scholars." Their acuteness and proficiency is unimaginable. The noise that is

FROM THE LEGACY OF THE MARTYRS

coming out from Bunim's candy store can be heard in heaven. G-d shall have mercy and help Nechemiah "Crook" (Felber) learn the game. If not, he may destroy the whole world. The jokes and senseless conversations during the game are worthy of being published in a special edition to show that the existence of this world is justified....

At the other "Rabbi's" store, in the store of Reb Samuel Rosenbluth, may he be blessed with a long life, the clientele is more revered, and more G-d-fearing." Samuel himself puts together combinations, adds mysterious mathematical ciphers, and the book of "Zohar" is always open on the table in the store. He is deeply immersed in reading a spicy romance.

Saturday night, the chapter of the week, "Miketz," 1937

===== WHY DID G-D PUNISHED ME SO SEVERELY? =====

By Eta Federbush-Diamand

Oh yes, my dear Liba, it is true. My dear mother, the love of my soul, is no longer alive! The brutal death has snatched away from me my most precious treasure which was concealed deeply in the inner chambers of my heart and soul. The earth has covered my dearest possession in this world. My mother's heart, the heart of an angel, has stopped beating. Is it not awful? Is it possible to describe such a great loss? Can I possibly put on paper what is going on in my heart? In my crushed and broken heart? There was always before my eyes a sacred purpose: "Mother," to live for her, to look after her, and to watch over her like the apple of my eye. It seems to me that where it concerns reverence for my mother, I did everything possible. I devoted my youth to her. In the last few weeks, I did not leave her for a moment, day and night. I invested all my power and energy to help her. but to no avail. Why had G-d punished me so severely? Apparently, I deserve such a punishment. Well let us not question G-d's ways.

Do you know what my life consist of now? It is a life with the image of my dear mother which is engraved deep in my heart. The only thing that gives me repose are the tears that I shed for her....After my father passed away, she was the father and the mother, the foundation of our house. When this foundation collapsed, what is there left to do? To cry and cry!

Be well and shed tears for the fate of your dear friend who became orphaned.

This an excerpt from a letter written by Eta Federbush to her girl-friend, Liba Tucker in 1934.

FROM THE LEGACY OF THE MARTYRS

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EXCERPT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN TO LEAH LOOS IN ERETZ ISRAEL

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By Liba Greenblatt and
Sarah Alta Mandel.

My good friend!

Many thanks for the warm Masel Tov that you sent me. You are wishing me that you hope soon to be able to convey these congratulations to me in person over there in "Ha-Aretz." May G-d fulfill your wishes. Meanwhile I see no hope for the materialization of this goal because my husband's position enables us to make a living and we are afraid that over there, we would not be able to find a livelihood with our meager funds. The needs of a family are bigger than those of a single girl. But still, we are not resigned. Maybe the conditions will improve in the future and we will be able to settle in Eretz Israel.

A few weeks ago your mother told me that you intend to write letters to us. So we are waiting impatiently because we are curious to know how your true spirits are, how your life is individually, and what the spiritual and material situation of the children of Israel is in general. But your letters have not arrived yet and, in the meantime, I am moving to Rymanow. Therefore, When your letter will finally arrive, I will not be able to read it. I will have to rely on Sarah Alta, to learn the contents of your letter and this will not be satisfactory to me. Therefore, please hurry up and send letters. Maybe I will still be here in Strzyzow and, if not, please write me another letter which would make me very happy.

I will be leaving Strzyzow soon after the holidays and I wish to find in my new life what we all dreamed about--happiness.

Be well, healthy, and write soon.

From your friend who sends regards from myself and my husband whom you never met. He is a good Jew, and he is interested in everything that is happening over there.

Yours, Liba

I too thank you for the greeting card and send my best wishes. I am too busy now to write more because I am preparing the seders for Passover. I am waiting impatiently for your letter. write soon.

Sarah Alta

FROM THE LEGACY OF THE MARTYRS

LETTER FROM THE NAZI-OCCUPIED TERRITORY

By Eta Falk-Dembitzer

Strzyzow, March 16, 1941.

To Sarah and Itzhok Berglass.

My dear friends!

I apologize for not writing sooner, even though I know how important it is to hear from home but I am devastated after the tragedy that happened in my immediate family. Therefore, I could not concentrate my thoughts and sit down to write a letter. This postcard was written two months ago, and I just found it today in a drawer. I decided to mail it anyway.

I am not writing too much news because I do not go outside and nobody comes to visit me. Everyone has his own troubles and does not want to listen to somebody else's troubles.

I have recently seen your entire family. Thank G-d they are all well. Also Chaya from Sanok paid a visit and she is also well. I also heard that Mrs. Gertner had received a postcard from you, and was happy to hear that you are in good health. Please write some more. Kisses from the bottom of my heart.

Eta

A LETTER TO ITZHOK BERGLASS IN PIMIA, SIBERIA

From Chaya Feivush-Berglass

Sanok, February 24, 1941.

My dear brother!

A week ago I was in Strzyzow to observe our father's yahrzeit. Nechama and I with David and Elimelech went to the cemetery. Thank G-d, we are all healthy but mother misses you. She carries around in her pocket the few postcards she has received from you.

Did you hear anything from your relatives in the United States? We wrote to them. Maybe they would like to help you emigrate? By all means. We advise you to go. But we know that it takes time. We do not hear from you too often. We are well and have enough food.

Kisses for everyone.

Chaya

FROM THE LEGACY OF THE MARTYRS

A LETTER TO ITZHOK BERGLASS IN PIMIA, SIBERIA

From Nechama Bernstein-Berglass

Strzyzow, February 25, 1941.

Dearest brother and family!

For some time we did not hear from you nor from Henia. The postcards which you sent through Paltiel Kneller's father-in-law have not reached us. Please write directly to us. Write us a card every week but do not add Yiddish words because it takes longer to receive them. Chaya was here to observe the yahrzeit of our father, blessed by his memory. We all went to the cemetery and prayed that we should be together again. Thank G-d we have our health. Sometimes we all regret that we are not together over there with you because togetherness is much better. What is Ryvka studying? She is probably a big girl now. Does Rachel remember us? Bina is always kissing her picture.

Where do you live? In a city or in a village? What is your occupation? Henia lives in a village and her husband Eliezer is a lumberman. Heschel Diamand is also there, somewhere. But he has not written anything. Let Sarah and the children add a few words. We kiss you all and wish to see you soon.

Nechama

A PLEA FOR SUPPORT TO THE SECRETARY OF THE STRYZOW SOCIETYIN THE UNITED STATES

From the Assistant Rabbi in Strzyzow, Rabbi Yacov Shpalter.

To the revered, charming, and generous Reb Samuel Mussler.

Since I had very friendly relations with your father, of blessed memory, I dare to take the opportunity to bother you with my request.

I am and had been the Assistant Rabbi of Strzyzow for the last fifteen years. I was accepted by all parties in town. Even though it is a small town, I still made a meager living because the town was not as poor as it is now. Recently, the town became so impoverished that my income fell to the lowest level, and I do not have any other resources for a livelihood. My salary was reduced. In one word, I am simply broke. I have daughters whose time to get married is long overdue. However, I have no dowry for them, not even a small dowry. Therefore, I decided to present before you, the Strzyzow Committee, my plea. My beloved friends, champions of generosity, look into this matter, look into my bitter situation. It is not in my character to ask for charity. If the problem would be food only, I would be satisfied with bread and water and would not stretch out my hands to ask for charity. But

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FROM THE LEGACY OF THE MARTYRS

the problem is dowry for brides who are long overdue and, therefore, I am forced to do whatever possible. I have lived in Strzyzow for the last fifteen years and worked as an Assistant Rabbi. Therefore, I dared to call on the natives of Strzyzow who are known for their character and merciful feelings. The people from Strzyzow always helped the needy, myself among them. However, the situation in town became so bad that help is not forthcoming. Therefore, I am turning to you, revered committee. Have mercy and contribute to my daughter's dowry, at least a hundred dollars. As a reward for such a great mitzva G-d will bless you with prosperity and success in all your endeavors. G-d will favorably fulfill your hearts' wishes. I am concluding my words with great hope for your help.

I am addressing my plea especially to you Mr. Mussler. I remember your father, of blessed memory, very well, and his gentle personality, and merciful feelings. Surely, the fruit of such a fine tree inherited the same merits. Therefore, consider my bitter situation. I am drowning. I am hopeful that you will help the Committee decide in my favor, and the Almighty will give a helping hand.

The Assistant Rabbi in Strzyzow
Yacov Shpalter

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION FROM ITZHOK BERGLASS

Dear Comrade, Mr. Mussler!

Our Assistant Rabbi, Yacov Shpalter, asked me to verify that what he stated in his letter is true, since only few of the emigrants from Strzyzow know him. I hereby confirm that everything he wrote is true. Rabbi Yacov Shpalter is an old man. He has served us as Assistant Rabbi for the last fifteen years. At present, he finds himself in a critical situation. The reason for it is that the funds of the Jewish Community have decreased for several reasons. Therefore, his salary is very small and it is hard to live on it, even by our low living standards. The Jewish population is very poor. The Assistant Rabbi has no other income, and is inconceivable that he will be able to marry off his daughters. He deserves to be given the help he asked for.

Please give my regards to all my friends and to my cousin, Mr. I. Berglass. I conclude my letter with reverence.

Itzhok Berglass

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FROM THE LEGACY OF THE MARTYRS

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION FROM ABRAHAM TENZER

To my old and very beloved friend!

Our sages wrote: "The world is based on three principles: Torah, worship, and kindness." As you probably still remember, our shtetl is known for its piety. People studying Torah, praying with devotion, but the fulfillment of acts of kindness comes a little harder because of poverty in our town. Providence wanted the completion of the three above-mentioned merits. Therefore, ha made you immigrate to the United States and find there a good, free life. You ought to be thankful and fulfill the great mitzva, doing acts of kindness. You should express your gratitude for going to the United States, as Joseph did to his brothers for going to Egypt. This should enable you to extend a helping hand to your impoverished brethren of Strzyzow. Dear beloved brothers! You cannot imagine the present situation. It cannot be described on paper. In this case it is a man, a great scholar, who is satisfied with as little as possible. He served us for the last fifteen years, his salary keeps decreasing, and nobody here is able to help him. It is a great merit to help a Jew, especially a great scholar. And in addition, he is also in need of dowries for his daughters which is, as described by our sages, a mitzva without limitations. We should not and cannot permit girls to remain unmarried. I plead with you, do not ignore it. Dear brothers! Make an effort and support this man, Rabbi Yacov Shpalter, and as a reward for your charitable deed, the Creator will help, fulfill, and answer all your prayers. You will become prosperous and live happily and in richness. G-d willing, we should be able to convey to you only good news. This is the wish of your acquaintance and best friend. Please give my regards to all our landsleit, especially to Mr. Mussler, and Zalman Berglass who, I heard, is very generous.

Abraham Tenzer

LETTER FROM THE FREE LOAN SOCIETY IN STRYZOWTO THE STRYZOW RELIEF COMMITTEE IN NEW YORK

Strzyzow, March 23, 1939.

Dear Secretary!

We received your letter dated March 14, addressed to Dr. Frenkel and me. I have not responded before today because I waited until my anger subsided. I decided not to mention the other problem again. The funds assigned by you have not yet arrived but we hope to receive them any day. As soon as the funds will reach us, we will immediately call a meeting of the Committee to distribute the funds and send them to Zbonszin. Since your listing was not accurate and addresses were missing, we turned to Shalom Flaumenhaft who sent us an exact list of all the addresses of

FROM THE LEGACY OF THE MARTYRS

the people from Strzyzow, whereby we found one more person from Strzyzow, namely, Reb Smauel Feit, the son-in-law of Yechiel Rosen. Of course, we will send him some funds also. According to Shalom Flaumenhaft, it appears that only six families live in the refugee camp and the rest live privately.

We will send the money to Zbonszin individually by mail because to send a special messenger would cost us over one hundred zlotys. From Strzyzow to Zbonszin is very far. It takes fifteen hours by express train. An exact list of the recipients will be sent to you around Passover time and also a report about the activities of the Free Loan treasury.

We would like to confirm with great satisfaction that our treasury has received credit of 500.00 zlotys from the Joint Distribution Committee in Warsaw with a long-term repayment plan, which means that the first payment will be due in the years 1947-1948. As you can see, our business with the "Joint" are not too bad. They would even be better if they would give us more money. From the previous credits that we received from "Joint," we have already paid back one hundred fifty zlotys. The activities of our Free Loan Society are regular, namely, as soon as money comes in, we loan it out. We will send you the monthly balance sheets, and also the minutes of our meetings.

Next month the annual membership meeting will take place, where a new leadership will be elected. It is quite possible that a new committee will be elected and the old one will retire.

Dear friend, Secretary! Since you have helped the poor in Strzyzow and those expelled from Hitler-land, for which you deserve sincere thanks, you should now begin to do something for the Free Loan Society. We need a continuous infusion of funds. The number of applications is increasing steadily.

About Strzyzow, there is nothing important to report, and about what is going on in Poland, you probably read in the newspapers. Regards from the people in Strzyzow who are wishing you and all our friends a joyful Passover.

Abraham Brav

THE VICINITY

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THE LITTLE TOWNS

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By Itzhok Berglass

In the district of Strzyzow, there were three little towns which were connected to Strzyzow as the regional city. The largest of these towns was Frysztak, which was called by her Jewish residents "Frystik." It was located on the highways Strzyzow-Jaslo, and Strzyzow-Krosno. There were more Jews in Frysztak than in Strzyzow and were the majority there. There were very few Christians in that town and until the rise of official anti-Semitism during the rule of the "Sanacja Party," there was always a Jewish mayor in Frysztak. The last mayor who served many years was Reb Tzvi Yare.

The main source of livelihood in this town was the weekly market which took place on Thursday and was primarily a cattle market. Merchants and farmers, sellers and buyers, came to this Market Day from far and near.

In its spiritual life, Frysztak was different from Strzyzow. The difference was that Frysztak was such an extreme city that it did not allow the penetration of the Zionist Movement but at a very low level, it was headed by Shlomo Schmidt. We wrote already about the burning of the secular books.

The second small town was Czudec called, in Yiddish, "Tchitch." It was located on the way to Rzeszow. This town had the same characteristics as Strzyzow, only on a smaller scale. Its commerce, wealth, scholars, Hassidim, and also the Zionist Movement.

Czudec's livelihood was derived from dealings with the rich farmers in town and vicinity, who owned huge estates and, also, with the biggest landowners in that area, Polish aristocrats.

The Youths in Czudec were more liberal-minded than the youths in Strzyzow and, in the Zionist Movement, they put more emphasis on their social life. They had a dramatic group which Strzyzow lacked, they had also developed a stronger pioneering spirit and, thanks to that spirit, many people from Czudec now live in Israel.

The third nearby town was Niebylec, in Yiddish it was called "Nebalitz." They had a Kehillah, a Rabbi, and other clergy. In the last generation, they had among them merchants, scholars, and Hassidim, as in any other Galician shtetl. Of late, they even had a Jewish doctor. But, of all the four towns in the district of Strzyzow, Niebylec looked more like a village than a town. Once, the majority of its Jews were simple people, believers, and strong adherents of mitzvot, but behaved like peasants. They were mostly cattle and horse traders, highly conceited with an inclination for skrmishes, imitating the behavior of small Polish aristocrats. Until the war broke out, many of Nibylec's cattle

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and horse traders played an important and respected part in the market in Frysztak.

The distinctive feature of this town was the Jewish estate of Reb Joseph Asher Wallach, with its huge cross standing in the center of the garden which was left by the previous owners. Reb Joseph Asher Wallach, the pious Jew, could not remove the cross from the garden and lived in its shadow all of his life.

THE VILLAGES

There were many Jews in the surrounding villages who continued to live there until the final years, in spite of the great exodus in the years before the Second World War. Most Jewish families were deeply rooted in these places for generations. They had all kinds of occupations, small store-keepers, tradespeople, peddlers, middlemen, tavern keepers, and also buyers of farm produce and forestry. They had contact and dealt with the estate owners in the area. These estate owners conducted most of their business through the Jews who lived nearby. Some Jewish dealers reached a high rank in the world of commerce which engulfed the whole region, like Reb Hersch Resler from Tolkowice and Reb Shlomo diamand from Zyznow. Every village Jew had a small farm of his own, like his neighbor the Polish peasant. There were also a few larger Jewish estates, like the estate in Rozanka which, for generations, belonged to the Diamand family, and the Glinik estate which belonged to Reb Abraham Mendel Berglass, the patriarch of the Gertner and Deutch families in Strzyzow. Berglass was charitable and well-respected in town because after every harvest he provided food for the poor in Strzyzow. Ultimately, both estates passed into Christian ownership.

In shtetl, everybody knew each other and felt apart of one entity but, in the village, every Jew stood out as an individual. To him, Christian farmers used to turn for advice and help and, in many cases, they trusted the Jew more than their own Christian brother. The Jewish townspeople knew all the Jews from the villages only by their first names and the names of their villages, never by their last names. The village Jews were also distinguished from their brothers in town in their spiritual life. There were among them people who hardly knew how to pray or recite Psalms, and some were ignorant altogether. Only a few knew how to study the chapter of the week, a chapter of Mishnayoth, or Talmud. Hassidim and scholars among these Jews were a rarity. In some villages, the Jews organized a quorum on Saturdays and Holidays to pray together. Only a few came to town for the High Holidays. When they had a quorum, they always hired somebody from Strzyzow to chant for them and lead the prayers. In general, they were as observant as the townspeople. They observed the small and the large rituals, in spite of being isolated. Oftentimes they were only one or two Jewish families in a whole village. They did not mingle with the gentiles and their houses were Jewish in all details. They kept strictly kosher, observed the Sabbath and holidays, and their children were sent to Strzyzow to study and, on rare occasions, also to obtain higher education.

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

The incident of the conversion of two sisters in Rozanka was an exception. In the final years there were a few young men who belonged to Zionist groups and associated with the youth of Strzyzow.

In any case, all the village people dreamed about settling in town, and some realized their dreams. Many of the Jewish population in Strzyzow lived once in a village or were descendants of village people.

THE VILLAGE LUTCZA

Lutcza was different from other villages because of the many Jews that lived there. They had several quorums which used to congregate on the Sabbaths and holidays in the estate of Reb Yechezkiel Wallach and, after he passed away, in the house of his sons until the Holocaust. Lutcza was a huge estate which occupied an area the size of a large village with a population of thousands of people. For many years this estate was very neglected by the previous aristocratic owners, until Reb Yechezkiel Wallach bought it. Previously this estate was leased and managed by Reb Eliyahu Bilut. Reb Eliyahu was a fiery hassid of the Rabbi from Dynow. He behaved like the Polish aristocrats. He related to his workers and to the farmers with conceit. The workers and the farmers from the village were used to such treatment since feudal times. Reb Eliyahu used to leave the estate for long periods of time. However, unlike the Polish aristocrats who traveled to the big city or abroad to live the life of pleasure, Reb Eliyahu visited with Rabbis, especially during the months of High Holidays which fell during the harvest season of the Polish farms. Reb Feivel Adest, the clever man from Strzyzow, used to call Reb Eliyahu "The Hassidic Vagabound."

There were rumors in Strzyzow that the Rabbi from Dynow promised Reb Eliyahu that someday he would be able to buy the estate from the Christian owners. But my father, when told about those rumors, vigorously denied them, stating that, "If the Rabbi had promised it to him, it would have surely come true." (Hassidim believe that the righteous request and G-d fulfills.

At the end, Reb Eliyahu left the estate broke, and it was purchased by Reb Yechezkiel Wallach. Reb Eliyahu and his descendants bore a grudge towards the Wallach family forever, and for years they tried to harm the Wallachs.

Reb Yechezkiel, in contrast to his predecessor, related to his subordinates with humility and simplicity, took good care of his possession, and lived a conservative life. The only luxury he allowed himself was proper matches for his sons and daughters. His sons-in-law came from good scholarly families and for daughters-in-law, he searched only for daughters from good families. All his sons and sons-in-law worked with him on the estate. With Reb Yechezkiel's help, his son, Joseph Asher, was able to purchase the estate in nearby Niebylec, and his son-in-law, Reb Yehuda Schiff, obtained the large farm, Lunek. His grandchildren were all educated like city children. He engaged melamdim to study with them Torah, and tutors for secular education. One grandson, Reb Zisha Hirshfeld, was the Zionist representative in Lutcza and vicinity.

THE VICINITY

Reb Yechezkiel Wallach passed away of old age and was buried in Nibylec, the Kehillah to which Lutcza belonged.

Details about what happened to the Jews from these little towns and villages during the Holocaust, and who survived, are unknown to me. The only thing that I do know is that they disappeared like all the other Jewish communities. Only a few have survived.

In the village Godowa, near Strzyzow, a young man, Yacov, the son of Aryeh Leibush Diamand, was hiding until he was caught by a local farmer who brought him to the Nazi police, and he was killed by them.

The grandson of Ritter who was the victim of the blood libel, a story which was previously told in this book, was killed in Lutcza. He was one of those who jumped from train which left Rzeszow ghetto on November 15, 1942. The Rosen brothers jumped from the same train. This young man went back to his village and hid until he was recognized by some Poles, and he was killed by them. Reb Abraham Wallach, heir to the estate was also killed in Lutcza. He lived in Krakow and came back to his village to hide. From all the Wallach family very few survived. One grandson, Reb Shlomo Wilner, survived by hiding in Lutcza and a few others escaped and were exiled in Russia. In Rozanka, Reb Chaim Resler and part of his family survived hiding in a farmer's house, except his wife and son who left their hiding place. They were lured to come out of hiding by a peasant woman who knew of their hiding place but could not report them to the Gestapo, not wanting to endanger her relatives in whose house the Resler family was hiding. She took revenge, and she succeeded at least to kill part of the family.

THE JEWISH VILLAGERS WERE THE PILLARS OF BENEFACTION

By Shlomo Yahalomi

The settling of the Jews in villages was an important factor, not only by establishing roots in all parts of life in Poland, but also by helping find occupations and livelihood in the cities and in the villages also. This settling was needed and desirable for the benefit of the Jews who lived in the big cities and small towns. Whoever is well-versed in Hassidic history in Galicia knows that some Rabbis wanted to forbid the Jews to live in villages. The reasons being their apprehension for the safety of single Jewish families among ninety-nine percent gentiles, and the fear for the gentile influence upon the Jewish family members. The major worry was the problem of educating the children. In contrast, there were famous Tzadikim who looked favorably upon and even enticed many Hassidim to settle in villages. Their reasoning was that at that period and until the last years it was easier to make a living in the villages. Many of our brothers have found their livelihood in the villages by farming, peddling, and in the logging industry. The village people were used also for a way station for the wandering Jews. The desire of the Rabbis was that there should be at least one Jewish family in each village, where a traveler could stop to pray, have a meal, and find lodging. Therefore, Rabbi Shlomo Zalman Frenkel from Wielopole told Reb Aryeh

THE VICINITY

Leibush Diamand from Dobrzechow that his four sons should each settle in a different village. And they did exactly what the Rabbi had told them to do. Reb Yacov settled in Wysoka, Reb Moshe in Ruzanka, and Reb Akiba in Kozlowa. The fourth son later settled in Pstrongowa. Such cases were many in Galicia, where people obeyed the request of the Rabbis and therefore were blessed with a decent living, many even becoming rich men. On the other hand, there were many who struggled to make a living. But they all served as a way station for the wayfarers, fulfilling the commandment of hospitality.

In earlier times, there were in the vicinity of Strzyzow and Frysztak many village people, like Reb Abraham Mendel Berglass in Glinik, Reb Eliyahu Bilut and, after him, Reb Yechezkiel Wallach in Lutcza, Reb Akiba Samuel Diamand and his sons, my grandfather, Reb Shlomo from Zyznow, Reb Hershel from Bonaruwka, the father-in-law of Reb Abraham Tenzer and Reb Alter Nechemiah, Reb Aryeh Leibush from Lutcza, the father of Reb Moshe Yacov Diamand, from Strzyzow, Reb Joseph from Swilcza, Reb Shlomo from Brzozow, Reb Shlomo Zalman from Wysoka, Reb Shmaryahu from Lutcza, and many more. They all were dear Jews, benevolent and hospitable. Some of these village Jews were also scholars, pious men, at peace with G-d and their fellow men. Of course there were many among the villagers who were ignoramuses, but they were humble and knew their place. By then, the so called "Democracy," which disturbed the great society and put "Progress" ahead of Torah, had not ruled yet.

In the section "Ancient Families in Town," I listed many village people but in this chapter, I would like to include the ones I missed before.

REB ELIYAHU BILUT FROM LUTCZA

Reb Eliyahu was the lessee of the estate and the village Lutcza. He ran the estate as though he had been a squire from birth. He liked to play the role of a ruler, and so did his son. His son Yair trained the farmers to address him "Sir" or "Master." But, with all of the above, Reb Eliyahu was a Hassid and admirer of many Galician Rabbis, like Rabbi Chaim from Sandz, Rabbi Itzhok Eisik from Ziditchow, and many more. He was a lavish contributor to charity and all worthwhile causes, wherever he came, he presented himself with an open hand and great reverence. When my grandfather was a young man, Reb Eliyahu helped him became accustomed to visit the righteous and he took him to visit the Rabbis from Sandz and ziditchow. In the early part of this book an interesting episode that happened to my grandfather and Reb Eliyahu on one of their visits to Sandz was told. With all due respect to Reb Eliyahu's charitable deeds, and his Hassidism, he lagged behind the other Jewish estate owners in knowledge, and ability to manage his domain properly, and everything that went with it. The result of his shabby management was that he was forced off of the estate and his offspring became dependent on others. I knew one of his sons who, despite reaching low esteem, had not resigned himself and demanded to be treated with superiority. Whoever stood before him was expected to stand at attention. the thoughts and deeds of a person are sometimes puzzling....

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

REB YECHESKIEL WALLACH FROM LUTCZA

(He was a Diamand on his maternal side.)

Sometimes after Reb Eliyahu Bilut was forced off of the estate, it was purchased by Reb Yechezkiel Wallach. Wallach became the master of the village and also the richest man in the vicinity. Reb Yechezkiel was a simple, purposeful man, but clever, and a man of action. A straightforward man, unpretentious, he always believed in the Almighty in his own way. When he prayed, he locked himself in his room and nobody was allowed to enter and disturb him in his prayers. This fact was known by the other gentile estate owners, and they avoided visiting him at that time of day. And if somebody did come, he had to wait until Reb Yechezkiel finished his prayers. Once unexpectedly a Rabbi from the Ropczyce Dynasty came to Lutcza to see Reb Yechezkiel and he, too, had to wait. Later Reb Yechezkie apologized, and the Rabbi responded, "On the contrary! I like it. It is a very nice custom."

Interesting stories were told about Reb Yechezkiel's cleverness, and here is one of them told to me by Itzhok Deutch. There was one Jewish girl among the servants, who was not attractive and not too young. She managed the household and her main job was to watch the kashrut. In those times, it was very hard for such a girl to get married. If she would have at least had some money to cover her deficiencies, well, perhaps—but she was very poor. And, she kept aging and aging to the sorrow of her friends. Behold, an incident occurred. Reb Yechezkiel lost a thousand Ameircan dollars, a huge sum even for a rich man like Reb Yechezkiel. He regretted the loss. After a few days, the girl found the money and immediately returned it to Reb Yechezkiel. He was stunned by such an act and he appreciated the great temptation which this poor girl had gone through. However, he decided to punish her for her "stupidity," giving back to him the money which he never hoped to find. What did he do? He called in a gentile boy and told him to take a stick and hit her, but very lightly. And then he gave her the thousand dollars. The girl later established a family with the money.

Reb Yechezkiel Wallach had sons, daughters, and many grandchildren. He married them off into the most respected families. One of his sons-in-law was Reb Zisha Hirshfeld, the son of Reb Moshe from Rozwadow. He was a distiguished scholar and he was sharp. He knew by heart very complicated segments from Ketzot Hachoshen, a book about religious strictures and Jewish customs. Most offspring of Reb Yechezkiel perished in the Holocaust. Only a few survived.

THE VICINITY

THE LARGE DAIMAND FAMILY

About the large Diamand family we already wrote in the section about the ancient families in Strzyzow. I only want to add a few details. Almost every member of this family owned a Torah scroll which had been specially written for them. My grandfather, Reb Shlomo from Zyznow, had two Torah scrolls and in his house, they prayed with a quorum. Reb Abraham Diamand from Pstrongowo had four Torah scrolls and gave charity lavishly. Most of the Diamands were like him. When the Russians occupied Galicia during the First World War, they accused Reb Zalman Diamand from Wysoka of spying for the Austrians. He was saved only by a miracle. Reb Zalman was one of the first victims during the blood libel pogrom. One of Reb Zalman's sons, Reb Yacov, was surrounded in a house by Poles who planned to kill him. He succeeded in sneaking out and hiding in an abandoned flour mill, immersed in water all night. He survived because the gentiles did not think of looking for him there. Next morning he jumped into a train which was on his way to Jaslo, and from there, he escaped to Germany. At present, Reb Yacov Diamand lives in Israel with his family. Reb Zalman passed away in 1937, but his wife and the rest of his offspring, all perished in the Holocaust. G-d shall avenge their blood.

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

THE CUP OF SORROW FROM WHICH I DRANK DURING THE HOLOCAUST YEARS

By Moshe Mussler

Tranquil and quiet were the years that my family and I spent in the rich, cultural metropolis of Belgium. I was a member of the teaching staff for the Hebrew curriculum in the elementary and Hebrew high school "Tachkemoni" which was supervised by the Kehillah in Antwerp. This school was certified by the government and it was under the control of two authorities, the government's and the Kehilla's. But one authority did not interfere with the other. We the teachers of Judaic studies, such as Hebrew, Bible, Talmud, and Jewish history, taught our subjects, and the secular teachers who were not Jewish taught secular subjects.

Our livelihood was comfortable. Besides our monthly salary, we had some additional income from private tutoring and Bar Mitzva preparations for boys who did not attend this school.

The Jewish parents related to the teachers with reverence, unlike the relationship between the Polish Jews and the melamdin. It was a well-known fact that whoever was accepted to teach in that school was well qualified.

On May 10, 1940, German military columns invaded Belgium. Even before that day, a feeling of helplessness weighed heavily upon the Jewish community in that country. We knew that under the German rule, our situation would become desperate. The rich who possessed Belgian passports or some other privileged documents had already left the country. However, the majority of Jews stayed.

Two days later, a door to rescue opened. I was among the first to be pushed into a train which was going to take us across the French border. The adventures that we experienced during the voyage, I have already described in an article published in one of the Newspapers in Israel, which also contained some autobiographical details.

We traveled across French territory for eight days until we reached a village near the Spanish border. The French government provided us with lodging in abandoned houses, and allocated for us monthly support.

At the beginning, the French related to us as unfortunate refugees who were forced out of their homes, left everything behind, and escaped. But after the conquest of France when the rule passed on to the German collaborators, our situation drastically changed. Thanks to German propaganda, the relations between the population and us also changed for the worse, as if we, the Jews, were to blame for their defeat.

Interestingly enough, on one of those days, I happened to overhear an innocent conversation between two women. One told the other, "The end of all these Jews who arrived en masse into France will be that they will all be deported to Poland their native land, and there they will find their deaths." This was a prophesy that fully materialized.

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

In the meantime, we sat tranquil in that border village inclined to believe that we would remain there until peace came. The summer was coming to an end and we began to prepare ourselves for the winter. We were about one hundred and eighty kilometers from the Spanish border. But it was unthinkable for us to endanger ourselves by crossing the Pyrenean mountains and seeking shelter in Spain. The situation was uncertain. All kinds of rumors circulated among the refugees. Some said that the Spaniards were handing over the refugees into German hands and, indeed, there were such incidents. Some told us that there were robbers in the Pyrenean mountains who took the clothes off the backs of the refugees and left them to the ravages of the wild animals or die from exposure in the mountain wilderness.

A few days before Rosh Hashana 1940, we were put for the first time in a refugee camp. We spent seven months in that camp. This is not the place to describe camp life, how hard it was to live with masses of people who, although they were all Jews, were gathered from every corner of Europe. It was a life of idleness and degeneration. However, in a certain way, we were still free to come and go and were not forced to work. Many returned illegally to Belgium because of rumors that reached us that the German authorities did not harm the Jews and even allowed them to work. Not only that, but some were even becoming rich.... Ultimately, their ashes were scattered over the fields of Tremblinka and Auschwitz.

We began to feel hunger in that camp. Luckily, I still had some money in my pocket and could obtain something outside of the camp to satisfy our hunger.

In April 1941, we were transferred to the Rivesalt camp, closer to the Spanish border. In that camp, we immediately felt a change in relations to the Jewish refugees by orders of the German conquerors. In that camp hunger ruled forcefully. Famine left its marks on our souls. We walked around like shadows. They forced us to work, but not at hard labor. Everyone according to his ability. I would like to point out that most functionaries, including the guards, did not maltreat us. Except for a few single incidents, they related to us decently in comparison to the conditions that existed in other occupied territories, especially in Eastern Europe.

Thanks to my knowledge of several languages, I worked in the post office, and I was required to censor the mail and cross out everything critical about the Vichy government. Understandably, I left two words intact for everyone I erased, just to do my duty as a censor. Whoever received such a letter knew exactly what our situation was. In one of the letters that passed through my hands, I found the address of a family who lived freely in a small town, whose son was a student of mine in Atwerp.

I wrote to the mother of the student. I knew that she was a woman of valor and able to intercede on my behalf. I asked her to find me a job as a farm hand which might result in my release from the camp.

The woman saved my life and the lives of my family. She did not rest until she obtained a work contract for me. In August of that year, I was

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released from camp and moved to the village Lelan, in the Terva District, where I became a farm hand.

I can assure you on my own behalf that I was not an outstanding farm worker. From where could I possibly have obtained any knowledge of tilling and sowing? Did my father own land? I did not study agriculture in cheder and, besides, life in the camp had devastated my health. Nevertheless, I invigorated myself and kept working.

Three months passed until I succeeded to obtain the release of my spouse and my children. We settled in the village and, considering the place and the time, it was excellent. Well, not entirely.

Due to our long wanderings and especially the camp life, my wife became ill and her life was hanging on a thread. How she managed to recover in a time when medicine and nutritious food were in short supply, in addition to the mental stress and constant fear in which we had found ourselves, is a puzzle to me to this day.

We were the only refugee family and the only Jews in that remote village. I have to admit that, in spite of the anti-Jewish propaganda by the Vichy government and the villager's knowledge that we were Jews, they all related to us as to unfortunate who were driven out from their home for no reason at all. By the way, let me point out that my sons and daughter spoke French fluently. The villagers found no blemish in us and supported us by selling us all the food we needed.

There were a few Jewish families in a nearby town who, like us, arrived from Belgium, and some were from French territory which was occupied by the Germans. Periodically, we visited this town and they reciprocated our visits. We spent almost a whole year in that village in relative repose. Only weak echoes reached our ears about what the Germans and the Vichy rulers were plotting against us. We did not know anything about the fate of the Jews in the German-occupied countries. Who could have imagined that somewhere in Europe total extinction was declared on every Jew?

In the early morning of the 15th of August, 1942, the farmer, my employer, woke me up and told me that policemen were waiting for me in the yard.

There was nowhere to run and it did not enter my mind that I was in any danger. I did not have a skeleton hidden in my closet, I did not engage in black marketing, and I also had not spoken against the Vichy government. I felt innocent. Why should I run?

We were novices, innocently believing like children that there was justice in this world. And for that, six million of our brothers paid with their lives.

The gendarmes did not handcuff me. They helped me pack my belongings and when I asked why and for what reason they were taking me away, they meekly responded: "An order from higher up to take you someplace."

I was brought to my quarters where my family lived. There I found my wife and children waiting for me, surrounded by policemen as I was. The policemen took us to the nearby town, where we found all the Jews assembled at the police station. The French people were standing in

BY MOSHE MUSSLER

groups and looking at us. A few among them openly expressed their disgust about the arrest. Almost everyone shared our sorrow and blamed the German rulers who conquered their country and oppressed them also.

On that day, throughout France, all the Jews who were citizens of Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and the rest of the countries occupied by the Germans, were arrested, except the Jews who were French or Belgian citizens. In other cities, those functionaries who belonged to the French underground notified the Jews about what to expect. However, only few believed them and hid. The majority did not believe that the decree would be put into action, and even if they would have believed it, where could they have possibly hidden?

We were transferred to the district town where we found about two hundred Jews who had already been arrested in the little towns and villages of the surrounding area. The majority had never tasted life in a camp and they did not realize that this might be the last station in their lives. Apathy, inactivity, and mainly, not knowing what lay ahead of us overcame us. With little courage we could have saved ourselves. But our senses became blunted, and the will to live was taken away from us. The master of the people had abandoned us to be killed, and Satan gained the upper hand.

We were brought to the camp De Gurs, known for its obloquy. Few survived there. In that camp, the best of the best from Manheim's Jewish community in Germany perished. They were exiled to this camp by the order of the Germans in 1940, after the conquest of France.

This camp was located at the foothills of the Pyrenees and, during the winter months it became one big swamp.

The members of the Manheim Jewish community who were brought into the camp during the cold winter, could not withstand the bad weather and, when the first frost came, they fell like flies. These were mainly children and the elderly. Silent witnesses to that tragedy are the heaps of earth around the camp. These wretched have not even been rewarded with a monument, unlike the millions of their brothers who died in the valley of death in the camps of Poland. Under these heaps are the graves of the unknown who took their last breath in that cursed region.

Into that camp we were brought. There are no words that could describe our feeling after the gates closed behind us. The guards treated us as if we were dust on the roads, and the clerks of the Vichy government treated us as if we were a bunch of criminals who were liable to destroy the country and kill their leaders.

Even though we had some camp experience, we sensed in our subconscious that we would all die unless we succeeded to be released as soon as possible. Depression and despair, helplessness, and hopelessness of escaping from the claws of the human savages took control over us.

I have not eaten for two days. I walked around like a sleepwalker from barrack to barrack and stared into the faces of my brothers and sisters, remnants of all the Diaspora from Eastern and Western Europe. Sheep for the slaughter, our children, like lambs trailed their mothers. They would soon somewhere fertilize the thirsty land with their bodies. The well of tears had dried up and the skies above us were like copper.

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Hope came to an end.

Among the crowd of refugees I encountered a man who was married to the granddaughter of Pearl Gertner from Strzyzow, and also the son of the Rabbi from Brzozow near Strzyzow. I think that his name was Reb Yacov Itzhok Weber. He lived in Antwerp, and wound up in France where he was caught with other refugees. We barely exchanged greetings and went our way, each in the opposite direction. He strongly believed in our survival and that we would leave this camp eventually. That the wicked hand would not be allowed to do with us as he wished. His wife and children, one son even wore long sidelocks, put their faith in him. They believed that the merits of their father, the Rabbi, and the merits of their righteous ancestors would protect them. I wished that their belief would not disappoint them.

Meanwhile, I befriended Rabbi Ansbacher, whom I knew from the Rivesalt camp. He was also brought here, and for the time being he served as Rabbi of the camp. Rabbi Ansbacher was also convinced that we would be expelled to some camp in Poland, but that there was no danger to our life.

Since the Rabbi knew that I was a Hebrew teacher, he came up with the idea of organizing a study group. Because of it, perhaps a door to safety might open for me too as a clergyman. There was a group in that camp to whom the expulsion order did not apply, like South American citizens, Jewish veterans who fought in the French army etc. He promised me that he would do everything he could to save me from expulsion.

We walked alongside the fence and, during our walk, he asked me to clarify some grammatical terms in Hebrew. I doubt if I was able then to explain properly those grammatical terms but at least I found an interest to take my mind off the situation.

One morning we were asked to appear before the French officials whose numbers had suddenly doubled for that occasion. We had to appear before them one by one and they would decide our fate. My eyes visualized the official's face as the Angel of Death who, by lifting his sword, decrees a person's life or death.

One Jew, a native of Germany, who was called in to appear, while standing in front of the official who had not yet lifted his hand in deciding whether he will live or die, collapsed and died. A doctor was rushed to his side, but his efforts were in vain. Another heap of dirt was added to the French soil where the body of a nameless Jew was buried. At least his ashes were not scattered. But the heap will remain there forever.

I, too, with my family passed the same official, and the verdict was that we shall remain in camp for the time being because of the doubts about my citizenship. Those doubts were the reason that we are among the living today.

Meanwhile, many transports left the camp to an unknown destination, among them was the son of the Rabbi from Brzozow with his family and some acquaintances from Belgium. The truth is that the French did not know the destination of these transports. These actions were wrapped in a veil of secrecy and obscurity. The truth will remain a secret that only

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a few later came to investigate. These few are either dead or they are ashamed to admit that indeed, the French officials did know the purpose of these transports. Therefore, they remained silent. This is a blemish which cannot be removed. It clings to the body of the nation and, preferably, should never be known.

We remained two more weeks in De Gurs camp. One blue morning, they told us, a group of fifty, maybe sixty people, that we would be sent back to the Rivesalt camp, and there a decision would be made about our fate.

This group consisted of a Rabbi, one of the great personalities of Germany, converted women who wore their crosses so that they would be visible to everyone, and the remainder were people with doubtful citizenship. My family and I belonged to the last group.

That evening before our journey, we were treated with a lavish meal. Such meals are usually reserved for people sentenced to die. We could not believe our eyes. Even cigarettes were distributed to us, an article that was difficult to obtain at any price. On the other hand, we were thoroughly searched by the police and everything that could be used to commit suicide was taken away from us.

Armed guards with loaded weapons guarded us and prevented any contact with the rest of the refugees. Only Rabbi Ansbacher and a Catholic priest were allowed to get near us. We sat through the night, the Rabbi and I, and spoke about everything related to Judaism, except about my fate and what was in store for us. At daybreak we were ordered to board trucks which took us to the railroad station.

After traveling for about an hour, we became convinced that, indeed, the train was going in the direction of Rivesalt, and we breathed a sigh of relief. This camp where we spent almost a year was well-known to me, and I was hoping that since we did get out from the De Gurs camp, we would find some opening, even one as small as the eye of a needle, to escape from this camp also. I had a hopeful feeling. Who can predict the turn of fate?

Upon my arrival in the camp, I encountered an acquaintance from Antwerp, one of those who deeply believed in Providence and that there was a "Leader of the world." When he saw me, he embraced me with such enthusiasm that to a certain extent, I began to share his belief. He had just arrived from Belgium and had not even settled yet. This man who knew no foreign language, only Yiddish, when he heard about what I had gone through in the De Gurs camp, advised me what to say when I will appear again before the officials who would decide my case.

This man did not survive but he saved me and my family with his advice and, as long as I live, I will never forget his name.

And now I would like to clarify my citizenship problem. I had in my possession a marriage certificate which I received on the day of our civilian marriage in Ode-Mora, Transylvania. In this document there was no mention about the country of my origin, which was Poland, thanks to the bribe my father-in-law gave to the Romanian clerk in order not to delay the wedding. In addition, my wife had an expired Romanian passport but I made it "kosher" after a minor correction at the last minute. I also had my children's birth certificates who were born in Belgium.

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When my turn came to appear before the official who was empowered to decide everyone's fate, whether to be deported or not, I claimed that I was a Romanian citizen, that my children were Belgian citizens, and, according to instructions of the Vichy government, we should not be deported.

The clerk claimed, relaying on information he found in the camp files from the previous time when I was in Rivesalt, that I was a Polish citizen and decided to deport me. But my wife and children were free to go. I insisted that I was never in Poland and it was probably a mistake.

I fought for my life. It was not enough that I suffered in the country where I was born but, after I left and disowned her, she still kept pursuing me.

Ultimately, the clerk decided, without my knowledge, to hand over my case to an inquiry committee for a decision. When I left the office, I met Abraham Kanner from Strzyzow. He had decided to escape from the camp and not to wait until he would be called to appear before the official. "I have enough money to bribe the guards," he said, "and most importantly, I am alone without my family." Indeed, he disappeared on that same day from the camp.

Meanwhile, Rosh Hashana 1943, arrived. In the evening we congregated in one of the barracks. Words could not describe the prayers and the tears that were shed during the chanting of the prayer. "Now Lord, our G-d, put thy awe upon all whom thou hast made." We prayed for our lives that hung on a thread. Our souls twitched and implored. Angels and the distressed participated in our supplication which split open the gates of heaven. I mused: Who among us will merit acceptance of his prayers?

At daybreak, on the second day of Rosh Hashana 1943, a voice came through the loudspeaker: "Pick up your belongings and report to the square near the office of the camp commandant. Hurry!"

About six hundred men, women, elderly people, youngsters and children, people who suffered poverty and hunger, a wretched community, trampled by the imbecible, heartless, merciless police and camp guards, reported to the front office and waited for their verdict.

The southern sun spread her rays upon this oppressed mass, and the cliffs of the Pyrenean mountains were illuminated with a glowing light. For the second time in history, these mountains looked upon Jewish masses at their feet.

About four hundred years ago, these Pyrenean mountains witnessed Jewish masses leaving Spain on the other side, when they were dispersed into the Diaspora, to France. Now France was also going to exile them. Thousands expired then, and now, so many casualties on the same track.

We sat on our bundles and waited. Everyone was immersed in his own thoughts, and trying to figure out this world. Finally, they arrived, those in whose hands our lives were pending. We lined up in alphabetical order. The official, with a list in his hand, called out names, and the ones who were called went over to the other side, which was fenced off and guarded by armed guards. I did not even notice when the official approached the group in which I was standing with my family. My senses were confused, I became numb, and my eyes gazed into a vacuum.

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Suddenly, I woke up and noticed that the official passed us by and went to the group behind us. Neither I nor my family were called out to go over to the other side. Were we saved? I dropped to the ground and my lips muttered a prayer which could not be found in a prayer book. A thanksgiving consisting of a few words that breaks out from the heart only at a time when you feel that your life was in danger.

From the six hundred people who were standing on the square, only twenty-six were spared the expulsion on that day. Why? And by whose merits? Would we merit to leave this camp and be freed from the horrible nightmares which weighed heavily and cut deeply into our souls, wounds that would never heal? Who knows the mysteries of destiny?

At sunset, we bid farewell with our eyes to our brothers and sisters, who were taken by trucks to the railroad station, and from there to a place from which only a few merited to return.

Two days later my family and I were released from the camp and returned to our village. But our suffering had not ended yet.

In November of the same year, all of France was occupied by the Germans and the hand of the occupant rested heavily upon us. Fear of deportation became more realistic. All escape roads were blocked. We were apprehensive and could not rest day or night. Our lives hung on a thread and we were aware of it. Luckily, our neighbors stood by us and, many times we found shelter in their houses. Periodically, I stealthily went to a farmer's house and listened to the broadcasts from London. I listened to the description of the annihilation of the Jewish community of Bialistok by an eye witness. This broadcast was so shocking that I was barely able to return home.

We spent a year and a half in constant fear. Until this day I am still puzzled, how did we survive the malicious hand? I intentionally avoided telling in detail what we went through after our second release from Rivesalt camp. Even though we were forced to move from one farmhouse to another, to hide in barns, and once we were almost caught by the French police, all the above is like a drop in the ocean in comparison to what the deportees to the east suffered before finding their deaths in the gas chambers.

Fortunately, the relations of the French people toward us changed for the better, especially in the provincial towns and villages, and they helped us hide from the eyes of the German occupiers.

In August 1944, the wicked rulers were defeated, and the hour of our liberation arrived. We walked again upright like the other citizens. In May 1945, we returned to Antwerp where we had lived before, but, to my sorrow, my two sisters, Sarah and Leah, with their families, and also my brother Joel, were not alive anymore. They found their deaths somewhere in the valley of death, Poland, with the rest of the martyrs of our people. Also my brother Abraham with his family perished.

In the month of Adar, 1946, I made aliyah to Eretz Israel, to join my son and daughter who preceded us. Blessed be He, that we lived to fulfill the mitzva of aliyah and to live in our land. For a few years, I taught high school and the Ulpan on Mount Canaan. Because of my illness, I was forced to retire. Blessed be G-d that we were worthy to see

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the flourishing of our land. My son is a member in a religious kibbutz in the valley of Beit Shean, and my daughter works for the government and is married to a bank clerk. All my grandchildren except one were born in Israel, and they are the consolation in our lives.

===== AT THE EDGE OF THE SHEOL. =====

By Shlomo Yahalomi

I stood at the edge of the Sheol.
And faced the abyss, extinction, and obliteration;
Perplexed, filled with anguish:
Will I perish here in these wastelands?

About a pace was the distance between me and death....
For my last request I already was asked....
In silence I confessed all my transgressions.
My soul was immersed in drops of tears.

How dreadful is this weeping valley!
If to die you decreed, oh G-d!
Please not here, not in this forsaken corner.
Keep me alive until my return home, and then....

Behold, G-d listened to my prayer.
And the Angel of Death did not touch me;
Therefore, I express praise and glory
And will be forever thankful to G-d.

These verses were written in the spring of 1942, in Soviet Russia, in the collective farm "Trudovik" somewhere in Kazakhstan. It was after my recovery from typhus, in spite of the doctor's prediction to the contrary.

===== ON THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF MY EXILE =====

Three years I have not seen my house.
Three years I wander and browse;
Three years spread with bitterness is my bread.
Three years sleepless are my nights in bed.

Three years since my life is dark, not bright.
Three years my days are dark as night.
Three years my eyes from tears are wet.
Three years G-d's punishment I have met!...

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

For three years my misfortunes have doubled
 With prison, slavery, sickness, and trouble.
 Why, G-d, was this brought upon me?
 And how many years of pain are still in store for me?

Three years my blood like water was spread--
 G-d in heaven have my redemption sped---

SEVEN ROSH HASHANAS

(Memories from the Vail of Tears)

By Shlomo Yahalomi

With Awe and fear

Rosh Hashana 1939, in Brzostek, Western Galicia.

These were real fearful days. Only four days had passed since Hitler's soldiers came to town, and they already established their new order with "German precision." For instance, they demonstrated their defiled strength by organizing an "efficient" police force and imposed fear and anguish upon the whole vicinity. Most Jewish people already learned from their personal experience what this new order consist of. One of the first steps of the Nazis was to turn the shul into a storage room, and a part of it into a stable. In addition to the personal worries of the Jewish families, another worry was added, the High Holidays were approaching. "Good" Christians whispered into their Jewish friend's ears that the Nazis were getting ready to maltreat the Jews and run wild just because it was the High Holidays. In spite of great danger, nobody was planning to acquiesce, not to pray and blow the shofar in a quorum. "Not on the life of the Nazis will such a thing happen!" Reb Moshe Walter said. This faultless man, a Hassid of Rabbi Itzhok from Szczucin, a descendant of the Ropczyce Dynasty, did not believe that the war had really begun....When I saw him on the first day of the war, after we had already seen the German bombers in the skies, I said to him: "Nu, Reb Moshe?!" He opened the palm of his hand and pointed to the center and said: "Here will hair grow if there will be a war!...." The Rabbi decisively said: "There will ne no war!" Reb Moshe, and many like him, was sure that we soon would see the defeat of the Nazis and, therefore, we should not flinch by not praying in a quorum because we would feel ashamed all of our lives, and would never forgive ourselves. Therefore, it was decided to organize a few minyanim.

Not to arouse the anger of the oppressor, we arranged prayer houses in the alleys and remote corners of the town of which we had plenty in Brzostek. We took as many precautions as possible. We put guards to watch all four corners of each house where prayers were conducted. On each side a girl stood and looked our for approaching Nazis. Every thirty

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meters a girl stood guard within a radius of one hundred meters. The girls would notify each other if they saw a dog coming and warn the worshippers. In such a moment, we interrupted the prayers and were ready for "whatever would happen." When a sign was received that the coast was clear, we continued to pray, filled with extraordinary fear, until we finished the prayers.

It was hard to conduct such prayers, and even harder was the mental exertion, the gnawing doubts which depressed body and soul together. How far we were from reality when recited, "He subdueth the people under us, and all the nations under our feet." How great was the distance between the reality and our reciting the verse, "And therefore extend thy fear O Lord, our G-d, over all thy works," that guards had to stand watch outside.... Still, when we finished our prayers without a serious disturbance, we thanked G-d and sang with the melody of the Rabbi from Ropczyce the song: "Strengthen Us Today," as if nothing had happened. Only one among us did not sing, Reb Fishel Goldman, an intellectual of the older generation, who was a natural pessimist. He said: "If I would be sure that at least half of us who were congregated here will remain alive, I would sing like you. But I doubt it very much. That is why my heart aches." This time this pessimist was right. And how right he was? From approximately forty people, men and women, who participated in the prayers that day, only I who conducted the services survived to write these memoirs.

PURIM IN JAIL
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On the first day of the Hebrew month of "Vei" Adar 1940, (the second month of Adar which falls in a leap year, is called Vei Adar), I said to my comrades in misfortune that Purim is approaching and, regardless of our situation, we ought to celebrate, as it is written, "And those days should be remembered and observed in every generation." The reaction to my announcement was scepticism and astonishment, and even a light smile appeared on the face of some. Not only did the partially religious oppose my suggestion, but even Nathan Ginsberg, the pious, and G-d-fearing, may G-d avenge his blood, also gave me a cold shoulder, and said: "What kind of a Purim can this be? How can we celebrate Haman's defeat which happened thousands of years ago, when his decree about our annihilation is materializing right before our eyes?" But, little by little, I convinced everyone that we, the ones, "Who are sitting in the darkness and in the shadow of death, bound in the chains of pain," were supposed to celebrate Purim which reminds us that every Haman ends up on the gallows.

Another colleague and I were delegated to work out some special program for Purim in jail. On that evening, we sat forlorn and debated with what and how could we celebrate Purim. We realized the "tangible" to fulfill the commandment "thou shall indulge thyself on Purim" was out of the question. Therefore, we could only fulfill the commandment "spiritually." How and with what could we have created a Purim atmosphere in our cell which was as big as a chicken cup? There were all

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kinds of propositions, especially one proposed by Mr. Gendelman from Katowice, who stood out for his wonderful fantasies and odd wissions. We finally agreed to a program which we did not fully realized because we forgot that we were inmates in Soviet Russia, and they suspected us of being spies.

In a depressed mood, entirely "un-Purim-like" we, a minyan of Jews, sat on Purim eve in our cell. Some sat on beds, at least something resembling beds, some on the floor, or under the so called "beds." There was no room for us to sit in a circle. We were solemn, as if it were Yom Kippur Eve before Kol Nidrei. I began to read the Megillah with a low voice like the recital of the "Amidah," I was afraid that the warden, our comrade Sergei, might hear us, I read, "Once upon a time, in Shushan," and at that point I was interrupted by the blacksmith from Gorlice who aksed: "When did this wonderful Mordechai live?" Of course, we did not have a Megillah, I read from my memory. And I responded to the man, that Mordechai lived a few thousand years ago. Hamans we have in each generation but a Mordechai?....And just when I wanted to continue, the door opened and comrade Sergei angrily yelled. "What is going on here? What kind of propaganda is that?" I tried in vain to explain and to calm him down that no "propaganda" was going on, but he insisted, "it is very bad!" Two hours later, a higher official came, opened the door, and called out: "Whose name begins with the letter D?" (The majority of the prison officials could not pronounce our last names.) When I said that my name was Diamand, he said: "Let's go." And we left the cell.

I was not sure whether this call had anything to do with the reading of the Megillah, or by coincidence, I was being called for interrogation. But my heart was pounding, worrying about what was going to happen. Most of all, I feared that our planned Purim program would be disturbed. While I was immersed in my thoughts, two guards took me into a windowless taxi, and we traveled about a half an hour, until we stopped in front of a huge splendid building occupied by the N. K.V. D. The guard led me into a small room where an "Interrogator" with a face and eyes of a Jew was sitting. After a moment of silence, the interrogator began. First I was asked to state my name, my parents' names, and then, the main questions, such as: Why did I cross the border without permission? Did I know that I was breaking the law? I told him that I ran from a sure death, I ran from the Nazis, and in such a moment I could not ponder the legality of my deed. I also expressed my amazement about the possibility of punishing people who were forced to leave everything behind and escape over the border. Of course, he ignored my amazement and passed on to the more serious questions. "Why did you come to spy in favor of the Nazis?" When I expressed my great surprise that they could suspect a Jew of espionage for the Nazis. He responded: "On the contrary, because of that fact, the Nazis send Jews to spy, because they will not be suspected." Understandably, I could not deny such a logic. Therefore, the only thing left for me was to deny that I was a spy. He again asked me if I desired to remain in the Soviet Union after the war. I did not respond for two reasons. a) He would not believe me; it would only arouse more suspicion.

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b) I had made up my mind to tell the truth and only the truth. Therefore I said: "As the situation is at present, I could not answer that question because I have not been free even one day in Russia, and I do not know if life is good or bad....He understood the sting in my response and reacted with a "Yes," as if his conclusion that I was a spy was correct. He asked me what was my occupation in Poland? I knew that everyone who was asked such a question claimed to be from the working class. I decided not to lie for the following reasons: 1) He would not believe me. (All the guards I encountered had said that I did not look like a proletarian, and my soft hands testified to it.) 2) By telling the truth, I might win his confidence and he would believe my words. He asked many more questions, but I want to concentrate only on the last dialogue between him and me.

"Are you religious?"

"Yes, Comrade Interrogator!"

He: "My mother was also religious, always attended the prayers in the synagogue. Tell me is it true what a Jewish man from Lesko told me, that it is forbidden to put out a fire on the Sabbath?"

"No. When it is dangerous, you are supposed to put it out."

"Do you believe that there is a G-d?"

"Yes!"

"Can you see Him?"

"What kind of a G-d would He be, if I could show Him to you?"

"Can you prove that there is a G-d?"

I thought about this question and said,

"Can you prove that there is not?"

He furrowed his brow, thought for a while and said: "Yes. The pros and cons are even."

After this dialogue, he told me to go. I left him, escorted by two guards, and thanked G-d that everything went smoothly.

Next morning somebody suggested that we get revenge on the only Haman among us. A filthy Ukrainian who hated us, stood out for his wickedness, and could not suffer the "Jews." Mainly he always quarrelled with Rothman from Brzozow who was his neighbor. Rothman angered him with his recital of Psalms. The revenge was that Rothman yelled in the ears of the Ukrainian the quotation from the Psalms, "G-d shall avenge the gentiles." The Ukrainian became angry and began to curse all the Jews. Rothman reacted loudly too, until the warden opened the door and took the Ukrainian into solitary confinement. (A dark cellar with all kind of "conveniences.") We, the Jews, rejoiced even though the joy was not complete. The guard warned us that if we did not quiet down, he would take us all into solitary confinement. Having no choice, we sat all day without saying a word, until the evening came and the guards changed.

I will never forget that evening. We sat and talked about all the miracles and wonders that G-d bestowed upon us in every generation. We also held a Torah discourse on the theme of the day, "Purim." The Galician blacksmith suggested that we forget about the situation in which we found ourselves, and to tell Purim jokes and anecdotes to cheer each other up. We unanimously agreed to his proposition and began to be

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merry, telling jokes until we forgot that we were in prison. After the merrymaking was over, the sighs came back again.

To finish off the celebration, I told a story which I heard in my childhood. Reb Israel from Ryzin, of blessed memory, (the founder of the Sadigora Dynasty), spent one Purim in jail and longed very much to fulfill the mitzva of giving presents to friends, as it is customary on Purim. Since he was the only Jew in cell, he hoped all day long for a visitor to realize the fulfillment of the mitzva. When the day passed and he still did not fulfill the custom, he became very sad and tears came to his eyes. The Rabbi lifted his eyes to heaven and said: "Master of the Universe! I am sending you my untainted tears as a gift, as it is customary." With this story, we ended this unforgettable evening, and ten Jewish prisoners in an Odessa jail sent tears as a gift to our Father in heaven.

These tears were the ones which strengthened and encouraged us, and gave us hope that we would overcome all our tribulations and sorrows. We began to prepare ourselves for the upcoming Passover.

PASSOVER THE FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM IN PRISON

Actually, I began to think about the upcoming Passover holiday two months before. There was nothing much to prepare because I did not have the slightest hope for obtaining matzot. My only worry was how to subsist without eating chometz....The only thing that I could do was to refrain from consuming the daily fifteen grams of my sugar ration, which by law was supposed to have been twenty grams, and save it for Passover. I saved about nine hundred grams of sugar. With this sugar and with hot water which was also part of our "food," I was preparing to live through Passover. The night before Passover Eve, I fulfilled the mitzva of searching for chometz. However, I did not use a candle because there were no candles in the cell. I recited the customary "Kol Chamira," clearing the bread, which we did not have. My thoughts were directed towards clearing the misery from the face of the earth, and turning it to dust. Passover night we prayed the Maariv prayer and recited the "Hallel" with the festive melody of the Rabbi from Ropczyce, but in a subdued voice. When I reached the verse "Open Thy gates of justice," I thought to myself, "My G-d! Please! Open the gates of the prison...." After the prayers, I made "Kiddush" over a few grams of sugar, reciting: "You have chosen us from among other people, and given us the season of freedom." Later, I began to conduct the seder, and ten imprisoned Jews celebrated the holiday of freedom under locked doors, iron grills on the windows, and guards guarding these wretched escapees from the darkness and shadow of death. Teardrops fell from their eyes, and the big oppressive and painful question hovered in the air: "Mah Nishtanah, what has changed?"

How was this seder different from other seders? The Ukrainian who had had a very good day because he ate all our rations also wondered and asked "Mah Nishtanah?" Why are the Jews, in spite of their tears in a festive mood, and I, who have the whole world on my side, am sad? And

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the guard who watched our door and peeked in every few minutes through the little peephole, also wondered, why is it that in the cells occupied by gentiles reigned gloom, and from the cells of the Jews a subdued song was heard. He stood astonished and grumbled: "What kind of people are they? I do not understand." Nathan Ginsberg, the pious and fiery Hassid of the famous Rabbi from Tchortkow, and Itche Rothman from Brzozow, addressing their questions toward Heaven, also asked again and again "Mah Nishtana?" The writer of these lines has authored a prison version of the Haggadah and began: We were slaves in Poland, Lithuania, Romania, and refused to leave. The matzot that we are not eating in this Passover symbolize our missed opportunity to make aliyah, despite all the warning signals. Why do we eat "Maror" and plenty of it? Because we refused to leave our "sweet" life in the Diaspora, afraid that we might be forced to taste a little bitterness while settling in Eretz Israel. And so I kept reading the Haggadah, adjusting it to our situation, until I reached the end of the song "Chad Gad-Yaw" where G-d executed the Angel of Death who pretended to be our "redeemer."

Luckily, we were not disturbed in our extraordinary adventure, celebrating our freedom while actually being enslaved, not by the guard, nor by the Ukrainian who was with us in the cell. For a while we managed to forget ourselves, and despite everything, we felt a little spiritual freedom....However, I was not worthy of observing the entire Passover. On the third day after living on sugar and water, I became sick and was taken to the infirmary, where I finished my disrupted, kosher Passover in Soviet Russia.

Rosh Hashana 1940, IN THE ODESSA PRISON

Between Rosh Hashana 1939 and Rosh Hashana 1940, I came a long way and changed my "residence" several times. A certain period I spent under the "curteous" protection of the Nazis. Two weeks I "rested" in one of the courtrooms of Lesko Lukawice, Galicia, when the N. K.V. D. (Soviet Secret Police) guards watched over me that I should not be harmed.... Three months I spent in Lwow, in the infamous prison "Brigidki." From there I was transferred to a "new apartment," the Odessa prison in Russia. In that place, I celebrated the High Holidays and the Sukkoth holiday of 1940. Two weeks before Rosh Hashana, the Ukrainian chief warden Vasily Ivanovitch was fired and replaced by a Jew, Gregory Isaacovitch. Soon after the new warden took over, we felt that some activity was going on within the prison walls. Not a cell was left untouched. People were taken out and replaced by others. Our Jewish brothers who tend to see the shadow of a mountain as a real mountain, like to see the shadow of salvation as real. And, since the changes that were made in most of the cells consisted of Jews being left in each of them, at least ten or more, the Jews thought that this was not just incidental, but a clear intention of the new warden who was one of us. People said that his intention was that the gentiles should not disturb us, and enable us to concentrate on our Rosh Hashana prayers to our heart's desire.

I did not know what was going on in other cells, but I was certain

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that there were faithful Jews in every cell who prayed. In our cell I was the benefactor of the prisoners, the inmates who sat in that darkness and shadow of death. There were no prayer books. I was assisted by my memory with which G-d had graced me. I knew several versions, the versions of Ropczyce, Dynow, Sandz, Munkatch, and Sadigora. But I used none of them. I conducted the prayers in an entirely new version, a special prison production. Each word was drained with blood, tears, and pain. This time we did not sing at the end of the prayers the song "Strengthen Us Today." Instead of a song, a heavy sigh emanated from everyone's mouth.

SHAVUOTH NIGHT, 1941

I was in a labor camp, Mostovice Yaravtze, in the northern District of Archangelsk. Even though I was forced to work on the Sabbath many times, I could not resign myself to the idea that on Shavuoth, the Festival of Receiving the Torah, I would have to work. Therefore, I tried to negotiate with the head of the work brigade to release me from work the following day. After I succeeded to convince him that I could keep a secret, and he could rely on me. I "arranged" with him that I would not go to work, and would remain in the barracks "sick." This was my "Emendation of Shavuoth night."

That night I could not sleep. No matter how hard I tried to forget the present, I did not succeed. Sad thoughts sprang forth in my mind and, from time to time, a heavy sigh escaped from the depth of me. This angered my ignorant Georgian neighbor, who could not understand what I was missing in this camp which according to him and his experience, was one of the best camps. I told him with a pretended seriousness that I was worrying that perhaps I might be transferred, and be forced to leave this camp. And who knows where they might take me?

"You are right," the Georgian said. "Indeed, it is something to worry about."

Broken and crushed, I got up in the morning from my "bed." After I washed my face with cold water and dipped my soul in my tears, I returned to my place. I covered my head with a blanket and prayed, oppressed and broken-hearted. Daily life in general, and the hard labor in particular, had not been inspiring and cheerful. More so, on the Sabbaths and holidays, my sadness increased manyfold. I reminisce about the exalted joy and the festivity of a holiday in my little town, and the sadness of this holiday made me numb. Therefore, I poured out my emotions in humming my prayers. When I finished my prayers, I took off the blanket from my head. I searched with my probing eyes in every corner of the barracks as if I wanted to see where I was.

I washed my hands and began reciting the Kiddush over a slice of bread, as follows: "These are G-d's holidays." At this moment a bitter thought came to my mind. Are these G-d's holidays?..." I approached a corner where two Poles were playing chess. Like every neutral onlooker, I became involved in the game, which relaxed my mind a little. But this relaxation was very costly to me. When I returned to my place, I

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discovered that my only winter coat had been stolen. And again I came to think: "Are this G-d's holidays?" And then, "I probably deserve it, because of such thoughts...." I began to investigate, and I found the thief, a young Russian, but not the coat which was already in the quarters of the head of the brigades, who had delegated the thief to do such a fine job. This fact did not surprise me at all. It was not the first time such things happened in camp. Actually, I would have gladly agreed to part with the coat in exchange for being released from working on Sabbath and holidays. Interestingly enough, the young thief was brutally beaten by the head of the brigade for a confession to the crime.

"There is always a silver lining," as the saying goes. After the theft, I felt completely free and decided not to work on the second day of the holiday either. I was sure that the head of the brigades would not dare say a word. After all, I hinted to him that the deed that his messenger had done was the same as if he himself would have done it. The thought that I would also rest on the following day aroused in me a feeling of alleviation and particular satisfaction. I slowly regained my composure.

In the evening, we, a group of Jews, sat around an overturned empty barrel of herring which served as a table, and we spoke about the events of the day. There was also a Torah discourse, and a song composed by the famous Avish Meir from Sandz, was sung with the words from a liturgical poem. A wonderful melody, passionate, pouring out the soul to the Creator, and expressing our confidence in the Protector of Israel and his Redeemer. I also recited the Archangelsk version of the poem "Akdamuth," a poem which is customarily recited on the Shavuoth holiday. I recited the original words interwoven with Russian words in rhyme, making fun of our miserable camp life. I sang it with its traditional melody, and there was happiness in our corner. And, when I was asked by a friend who now lives in Israel, how does such happiness come to such a place! I responded: "These are G-d's holidays."

In my diary from those days which is in my possession now, I wrote this episode under the title "Shavuoth, 1941, these are G-d's holidays."

ROSH HASHANA 1941, IN THE COLLECTIVE FARM "MOCRY MAIDAN" NEAR SARATOV

One year passed, filled with events. During the year I managed to receive a sentence of which my comrades were envious. Only three years hard labor in a Siberian labor camp. The Russians called such a sentence child's play; only children were punished so lightly. After the Sukkoth holiday of the previous year, my voyages began. I spent a short time in the prison of Charkow, next was a tour of the entire Archangelsk District, a total of nine months' hard labor. Then amnesty was proclaimed pursuant to the agreement between the Soviets and General Sikorski, the head of the Polish government in exile. I wandered from one place to another, from one station to another. Vologda, Gorky, Yaroslavl, until a few comrades and I reached the collective farm "Mocry Maidan." Despite of the fact that we were free and liberated, it was harder to find a minyan to pray than in prison. The leader of our brigade, Shachanov, had

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threatened us with all kinds of persecutions for being absent from work on the High Holidays. Therefore, all of us were afraid to disobey him. Both night of Rosh Hashana we prayed with a minyan. However, the daytime prayers I prayed alone in a house of a Russian religious woman who put her room at my disposal for two hours. During the ten days of penitence we were suddenly summoned to report to the town Sergach for mobilization into the General Ander's Polish Army. At least, that is what we were told. I became apprehensive that with our luck, we would be forced to travel on Yom Kippur. For a train to travel half a day and stand still two days was a common occurrence in those days. There was also a chance that we might become stranded in the middle of nowhere or, with our luck, the train might just keep traveling without stopping. But thank G-d, nothing extraordinary happened. We arrived in the city Arzames on Yom Kippur Eve, and the train stood idle all during Yom Kippur. We continued our journey after Yom Kippur was over. Meanwhile, I had a "happy" Yom Kippur, pardon the expression. The railroad station in Arzames was swarming with people, men, women, children, and soldiers. In a corner, a group of tortured, broken, depressed Jews stood and prayed. They thanked G-d for His graciousness, for making it possible for them to pray, to recite the confession with great humility, beating their chests while saying "Al Cheth."

GO AHEAD, PRAY!

ROSH HASHANA 1942, DISTRICT TAKMAK, KAZACHSTAN

After spending a few months in General Ander's Army, and wandering all over Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Tadzikistan, I finally arrived together with many other exiles in Kish-Mish, near Takmak. There an epidemic of typhus broke out among Jews and non-Jews of which fifty people died. Soon after Passover I began working in the collective farm "Trudovik," and later in one of its branches. When the High Holidays approached, there was not a shadow of doubt about letting us pray. We intended to organize public services in Kish-Mish anyway. In this city, there were many Russian Jews who escaped from places that the Nazis had conquered and found shelter here in Kish-mish. And they too were hungry for a little "Yiddishkeit." One week before the High Holidays I was surprised by a sudden visit from the brigade leader, Bogomolov, with the unhappy news, that I was being transferred together with other people to another branch of the farm, to Tchik-Par. This news was very depressing. I was apprehensive that after I left, no one would organize public services in Kish-Mish. Having no choice, I packed my belongings and reported to Kish-Mish, the center of the collective farm, thinking that there I would decide what to do next. After my arrival in town, I went to the home of one of the local Jews and there I found a treasure, the book of Kings. I was very happy because since my arrest, I had not held a holy book in my hands. I remembered reading somewhere that some saintly personalities, when they were in doubt about something and could not decide what to do, they opened a book and what was written on that page, they did

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accordingly. So I decided to do the same. I opened the book and found a prayer of King Solomon. I thought to myself, my name is also Solomon. This must be an omen that I should remain in Kish-Mish to conduct the prayers on Rosh Hashana so that the people could hear the prayers of Solomon. I dodged being sent to Tchik-Par where the rest of my group had been sent, and remained in town.

The first night of Rosh Hashana we conducted the services without a hitch. However, the next morning, suddenly a man from the N. K. V. D. appeared, angrily came over to me, the leader, removed my talit from my head, and yelled with anger, "What is going on here?"

I responded with pretended audacity, "What is the matter with you?! Are you a Trotskyist? As far as I am concerned, Communists have nothing against religion. Stalin has said so. Only Trotsky said that Communists ought to fight religion until it is wiped out." When the man from the N. K. V. D. heard such a respond, he thought for a while, and went outside to seek advice from his comrade of a higher rank. After a few minutes, he returned and softly said, "All right. Keep praying."

"IN THE LAND OF THE FREE"

ROSH HASHANA 1943, "PEAT ENTERPRISES," IN THE DISTRICT OF DZAMBUL

Another year passed by, not strewn with roses. During that year I actually stayed in one place but in reality, I traveled a great deal on business connected with my job. I was the traveling representative of the "Peat Enterprise" which took me throughout Great Russia, and reached the famous Tien Shau Mountains. The management even tried to send me to a remote, forsaken corner, surrounded by mountains and cliffs, to build a new highway for my Russian fatherland. But at the last moment, I managed to get out of it. (In Russia, one must know how to take care of "things." Without knowing how, you cannot survive even one hour.) During this year, I was almost sentenced to prison or to forced labor again, for refusing to accept a Russian passport but, with G-d's help, I was saved. A great many Jews from several European countries worked in that enterprise, and planned to pray publicly on the High Holidays. We were sure that this time everything would be in order, because almost all of the leadership were in our pockets. From Director Zeeman, to Chief Engineer Seltzer, who is working now as an engineer in the City of Tel Aviv. Although he was a refugee, he had a lot of influence. Also the engineer, Karp, a brigade leader, and a few foremen. But, apparently, Providence wanted to put me to the test again--a very serious test. On the eve of Rosh Hashana, I was summoned into Director Zeeman's office, where a man from the N. K. V. D. was present. They told me: "You want to pray? Please! Take a week or two week vacation, go wherever you want and pray there. But do not organize public services here! Your Jews will neglect their work on the High Holidays. They will pray with you, and we will have to try you for sabotage." Clear and direct, no more no less. I kept quiet for a moment and said: "I prayed under the Nazis and was not harmed. Here in the land of freedom and justice I

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would be punished?" The man from the N. K. V. D. looked at me with an angry face. It seemed that I hit the target. It was obvious that he was restraining himself from showing any emotional signs. After a deep silence which lasted a half a second, he said, as if he were speaking to Himself: "Cunning." "You can go now." The director said, "remember what you were told here. You have your orders. That is all."

Despite the fact that a few friends of mine did try to dissuade me from my decision to organize public services on the High Holidays and to conduct them, I did not give in, and again for the sole reason, I knew if I would not do it, there would be no prayers. I therefore announced that services would take place. Most local Jews came to the evening and morning services which took place in our barracks, and the services passed without any hindrance or obstruction. We were not disturbed.

However, the director, sticking to the Soviet principle: No work, no bread," did punish us. We did not receive our bread rations for the two days of Rosh Hashana. After Rosh Hashana, when the director saw me, he asked me what I prayed for? I told him, "We prayed for a good year for us and also for you, Comrade Director, in spite of the fact that you deprived us of our bread rations...."

"Well, all right, you will get it." The same day we received three bread rations.

The director and the management resigned themselves to the situation and did not even try to influence us not to conduct public services on Yom Kippur. On Yom Kippur Eve, a few brigade leaders asked me to begin the "Kol Nidrei" services a little later, because they too wanted to attend. This was a real sanctification of the Divine Name. Not only Jewish leaders came, but not-Jewish also, Communist youth leaders among them. The closing prayer "Neilah" was most exalting, All the emotions of our aching hearts were poured out in our prayers. Untill this day, I still hear the resounding shriek that came out from the depths of the exiled and the forsaken Jews who declared in the land of atheism, in spite of everything, "The Lord is G-d."

Whenever I meet with people who worshipped with me at that time, I am asked: Do you remember our declaration that "The Lord is G-d?"

===== UNITED WITH MY BROTHER AGAIN =====

===== ROSH HASHANA 1944, DZAMBUL =====

The year which had just passed brought with it a happy and exciting occasion for me. I met my brother Heschel. I had already heard that my brother was alive as of July 1943. I found that out from Yechezkiel Diamand from Rudnik. While I was in Bystrowka on "official business," he came over and greeted me happily, calling out my brother's name. When I responded with astonishment that I didn't know him, he said, "Why are you pretending? Were we not together in the labor camp?" I immediately understood that he mistook me for my brother Heschel, because we resembled each other very much. But I did not know the whereabouts of my brother, nor his address. In March 1944, I recieved a letter from Itzhok

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Berglass in which he informed me of my brother's address. During that year I was mobilized again into a labor army from which I managed to escape. I wanted to reach my brother in Dzambul. Therefore, I tried to get into the Red Army and, while traveling to the assigned place, to disappear in Dzambul. After a few unsuccessful tries, I finally reached Dzambul, actually, a collective farm near Dzambul, where my brother was living. I have much more to tell about our meeting after being apart for so long, but I would like to concentrate only on the theme: "Rosh Hashana."

This time I was not the only one who was getting ready for the High Holidays. Thousand of Jews who lived in that area, refugees from Poland, Lithuania, and other countries as well as Jews from every corner of Russia joined us. There I found people who knew me from the camps and also from before the outbreak of the war. Also in Dzambul, I merited to become the "Public Messenger," (cantor) and chanted all the prayers on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur before a big crowd of people from various Diasporas. It is impossible to describe and to imagine how we prayed.

Although we did not know everything that happened to our brothers who remained under the Nazis, we already knew that something terrible had happened beyond human imagination. The crying had ascended to the heart of Heaven because of the sound of the cries and sighs. The rooms put to our disposal by Reb Ever Englander from Krosno, one of the richest men there before the outbreak of the war, could not absorb such a big crowd of worshippers. Many remained standing outside. There were many curious onlookers who were deeply shocked and had tears in their eyes.

In spite of the great sadness and the sorrowful mood, the services were conducted as in the earlier years. We sang when we were supposed to sing all the traditional melodies, and added a few new ones which were composed during our wanderings. And, at the end, we sang even louder the finale, "Today You have Strengthened Us."

ROSH HASHANA 1945, THE LAST ROSH HASHANA IN SOVIET RUSSIA

Our hopes that we would be able to live in Dzambul until the end of our exile was only an illusion. We thought that we would not have to continue to wander until we, the Polish citizens, would be permitted to return to our land, Poland. It was not to be. The authorities again began to pester the pursued, tortured Jews. They forcefully mobilized them into all kinds of labor camps which were called, the "Labor Army." After I was mobilized several times and managed to get out and after my brother was forced to flee from Dzambul and move to Alma Ata, I too, escaped and joined him in Alma Ata. There we found a new world. It was evident that we did not find a free world but we found dear brethren from all the corners of Russia, a larger number than anywhere else. There were Hassidim of Lubavitch, Bratzlav, Chernobil, Trisk, and many others. There were only a few scholars among them, but they were virtuous, with warm hearts, Jewish hearts. They went out of their way to help the Jewish refugees from Poland and other countries. Their emotions were mixed, with love and envy toward us because we were less afraid of the Soviet

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regime and organized public services wherever we could, from which they also benefitted. Despite of the fact that we were told at our arrival in Russia that "nobody ever leaves," we kept our faith and believed that we would get out. Of course, the Polish refugees had organized a big quorum for the High Holidays, as they did in the previous years. About a thousand people participated in the services. The location was small, so the majority of worshippers were forced to remain outside. There was something new in this years services. Part of the chanting was done by a Russian Jew from the Ukraine, a fiery Hassid of the Rabbi from Lubavich. Even though he was not blessed with a good voice, his chanting was warm, clear, untainted. Many Soviet citizens participated in the worship. I chanted the Mussaf prayers which deeply impressed the Russian Jews. "We have not heard such chanting for many years," they said. The fire which was latent inside of the Russian Jew, had awakened and began to burn again. The founder of the Communist Party in Eretz Israel who returned to Russia and there repented was also present among us. His name was Yacov Meirson. Many of those who participated in these services and merited to make aliyah, recall these services with tremble and holy anxiety. These services turned into a great demonstration in the land of atheism. It was declared at this grand forum that the G-d of Israel lives and exist even in Russia.

MEMORIES FROM THE LAND OF EXILE

By Itzhok Berglass

It was summer of 1940. The excitement among the refugees from Western Poland, the majority of whom were Jews who found themselves in the eastern part of Poland under the rule of the Soviets, was very great. Although, during the registration which had taken place a few months earlier, the refugees had declared their willingness to return to their home towns from which they fled or were expelled, this declaration had not been given wholeheartedly. They would have preferred to have been left alone and not asked again. However, they had to answer this question on the registration form. Most of the refugees were persons who left their families--parents, brothers, sisters, especially wives and children, on the German side. These refugees knew that Soviet Russia is hermetically sealed. Therefore, they were apprehensive that, by expressing the desire to obtain a Soviet passport, they would be cut off from their families forever. Even those refugees who had been expelled by the Nazis before the arrival of the Russians, were attached to their birthplaces where they still had relatives. They overcame the fears, and having no alternative, they expressed their agreement to return to Nazi occupied territory.

The German Resettlement Commission had arrived in Lwow, and the refugees had organized themselves in town and district committees, but the Germans did not give any sign of activity. All they did was to issue passage permits to Poles who applied for them. A few permits were issued to Jews whose relatives on the German side provided recommendations from

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the German authorities that they were needed for the German war economy.

In the last few weeks before the Soviet exile, the Soviet authorities ordered those refugees who had declared their willingness to accept a Soviet passport, to settle in certain towns, at least one hundred kilometers from the German border. From this order, we concluded that something was going to happen.

One day, all refugees without families, who refused to accept Soviet passports, were arrested and a few days later, on a Friday night at the end of June, all of the families in the same category were also arrested. The individuals were sent to forced labor camps and we, the families, were loaded onto cattle trains under heavy N. K. V. D. convoy, and shipped out to far distances throughout Russia. The wagons were filled to capacity. Each wagon had a few benches which were supposed to serve as beds. The toilet was located in the center of the wagon. As soon as we got into the wagons we had lice. Apparently these wagons had already been used for human shipments without being disinfected.

From Zolkiew where we lived, the train traveled through Lwow eastward. As soon as the journey began, we were exposed to the "integrity" of the Ukrainian farmers, when they brought food products to the stations and demanded from us, people behind bars, exorbitant prices, several times their market value. We also felt the warmth of our Jewish brethren who were not allowed near us because we were the ostracized. In spite of that, they overcame their fear and handed us food and cookies for the children through the barred train windows.

We traveled northeast to Chelabinsk. During our voyage we also learned a lesson about the Soviet way of life. When our train passed close to a passenger train, a Jewish passenger told me, "I want you to know that in this country there is no return from exile." And he rushed off. From Chelabinsk they took us with the Trans-Siberian train eastward and despite the hard conditions, we were happy to keep traveling endlessly for fear of the future when we arrive at our destination. After eighteen days of travel, our wagons were detached from the Trans-Siberian train and the next morning of the nineteenth day, we reached our destination, and were unloaded at the Kamaratzga Station.

THE LOCATION OF OUR EXILE

The station and the final place of exile at which we arrived two days later was in the District of Krasnoyarsk, which stretches from the North Sea to the Mongolian border. In Kamaratzga we were divided into several groups, received food, and remained overnight, sleeping in a public building. The following morning, we were sent to our final destination, about sixty kilometers south of the railroad. Women and children were sent by trucks, and the men by wagons pulled by tractors used to transport steel rails for the railroad. At midnight we reached the village Narva and were put in the culture hall. Most of the inhabitants of the village were Estonians who assimilated and became Russians. They were exiles from the time of the Russian Czar, and they named the village after the Estonian port from where they came.

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In the village we were joined by an official nurse whose main function was to watch over the children and the frail. She "encouraged" us by saying that all those under her charge would not last long because the winter temperatures reaches -50° and the summer heat reaches only $+40^{\circ}$. Mosquitoes and all types of insects suck human blood, and poisonous snakes teemed everywhere, even in the houses. We later found out that everything she said was true. However, miraculously, we held out, until our liberation with few exceptions.

From the village Narva, we were sent deeper into the forest, about twenty kilometers, in groups which were hurriedly assembled from the people with whom we lodged in Kamaratzga. Our group consisted of eighty people, men, women and children. These barracks were built years earlier by Ukrainians who lived near the Polish border and were exiled to prevent fraternization with their brothers on the Polish side. After they settled permanently in collective farms, the barracks were occupied by Austrian Socialists who had fought against Dolphus and, after their defeat, escaped to Russia, the land of socialism, where they were exiled to Siberia. Then came the members of the International Brigade from Spain where they had fought Generalissimo Franco and were defeated. They too were exiled to Siberia. Just before our arrival, Polish aristocrats, rich land owners from Eastern Poland, and Polish government functionaries who had been exiled before us, divided the big barracks into small rooms for each family. We inherited these rooms.

The quarters into which my family and I moved in consisted of one large room and two small chambers. In one of these small rooms, a Pole was still living with his family. He was the only one who remained after all the Poles had left. It was terribly crowded. Along the walls there were two tiered plank beds which served as our bedroom, and between these plank beds was a narrow passage. Our boarders were huge rats who ran around fearlessly among us, nibbled from our meager food, and all kinds of insects who nurished themselves with our blood. On rainy days, water leaked through the roof, and the main "beneficiaries" were those who slept on the upper banks. My eight-year-old daughter and I were among them.

After three days of rest we were recruited for work.

The place was called Pimia. In the near future it was supposed to have been turned into a city, a central place for the whole area, especially for logging. Our first job was to build a narrow railroad track to enable the government to transport the timber out of the woods to the Mona River, which flows into the Yenisei. From there the timber could be shipped throughout Russia and the world.

Until then the transportation of timber was possible only in spring-time when the snow thawed and the water level rose in all the tributaries flowing into Mona River. All the labor by the exiles under the supervision of local people was aimed at this central purpose.

We worked hard digging, stone quarrying, timber cutting, and cutting up timber. Women who did not volunteer for work were pursued by a militiaman and forced to work. He used to hunt for them, always appearing on a horse with a whip in his hand, and the women, seeing him coming, sometimes escaped in the thickness of the forest.

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These were the conditions we lived in. In the wintertime, when the swamps were frozen, with considerable risk, a part of our group was sent further into the woods. They came out in the fall, after the liberation, which was the result of an agreement between Stalin and Sikorski, after the Nazis attacked the Soviet Union.

THE PROTEST

The exiles did not accept their suffering lying down. We lived under the Soviet rule a short time, and we spiritually could not agree to the injustice done to us. We were naive, and thought that if we were exiled in Siberia, we had nothing to fear. We did not consider "that there is another Siberia, from where you can never get out." With these words we were threatened once by the local lumber-mill manager who complained that we were slovenly in our work. We also did not realize that this exile saved our lives. Like Joseph in the Biblical times, we would have to be thankful, because "G-d did us a favor....He saved many people."

We wrote three identical memos and sent them to three famous people in Lwow, who we knew had been activists and cooperated with the Soviet rulers. We sent letters to the Polish writer, Vanda Vasilevska; Professor Panczeszin, who had defended pursued Jews during the Polish regime, especially Jewish students who were attacked by his Polish colleagues, the Jew haters; and to Professor Studnicki who we also knew before our exile.

The memos were written in a sharp tone against the authorities. We complained that instead of treating us like refugees who had escaped the sword, as it is customary all over the civilized world, they took us out in the middle of the night like criminals and sent us into exile. Therefore, we asked their intercession to bring us back from exile.

I was the initiator and author of the memos. I signed it first, and after me all the heads of the families in our barracks signed it.

Fortunately, these letters were not released by the people to whom they were addressed. But we did receive a heartwarming letter from Vanda Vasilevska. She told us that what happened to us is well known, and there were efforts being made to correct the injustice. The response from Professor Panczeszin was more formal, but with a promise of help. The third one did not respond at all.

As time went by, we became used to our situation. As the saying goes in Yiddish: "When you get used to troubles, you live with them happily." But we never gave up hope that someday we would get out of Siberia. That was what kept us going and we held out until our release.

"GIVE THANKS TO THE LORD, FOR HE IS GOOD."

When in other places is still summer, in Siberia it is already fall. It rains frequently, cold winds blow, and the living conditions become worse, worse than in the hot summer months. Our upper bank, my daughter's and mine was located near the door which was frequently opened and closed, day and night. Eighty-eight people kept coming in and out. The

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leak through the roof worsened, and it became almost unavoidable for my daughter not to catch a cold. She became ill with severe angina.

I was notified of my daughter's illness while I was at work in the field. Soon after work I went straight to Narva, to the clinic which was attended by a young doctor and a medical assistant. I told the doctor that I was afraid that the angina might develop into diphtheria. I was asked to pay for the use of a horse, and the medical assistant rode out to my barracks. He diagnosed it as only a severe form of angina. He wrote out a prescription and told me to get it filled the following morning at the pharmacy.

Early in the morning, I took the prescription and went to see the militiaman who was in charge over us to tell him that my wife had to remain with the child and that I needed his permission to travel to the village to pick up the medicine. The exiles were not permitted to leave the place without a permit. The militiaman was still asleep, so I went to the foreman and asked him to release me from work. Such a release could also be used as a pretext to travel without a permit. He refused. Desperate, I jumped on the small train which was going to Narva to pick up some workers. One of the foreman's helpers demanded, that the train engineer stop the train and forcibly remove me, but he refused.

When I returned home and handed the medicine to my sister-in-law I was immediately put on trial for my crime. The judges were: My foreman, the militiaman, and the head of the district militia who often visited our village. The district officer accused me of arbitrarily leaving work, and traveling without a permit. I responded by asking him if he had any children and, when he responded affirmatively, I told him the whole story. I showed him the doctor's diagnosis and asked him how he would have handled such a situation. He immediately released me and told me to return to work.

Two days passed and on Friday, my sister-in-law again appeared at my work-place and told me that I must bring the doctor again because my daughter's illness had worsened, and she was very sick. The doctor refused to come, claiming that he had diagnosed her correctly the first time and there was no other medicine available, only that which he had already prescribed. With sadness and great worry about the fate of my daughter, I went back to the train to return home. I fed myself with a slice of turnip which a Russian who traveled with me had offered me, after I had not eaten all day. I walked the four kilometers from the train to the barracks in the dark, on a lime path with many holes in it. I fell several times in the mud praying in my heart that for the pain I suffered, I should merit to find my daughter alive.

When I opened the door of the barracks, I became frightened by the quietness that prevailed. But my wife told me to relax, that the crisis had passed. When the situation had become worse, my daughter had a hemorrhage and, thanks to it, the clotted breathing passages were opened and her temperature had gone down. As to the quietness that prevailed in the barracks, she explained that it was because our brothers-in-trouble kept as quiet as possible so as not to disturb the sick child.

I was late for the Friday night prayers, but still I began to pray

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and to recite the welcome Sabbath song "Give thanks to the Lord, for He is good." It was not an ordinary prayer welcoming the Sabbath which is recited every Sabbath Eve, but it was a thanksgiving from the bottom of my heart for His benevolence. Tears were dripping from my eyes, tears of gratitude and joy.

THE HOLIDAYS IN SIBERIA

Our life was difficult and primitive. Our thoughts concentrated only on work and how to obtain food. We wore rags because the clothes we had brought with us were bartered away to the local people in exchange for food. Our spiritual food consisted only of a prayer book which contained also the Psalms. We subscribed to the Yiddish Communist paper, "Truth," from Moscow, but instead they sent us the "Truth" printed in Kovno. I also had in my possession the Five Books of Moses from which I taught my two little daughters the Hebrew alphabet and a few words in Hebrew to prevent them from forgetting what they learned in the Hebrew school in Strzyzow. From our traditional Galician Jewish life we became forcibly estranged, but it was unthinkable for us not to observe the Jewish holidays, especially the High Holidays. We were still negotiating our release from work on Rosh Hashana with our foreman, the man who had refused to let me go to pick up the prescription. (He changed and became another person after I befriended him.) Our neighbors who lived in the barracks a few kilometers away preceded us by turning to the head management of the company which was under the leadership of a Jew from Krasnoyarsk. These men were all devoted Communist Party members and they opposed any religious activity. Therefore, they categorically refused our plea, and watched us closely that we should not succeed in our effort to be released from work on those days holy to us. Normally, they fell behind in supplying empty wagon trains on which we loaded the excavated rocks and gravel and caused us a loss in wages. This time they sent more wagons than usual and gave an order to return the empty wagons immediately after they were unloaded at their place of destination. But it happened otherwise. When we returned to the stone quarry with the empty train, the train derailed and the tracks came apart. Similar accidents happened often but on a smaller scale, and people never got hurt. This time the derailing was more serious and even though no one was hurt, a few days were needed to repair the railroad. My immediate foreman who would have been ready to release us from work, if not for the fear of his superiors, was happy and said, "Your G-d did it."

The following three days we did not work: Thursday, the first day of Rosh Hashana, Friday, the second day, and also Saturday. We sat at our working place on a hill and enjoyed the warmth of the autumn sun. After we came home in the late afternoon, we prayed the Mussaf prayer at our ease.

After Rosh Hashana we began to worry about Yom Kippur which was coming soon. Ultimately, we agreed with the foreman to trade Yom Kippur for another working day. Yom Kippur was on Saturday and we agreed to work on Sunday, our usual day off. The foreman knew that according to

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the ruling ideology this was not permissible. Therefore, he left that day under some pretext and went to the regional village Narva.

We did not leave our barracks but we began to pray. When the militiaman who often came to our working place saw that our group was missing, he came galloping on his horse to our barracks, and there he saw a show that he had never seen in his life. All men were wrapped in their taleitim and the women were with them. In response to his question, we told him about our agreement with the foreman. He did not agree and demanded forcefully that we leave immediately to our work. When we did not respond to his command, he took out a list with our names and asked everyone individually if he would obey or not. The first man he asked agreed to obey. I was the second to be asked. Before I replied, I consulted quietly with the others and we decided to go out to the job but not to work.

As soon as we agreed to leave, he rushed off to see the foreman. When he could not find him, he turned to his assistant, a young Pole who knew about our secret agreement with the foreman. The assistant told the militiaman that the foreman had agreed and that there was no work for us to do. Next the militiaman turned to a construction foreman. He refused to accept us for one day, and also did not want to act against his comrade, the other foreman. He was a Russian intellectual who asked me once to teach him Hebrew. He was exiled because when the German-Soviet war broke out, while in a drunken state, he said that he was going to fight the Germans for his fatherland, but not for Stalin. He was sentenced to die but later was granted a reprieve, and he was sent to the front in the first firing line. After he was wounded, he was sent into exile.

The militiaman (whom we called "commanding officer") did not want to jeopardize his good relationship with the foreman, so he relented. We returned home cheerfully and continued the fasting and the praying until the end of the day.

On the Sukkoth holiday, we were meritorious to have a Sukkah, which was the envy of many of our brothers in Russia. Near our barracks, there was a little unfinished house without a roof. Covering it was no problem in the thickness of the forest. Therefore, we made the blessing over a slice of bread "To sit in the Sukkah," under the cover of snow.

Chometz on Passover we did not eat. The Jews from Zolkiew, the city from where we were exiled to Siberia, had not forgotten us, and they sent to each family a small package of matzot. They were paid for it by our relatives who remained there, and the people who did not have any relatives, received matzot free of charge. We, the lucky ones, three families in all, received an extra package of matzot from our cousin, Elimelech Eisenstadt, may G-d avenge his blood. He lived in Brody, not far from the little town Radziwilow, where the major Polish matzo industry was located. We also prepared some potatoes, and what was missing we filled with a ration of hunger.

Just before Passover, we moved from the shared barracks to individual quarters, two families to a room. Every room conducted its own seder, expressing hope for better days and being able to join our families who

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remained in Eastern Galicia under the Soviet rule and those in Western Galicia under the Nazis.

The majority of the exiled merited to return to Poland, but of our families who were left there, we did not find anyone alive.

MEMORIES OF THE FIRST DAYS OF POLAND'S OCCUPATION BY THE NAZIS

By Simcha Langsam

As soon as the Second World War broke out, on September 1, 1939, utter chaos prevailed all over Poland. The population distanced itself from the borders of the Third Reich. The declaration by the Commander of the Polish Army, Ridz Smigly, that the enemy army will not be allowed to touch even a button which belongs to the Polish people, had nurtured hope in their hearts that in a few days, after the German defeat, the Poles would return to their place as conquerors.

The first bombs that fell over the cities and villages caused great confusion and panic among the population. The wandering of the masses began. The highways and roads were replete with refugees, mostly whole families with their belongings. Some were in motorcars, some on horse-drawn carriages, and some on foot, amidst the Polish Army, who retreated like sheep without a shepherd, not knowing where to go and where they were. The German airplanes flew low and shot at the refugees. Thousands of casualties fell, among them women and children.

In that confusion, Jewish refugees who were Polish citizens stood out in particular. They panicked. They were confused and stupefied from the German "blitzkrieg" on one hand, and the hostility of the Poles toward them on the other hand.

All the wandering ended when the Germans overran the refugees. Some even gave bread and candies to them and told them to go home.

The Polish refugees returned immediately to their homes. However, the Jewish refugees who already knew that all their belongings at home had been stolen by their Polish neighbors and that in some places the Germans had already begun their bloody actions, were not in any hurry to return, but were searching for means to unite their families who were separated during the wandering. Among all those Jewish refugees there were very few people from Strzyzow and its vicinity, because the town was not located on a strategic or main crossroad. Among the stream of refugees was my brother, Yechezkiel, who now lives in the United States, and I, the writer of these lines. We became stranded in Dombrowa and stayed with our sister Beila, may G-d avenge her blood. (She perished with her husband and three children.)

Like all the refugees, we looked for a way to return and unite with our father, who remained alone in Strzyzow.

Traveling by train in those days was very dangerous for Jews. The danger stemmed more from the Polish passengers than from the Germans. Therefore, we kept postponing our trip from day to day.

Dombrowa, the neighbor of the big city Tarnow, followed the events in that city. In Dombrowa itself was relatively quiet, except for the

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nabbing of Jews for all kinds of work. At the end of October 1939, news reached us from Tarnow that in the streets of the city, proclamations were announced as part of the Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws. The Nazis restricted the Jews from moving around in town, they shorn beards off Orthodox Jews, and made a thorough registration of all Jews in town. They nominated commissars into Jewish businesses, and ordered the Jews to wear a Star of David, and also display a Star of David in the windows of the Jewish stores. Horrible tidings came of killings of Jews without any reason.

Upon receiving such news, gloom began to reign among the Jews in Dombrowa. The panic increased when, on the first day of Sukkoth, a group of Jews were kidnapped. Only a part of that group returned to their families, and the rest were killed. After this incident, people avoided walking in the streets and gathered to pray at the Rabbi's house and in a few other private homes. The tension reached its peak after the incident that occurred on Hoshana Raba. After the services in the Rabbi's house, we received news that the Germans were nabbing Jews to work, and that eight people, who were nabbed the day before, were shot. The worshippers rapidly dispersed into their homes. My brother-in-law, the husband of my sister Beila, and I lay down in bed and put various medicines nearby. (The Germans were very afraid of contagious diseases.) Within minutes we heard knocking of boots on our door and yelling in the street. A shudder went through our bodies and we anxiously awaited what was coming. With the butt of a rifle, the door broke open, and a German with the face of rapacious animal was yelling, "Juden Heraus! Get out to the market place!" We dressed in confusion, not knowing what was going on around us. Having no choice, we left the house in the direction of the market, which was already filled with people. Seeing what was happening, a thought came to my mind to run faster but in the opposite direction. While I was running, a few more joined us, among them Benjamin Mandel, the son of Reb Yeshayahu from Strzyzow, who lived in Dombrowa. And that is how we reached a grove outside of town. In the grove we found a few more people, mostly young men like us. The fear and panic that prevailed in that small group was indescribable. This was the first time that we were separated from the Jewish community, and did not know what our fate would be. At sunset, the wife of one of the escapees arrived with the good news that the danger was over and that the majority of the nabbed had already returned home. That night we conducted the Hakafot in the Rabbi's house. The feeling was more like Tisha B'Av than Simchat Torah. After the horrible experience, a suggestion came up among the worshippers that it was time to escape from the German occupied territory to the Soviet side. The rumors were that the Russians would probably move on to the Vistula River and, with the Germans retreating, danger hovered over us, especially for the young people. The next day a group of young people left Dombrowa in the direction of the Soviet border. I went to Tarnow and from there I intended to reach Strzyzow to say farewell to my father and to march off to the Soviet side with my brother Yechezkiel. In order not to be recognized as a Jew, I cut off my sidelocks, put on a cap worn by gentiles and, by train from

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Tarnow through Rzeszow, I reached Strzyzow. My fright during the trip in the train was indescribable. Here and there I recognized a disguised Jew like myself sitting in a corner, looking out the window, pretending to enjoy the beauty of nature. My ears alertly absorbed the conversations that were carried on among the gentile passengers. The topic of the conversations was the "Jews" and the loss of the Polish Fatherland. Thanks only to these conversations, they could not hear the beatings of our hearts, and they did not notice the paleness of my face and the changing of colors according to the subjects of their conversations.

I reached Strzyzow in the evening hours and was welcomed by my father, may G-d avenge his blood, and by my brother Yechezkiel, may he live a long life, who reached Strzyzow by foot during the Sukkoth holiday. My father told me about the relative quietness that prevailed in Strzyzow, except for two incidents. Jews were brought from Frysztak and shot by the Gestapo in the Christian cemetery and the bodies were later handed over to the Burial Society. The second incident was that the Germans turned the shul into a dormitory for the cavalry, including their horses. After a few days, they handed it back to the leader of the Kehillah clean and tidy.

THE SITUATION IN STRYZOW

In daytime the Jews were moving around freely, almost. At sunset they locked themselves up in their houses with the shutters down over the windows and the gates closed. The next day was Market Day. I went out to the market with the purpose of meeting my colleagues, thinking that maybe they would like to join us in our escape to the Russian territory. I was astounded to see the prosperous commerce that was going on. All the Jewish stores were open, filled with customers as in peacetime. I saw here a different world, different from what I saw in Tarnow and other cities. Maybe this imaginary quietness held back the Jews of Strzyzow, especially the young people, from leaving their homes and fleeing, while there was still time. I did not encounter the same fright and fear of annihilation the way I did in other places. During the day I met a few of my comrades and told them what was happening in other cities. I explained to them the danger that they should expect but, to my amazement, I did not find the desired attentiveness to my proposition. Israel the son of Yechiel Friedman, replied: "Do you think that the Germans will slaughter all the Jews? You can see for yourself that, thank G-d, the situation here is bearable. We are alive for the time being, and G-d will help us in the future." I spoke with Naphtali, the son of Reb Chaim Mandel. He simply jeered at me, "What? Go to the Russians? Are they better than Hitler?" When I told him what was happening in other places and explained the dangerous situation for the young Jews and, that we can come back after the Russian Army will conquer all of Poland, he replied: "You have slightly convinced me that the situation is serious, but I will tell you the truth. I never lived outside of my parents' home, and I am not used to taking care of myself. More so, in such dangerous times I cannot separate from my family, even

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for one day. And who can foretell what the morrow will bring?"

I was shocked to hear such words. Were their eyes blinded so much that they could not see what was coming? There was nothing to do for me but to say good-bye and I went about our own preparations for the journey to the Soviet side, which seemed at that moment the only rescue. When father found out that none of the young people accepted our proposition, he tried to convince us to remain with the rest of the town because there was a common destiny for all. But when he saw that our decision was unchangeable, he inclined to agree under one condition, to seek Rabbi Nechemiah's approval, may G-d avenge his blood. Our father was an intimate friend and he knew where the Rabbi was hiding. We arrived in Reb Shlomo Auerhun's house where the Rabbi hid after the Germans began to inquire about his whereabouts. After a few seconds, the Rabbi entered in all his splendor, but the expression of love and the smile on his face that was always there whenever he spoke with small or big people, had disappeared. Instead, a gloom covered his face, the gloom of suffering, not so much personal, as the sadness of the whole community, and maybe the suffering of the entire Jewish nation. After a deep sigh, he stretched out his hands and greeted us with the traditional "Shalom Aleichem." Breathless, he listened to our report about the situation of the Jews in other cities, and of the maltreatment of the Jews by the Nazis. We talked about the purpose of our coming and asked him for his approval and blessing. With heavy-laden heart but clearsightedly, The Rabbi replied: "Dear children! Who is wise enough to know? We have nobody to lean on but our Father in Heaven. To spill our hearts in prayer and supplications, and the Almighty will help us. I too wish I could leave this place. May G-d endow you with success wherever you turn, and may G-d guide all your endeavors and watch over all of Israel." He pressed our hands with the blessing, "Go in peace." He escorted us with his eyes lifted toward heaven, praying and supplicating for our fate and the fate of his flock. On the way home, we stopped to say good-bye to the Rabbi's son, Reb Shlomo. He expressed the same opinion as his father and said: "It is hard to advise which way to go. I join in my father's blessing. May it be G-d's will that we merit a complete redemption and the end to our troubles should come soon."

Our father waited anxiously for the return from our visit to the Rabbi. When he heard about the Rabbi's approval, tears began to flow from his eyes. After a few minutes of silence, he said: "Kinderlech, this separation is very hard for me, who knows...." The next few words stuck in his throat. Later he continued, "I know how hard it is to be a Jew in Russia. For Heaven's sake, remain Jews, and be good Jews!" He could not speak anymore. After a while, he added: "For your betterment, I give you my blessing for your journey to Russia." We tried to assure our father that, G-d willing, we would come home for Passover, and that as soon as the Russians move forward, we would be the first to return. The next day we began to supply the house with all kinds of provisions, such as soap, salt, matches, etc, that should have sufficed our father for a few months. Tuesday, October 25th, 1939, a day on which G-d used the word "Good" twice during the creation, we left behind us everything

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

that was dear to us, hoping that on our return, we would find everything in order and our father well.

We traveled by train to Jaslo. There we lodged in a Jewish hotel near the train station. (I think the owner's name was Canin.) The owner warmly welcomed us with cordial hospitality. Despite the fact that all his rooms were requisitioned by the German officers, he found a place for us. Early the next morning, we put on the tefilin and prayed an abbreviated prayer because we were rushing to reach Sanok on the border. The owner of the hotel was polishing the officers' boots while he gave us directions and sent us off with the traditional "Go in peace and come in peace." At noontime we arrived in Sanok and were welcomed by a Gestapo agent in civilian clothes who spoke Polish. He stopped us in the street with the question "Jews, where to?" I began to stammer and replied that we were going to the Jewish Kehillah. He asked for identification, so I showed him a membership card of a religious organization. Then he asked if we carried arms and, after a light search in our backpacks, he gave us an order: "Turn right on that street and then left on the other street and there is the Jewish Community building. Stay inside, do not wander in the streets, otherwise you will meet your bitter end."

In the Kehillah we found about three hundred Jews sitting with their belongings, who had already been waiting for two days to cross the San River. Because of heavy fall rains, the river swelled and made it impossible to cross to the Russian side. In another room, I saw a German officer playing cards with the Jewish community leaders. I found out from people that the Gestapo in Sanok were bribed to look the other way while the Jews were crossing the river, and while playing cards, the bribe took place. At sunset we found out that that night we would cross the San, and that it was the Gestapo's order. They could not risk such a large concentration of Jews in one place. We lined up in a column and everyone with his pack on his back began to march. There were women and old people among us. From somewhere, a score of Poles suddenly appeared and escorted us with jeering and laughter. One played a harmonica expressing joy that, "the Jews were leaving for Palestine...." At midnight we crossed the river and were arrested by the Russian border patrol.

MEMORIES

By Simcha the son
of Yacov langsam

"And the Lord said unto Moses:
'Write this for a memorial in
the book, and rehearse it in
ears of Joshua....'"

G-d had awarded two precious gifts to those he created, when he blew into them the breath of life. What you do not like to remember you forget by force of forgetfulness, and what you don't like to forget you remember by force of memory.

I have a special affection for the second gift because whenever I remember an event that occurred in my life, my desire to thank and to proclaim the greatness and the wonders of the Almighty increases. Therefore it is my duty and my holy command to write the memories of that period when the world brought down the Holocaust upon our people, from which I and a very few fortunate Polish Jews survived.

My brother Yechezkiel and I, together with hundreds of Jews, went on a journey to seek refuge from the claws of the Hitlerists bands in 1939. After many travails about which I told in the previous chapter, we arrived in the city of Lesko. This city is located on the other side of the San River which was at that time the natural border line between the Polish territory occupied by the Soviets and the Polish territory occupied by the Germans.

By the lights of the German searchlights we crossed the San River which was overflowing. It was a shocking sight. Under the cloak of the darkness of the night, a group of Jewish people, the elderly and women with infants among them were stranded in water which reached up to their chins. Their clothes and belongings were wet and the danger of drowning was imminent. It was the rainy season. "I am drowning. Please help me. I am a father of small children," pleaded an older man with his last breath. Indeed, with great effort, I successfully brought him ashore.

Excited, shocked, and wet to the marrow of our bones, we found ourselves on the shore of the noisy river in Soviet territory. Some of the refugees who had already tasted the taste of death under the Germans were kissing the ground of the freeland. Some recited the morning prayers. There was a strange feeling, a feeling of joy mixed with sadness. On one hand, although we could still see the Germans on the other side, we were out of their reach. On the other hand, our hearts were filled with a new worry: What was going to happen to our dear ones who remained in the hands of the murderers?

The border guards who carried light arms welcomed us with a repeated request: "Quiet!" (We did not know then that silence in that land is the means of survival.)

Heavily guarded, we were brought into a large movie hall in the city

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of Lesko. We were told that we were arrested for investigation into the purpose of our coming, whether it was espionage for the Germans. We encountered Rabbi Kalonymus, the young Rabbi of our town, among the arrested. He was very depressed, but he told us that something was being done on his behalf. To our joy, he was freed after a few days as the result of the intervention of a few Jewish Communists who recommended his release.

From Lesko, we were transferred by the authorities of the N. K. V. D. to the city of Lwow, and imprisoned in the famous prison "Brigidki." After a thorough search of all parts of our bodies, all "forbidden" articles were confiscated. We were dispersed throughout the prison in different cells, about seventy or eighty in a cell, cells which in normal times held twenty five prisoners. The fact which depressed us most and caused much pain to the imprisoned was the confiscation of the tefilin. The Jewish Communists threw all the tefilin in a big pile in the prison yard. A shudder went through our bodies when we saw what was happening to something that had been sacred to us for generations. We felt that this horrible war was also a war against the Jewish soul. We realized that this denigrating action was a special "treatment," against the Jews. We protested to those in charge, but their reply was: "Our land is a free land. You can pray undisturbed but the prison is not a church!"

One of the prisoners did smuggle in a pair tefilin, and that news encouraged us. Most of the prisoners had forgotten what they had gone through lately, and found consolation in these phylacteries.

It is hard to describe the first night in prison on a bank-bed made of boards. Despite of the exhaustion of the last few days, nobody slept a wink. At daybreak, after fulfilling a few prison regulations, we all lined up for doning the tefilin. People who had never in their lives donned tefilin lined up. Everybody recited the blessing and handed them to the next in line. We did it in a corner, out of sight of the jail guard. There were in our cell people from Frysztak, Jaslo, Krakow, Tarnow, and Rzeszow. But none from Strzyzow. We later found out that the son of the Assistant Rabbi from Sendziszow was in one of the cells. I was told that he refused to eat any food, except bread and water. He was very depressed and suffered from all kinds of aches and pains.

Once in a while, I succeeded in sending him a carrot or a piece of sugar which was given to me by a Jewish prisoner from Bukhara, who worked in the kitchen. It was only by accident that I found out that he was Jewish. I saw him once moving his lips before his meal, so I asked him: "What are you mumbling?" "I pray," he replied. When I asked him to say the prayer louder, to my astonishment, I heard him recite the blessing "Netilat Yadayim." That is all that is left in my memory from my father's house, blessed be his memory. "I am Jewish." He said in Russian because he did not speak Yiddish.

There were about two quorums of Jews in my cell. We tried to encourage each other and we sought consolation in all kinds of discourses in Torah and in the words of our sages.

During that period, I befriended a man from Rzeszow, Reb Samuel Nachum Emer, a peculiar type, about whom I will tell further on.

BY SIMCHA LANGSAM

After I spent three months in Lwow, I was transferred to the Ukrainian prisons of Kiev, Charkov, and others. With each transfer I was separated from the people with whom I found a common language. Especially painful was my separation from my brother, Yechezkiel. He was sent to another prison and I did not know his whereabouts until the liberation.

In order to understand how much our looks changed, I would like to tell here in interesting episode. In the cells, besides the Jews, there were also non-Jewish inmates, Polish anti-Semites, and other extreme nationalists, who hated the Communists in Poland and preferred the Nazis. They waited for them for years before the outbreak of the war.

Suddenly, the door opened, and the guard ordered us to move over and make room for more inmates. A few people came in, frightened, with torn and shabby clothes, some Jewish and some not. All of them were searching with their eyes to spot an acquaintance, a relative, or just an ordinary Jew. I too looked at the newcomers and noticed a Jewish face, and soon began a conversation: "From where is a Jew?" "How long ago did you leave Poland?" "How is Jewish life in Poland?" And many other questions. After I finished questioning my new neighbor, he heaved a deep sigh, and began to reply to my inquiries. Suddenly, he burst out with a cry: "Simcha! Simcha! Don't you know me? I am Samuel!" I mobilized all my braincells, but I could not recognize this bearded young man, who looked my age, and only a few months earlier we had prayed in the synagogue and strolled down the streets together on Sabbath afternoons. I could not believe the changes that had occurred in such a short time. When he saw that I could not recognize him, he told me that his name was Samuel, the son of Reb David Lieberman from Strzyzow. At present Samuel resides in Petach Tiqa, Israel. After being together for twenty-four hours, they separated us again.

ZITOMIR

On the outskirts of the town, there was an isolated three-story building, surrounded by a wall and watchtowers on each corner. This was a prison, and in it the authorities assigned me together with thousands of other Jews residence. In the cell with me there were a few young men who belonged to the Zionist Religious Youth Movement, the rest of the inmates were elderly observant Jews. In the first few days, we felt only depression and despair. We were cut off from the whole world, without a newspaper, without any contact with our families, and we did not know what was happening on the front lines. We worried about our families who remained in the hands of the murderers. Hunger, filth, and sleepless nights imprinted on us a horrible impression. Continuous nightly interrogations and the threats of the interrogators who tried to force confessions of spying from us, for which we could be sentenced to fifteen or twenty years imprisonment, brought mental suffering upon us. All the above sufferings united us, the religious young men and the observant Jews, into one large family, in our daily prison life. All these shared factors were the source of our unity.

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

The most uniting force in our group was Reb Smauel Nachum Emer, of blessed memory. This man encouraged us and instilled in us a belief and confidence in the eternity of Israel. He strengthened in us the belief in redemption because of the merits of the Tzadikim and the founders of Hassidism. He led collective conversations and also conversed with each of us individually. Reb Smauel took it upon himself to be the spiritual leader during our denigrated life and despairing moments.

Reb Smauel had an extraordinary personality and a wonderful disposition. He lived in Rzeszow where he had left his family. He was about forty or forty-five years old, a great scholar, pious strictly observant of all the commandments, even when it caused him pain. What he allowed others he did not allow himself. His memory was astonishing. He never forgot anything he learned. He remembered entire Talmudical tractates, the Psalms, etc.

During the eleven months that we were together, he had not eaten anything besides bread and water. The rest of the observant inmates ate everything except cooked meat. Although our menu did not contain meat, if the soup had any meaty taste we refused to eat it. Reb Samuel succeeded in uniting around him a group of twelve young people who did not eat chometz on Passover.

Reb Samuel believed that the troubles that befell the Jews were pains before the final redemption. He was an admirer of the Rabbi from Koloszyce. He strongly opposed Zionism. He taught us daily from his memory a chapter of Mishnayoth or a chapter of Gemara. We prayed daily with a minyan and our cell served as a spiritual center for the entire prison. He made sure that we would remember at least one section of prayers in case we were the last Jews to survive.

"Who knows" he said, "if we are not the last Jews alive, upon whom was imposed the task of carrying on the Jewish spark?" He urged us not to be frightened of any sacrifice, that "keeping the fire burning on G-d's altar is not easy." "I am convinced" he continued, "that the prayers that we pray from our hearts to the creator daily and the acceptance of the yoke of His Kingdom will be our shield and our sword." His ornate thoughts were divulged in secret to his closest friends only. "No matter what! I have to write prayer books by hand and prepare a calendar for several years ahead so that, Heaven forbid, you shall not desecrate the High Holidays or the regular holidays until G-d will have mercy upon us and enable us to live as true Jews, in body and soul."

"Who knows if I will be still around? I doubt if I will be worthy of surviving." We sat for hours figuring out all the details of how to fulfill Reb Smauel's wish, how to supply him with paper, pen, and ink. It was not an easy task in prison.

Samuel Nachum, took upon himself to supply the paper. The jail nurse related to him with a special respect. She called him "the Jewish Rabbi." Reb Samuel exploited this relation and always asked her for a powder against headaches. He successfully hid the wrapping paper. (An inmate was not allowed to possess any paper.) A pen, I stole from the interrogator's desk, during the long hours of my interrogations. We also found a way to obtain ink. In the hall of our jail there was a desk at

BY SIMCHA LANGSAM

which the jailers used to sit, and on that desk there was an inkwell. Before going out for our daily walks we prepared small pieces of cotton. The custom was that we were escorted by two jailers ahead of us and two in the back of us. When we passed the desk we dipped the cotton in the inkwell and, upon returning to our cell, we added a few drops of water to it in a cup and we had ink. Of course, all the activities were carefully executed because being caught committing such a crime could have brought down upon us heavy punishment. To assure complete secrecy, we hid the writing materials inside a broom which was made from willow twigs. Nobody would have thought to look in such a place. With revered piety and fear for the authorities, but anxious for the mitzva, Reb Samuel sat down in a corner and began to print with small print on pages the size of 5x7 centimeters. Reb Smauel Nachum sat days and nights and did the holy work. His pupil watched the door alertly to notify him when the guard was approaching. Two months of vigorous work ended when prayer books containing all the weekly and holiday prayers, the "Amidah" for Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur, and even Akdamuth for Shavuoth, were before us.

On Lag B'omer we prepared ourselves for a modest celebration, the receiving of the "Sidurim." Reb Samuel's face was glowing with happiness. We all became emotional. We gathered in a corner and Reb Smauel Nachum turned to us with a trembling voice. "Dear children," he said, and tears began flowing from his eyes. Filled with emotion we joined him in crying that tore at our hearts. Cries that were choked before they could be heard for fear of being heard by the guards. We were grasped with the holy atmosphere of the Judgment Day, as if we were getting ready to establish the foundation of our People's continuity and deciding who shall live and who shall die. Reb Samuel Nachum continued with a choking voice. "In these days, when Jewish blood became worthless, who knows if anybody still remained there that could join us in our crying? We were separated from everyone who was dear to us, from parents, mothers, brothers and sisters, women and infants." At this point he strengthened his voice: "My heart is tearing apart when I realize that a big part of our nation could have saved their lives, if they would have listened to the beat of salvation....I have to confess, that a big part of our nation is guilty in our tragedy. We have not understood and refused to respond to the call of the few about rebuilding our homeland. We postponed our redemption with our own hands. And now!" Here he turned to the younger segment, "I don't know if I will merit to enter again into G-d's congregation, but you probably will, I believe. Please! When the time comes, abandon the Diaspora. Do not remain in strange lands, even at physical cost. For Heaven's sake, remove all the bounds with the bitter Diaspora, and establish a new life in the Holy Land, and with it you will speed up the complete redemption for you and for future generations."

With trembling hands, Reb Samuel Nachum handed the Sidurim to everyone in the group and said: "That is our most precious treasure, the prayers in which we spill our hearts out before the Creator of the World. These Sidurim that I am handing over to you should accompany you wherever



שער הסדור של עמער מוקדש ללנגזם

This is the title page of Reb Samuel Nachum's prayer book with the dedication to Simcha Langzam: "This prayer book I wrote as a gift for my dynamic friend, the revered and accomplished young man, Simcha Langsam, when we were imprisoned in Zitimir, Russia, in 1940.

G-d shall bring us out from here and bestow upon us a complete redemption.

Samuel Nachum Emer
From Rzeszov

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you go until the Redeemer will come and redeem the remainder of Israel.'

Reb Samuel Nachum opened the last Sidur and requested us to repeat after him. He began to recite the prayer, "Avinu Malkeinu." When he reached the verse "G-d our King, have pity over us and over our babies and small children. Do it for the sake of those who perished by fire and water for the sanctification of Thy Name," he loudly began to wail. However, he was compelled to stop for fear of the authorities. "How hard it is," he said. "The fact, that we cannot even cry aloud. There is nothing harder and more painful than that we cannot do what others are allowed to do. Nevertheless, boys, this is the greatness of the Jewish people. In every generation they rise up to annihilate us, and the Holy blessed be He, saves us from their hands. All shades of Hamans impose upon us physical and spiritual decrees, mock us and scorn us among the nations, gloom our skies, darken our days, and it seems as if the end has come. But at these moments, our people exalt themselves heroically with the highest exaltation and exemplary self-sacrifice. They escape the different furnaces even though wounded and injured, but strong in their belief that they must produce from amongst themselves redeemers and deliverers, to prove to the wicked world, in spite of everything, that the People of Israel must live and exist. Go forward powerfully and you will be helped."

After the ceremony, I stood silent for a few seconds with my prayer book that I had just received. In my mind, my father's image appeared, Reb Yacov, the son of Tzvi Elimelech, a descendant of the Rabbi Tzvi Elimelech Shapiro Dynasty from Dynow. I remembered the last few hours in our house before our separation as he stood before me. His tender white forehead, his long golden, slightly curled beard adorning his sad face, and the tears that were flowing from his eyes. With trembling hands, he handed us the tefilin and the prayer books to pack among our belongings. The echoes of the words that came out of his mouth when he handed the tefilin to my brother Yechezkiel and me were still in my ears. "My sons, most beloved and dear to me! Everytime when trouble befalls us, our nation becomes weaker. It is the duty of every Jew to block it and fence it off. I fear, my sons, that Heaven forbid...(He had trouble finishing his sentence.) A need will arise that you will have to sacrifice your lives for 'Yiddishkeit.' Remember, do not separate from the tefilin. If you will guard them, they will guard you." We kissed and embraced with extra love, and his tears kept flowing down his cheeks as if he wanted to implant upon us his thoughts and engrave them in our memory.

These memories came to my mind in that moment when I pressed to my heart the new prayer book with its small pages and miniature letters which was written By Reb Samuel Nachum Emer. May their memory be blessed.

G-d has privileged me to build my house in the State of Israel, where I came to rest and put in my roots. I was privileged to bring with me the prayer book which accompanied me throughout the waste plains of Siberia and to exhibit it in the Generation Museum which is located in Heichal Shlomo in Jerusalem.

In this memorial book which perpetuates all the holy and untainted souls from our city, I would also like to commemorate the beloved exalted,

BY SIMCHA LANGSAM

and untainted soul of Reb Samuel Nachum Emer, of blessed memory. May he always be remembered. Amen.

BEN ZION KALB SAVED MANY JEWISH LIVES DURING THE HOLOCAUST

By Shlomo Yahalomi

In this short article I would like to write a wonderful chapter which deserves to be glorified because the main hero is a native of Strzyzow, Ben Zion Kalb, the son of Reb Abraham Kalb, of blessed memory. This story is about the rescue of thousands of Jewish people from brutal killing by the Nazis, may their names be obliterated. This story deserved to be written in a more revered space in our book, and in a more detailed way because of its importance, not only for the people of Strzyzow, but also for the history of the Holocaust and the rescuers of Jews in general. However, for reasons that I cannot bring forth here, I received this material at the last moment when this book was almost finished. It was the will of the Divine Providence that Ben Zion, the friend of my youthful years, when we sat and studied together in Beit Hamidrash and fought the battle of Torah, came for a short visit to Israel. Only then did I convince him that these rescue stories should be told. Henceforth I received from him this material with some pictures. For lack of time and space, I could not publish everything, only the most important facts. I feel obligated to point out that besides the letters and documents that I saw, and of which a few copies were included in this book, like the confirmation of the Jewish Agency, the letter from the Rabbi of Bobow, and also the letters from Rabbi Micha Dov Weisman, of blessed memory, Itzhok Zukerman, and others. I myself interviewed a few people who live with us in Israel who witnessed the rescue activity, and they confirmed the truthfulness of this story.

The war caught up with Ben Zion Kalb, his brother Mendel, and his parents in Nowy Targ. They moved there from Strzyzow over forty years ago. (Approximately in the late 1920's.) Two months after the outbreak of the war, he concluded that there was no future in Poland and decided to escape before it was too late. He obtained travel documents to Altendorf, Slovakia, and from there he went to Kazmark. In Slovakia Jews were relatively free and they thought that the wickedness will not reach them. To make a living, people smuggled wares and foreign currency across the border. Ben Zion was forced to do the same thing and therefore had constant contact with occupied Poland. Thanks to this contact, he knew what was happening to his brothers, the children of Israel, and the fate that awaited them in the future. He knew that not only the German Nazis but the Poles, too, were eternal haters of the Jews and were waiting for the occasion to get rid of them. Ben Zion tried to take his parents and brother Mendel out, but the parents refused to leave and Mendel refused to leave the parents. Consequently, Mendel was murdered in Rabka on July 21st, 1942, and the parents in August 1942.

When the situation in Slovakia worsened also and the Nazis began to send Jews to work, Ben Zion claimed that this was not work, it was death.

THE JEWISH AGENCY FOR PALESTINE
PALESTINSKÝ ÚRAD
BRATISLAVA
TELEFON 5142

BRATISLAVA, December 18, 1945.
KODA 18

N./ 196./45.

To whom it may concern:

We are hereby certifying to the activity of
Mr. Benzion Kalb, Bratislava,
carried out in the years 1943 and 1944, cooperating
with our illegal working groups in Slovakia for the
liberation of Jews confined to Polish Ghettos and
concentration camps, whereby we also state that you
have introduced such measures as to enable the first
people to come across the borders.

Hereby we wish also to emphasize that it was
due to your cooperation that a number of children could
be saved. As a matter of fact 102 children under the
age of 10 were liberated in the course of three weeks.

We were fully aware of the fact that in conn-
ection with your activity you were exposed to persecu-
tion by the Gestapo and have been imprisoned in Bratislava.

For this staunch and selfsacrificing collabor-
ation you have deserved the fullest appreciation of
the Klal.

ÚSTŘEDNÍ SVAZ CIONISTICKÝ
BRATISLAVA

H. K. K.

PALESTINE OFFICE OF THE JEWISH AGENCY

PALESTINSKÝ ÚRAD
BRATISLAVA

H. K. K.

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

However, few believed him. The majority helped to send their children to "work"--to Auschwitz. Ben Zion did not let the community leaders rest and he finally convinced them to start an urgent rescue operation. Thanks to his business contacts with non-Jews in Poland, he was able to dream about a widespread rescue operation with the help of his non-Jewish messengers. With the help of one righteous gentile, Jan Malec from Zefisco (then Poland, now belonging to Slovakia), and some other means, Ben Zion succeeded in bringing over to Slovakia three thousand people, including two hundred children aged two months to six years. This was a dangerous action. Once Ben Zion traveled with his gentile helpers and was arrested and held in prison for two weeks. Miraculously he escaped. He was in hiding for six months in a cellar, and had gone through hell. (G-d willing, we will tell about these events in a separate book which I hope to publish.) More than once was he forced to leave the children alone in the woods for the night, and next day he had to search for them and found them almost frozen to death. Several times they were almost caught by the Nazis, but the gentile Jan Malec who knew all the pathways in the woods succeeded in bringing them out undetected.

Of course, just by bringing the children over from Poland to Slovakia, the rescue action was not complete. We knew that the wickedness will reach Slovakia also. But when? Maybe soon. Again, much devotion and work was needed to complete the job. Almost every transport of children had to be hidden among gentiles, until safe houses were found for them. And here I would like to mention favorably Mrs. Bartoshek, a gentile woman in whose house Ben Zion Kalb hid, and through whose husband he sent letters to the Rabbi, the famous rescuer Reb Micha Dov Weismandel, the author of Min Hameizar and Reb Shlomo Stern. Rabbi Weismandel put him in contact with the underground organizations that participated in the rescue operation. Members of that organization were among others Mrs. Fleishman, the famous heroine, Dr. Newman, Dr. Duks, Ben Zion Gotlieb from the Mizrahi, Egan Roth, and Mr. Korminski. When Ben Zion returned from Poland and described the hopeless situation there, at first they did not believe him. Even those who did believe, did not know how serious the situation was. It is interesting to quote an excerpt from a letter written by Rabbi Weismandel to Ben Zion: "Please, do whatever is possible to put the children who have just reached you into kosher homes, truly pious, so that Heaven forbid, we should not lose them to strangers. They are the few who are left, and we shall watch over them, that they may remain pious, with G-d's help." However, Ben Zion did not heed his advice. On the contrary, he did the opposite. He understood that in non-Jewish homes they would be safer. But he also hid some children in Jewish homes. Ben Zion Kalb was in contact with Jewish leaders in Pressburg, and he pressured them to help him bring over more Jews. The people from Pressburg contacted Switzerland, the United States, and Eretz Israel. Great sums of money were needed. Dr. Wallstein who now lives in Israel took care of the finances. In his continuing efforts in the rescue operation from Poland, Ben Zion Kalb organized the smuggling of many Jews from Slovakia to Budapest, Hungary, through Preshov and Kashau. There the Jews joined a Polish organization, pretending to be gentiles,

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST



The second from left is Jan Malec the most important messenger in rescue operation. He himself rescued 635 people including 200 orphans. At his right is his son, and his left are his relatives.

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

until ten years after the war. What a pity that there is no list of the survivors who went through this smuggling route. I would like only to mention a few of them. The first survivor was Ben Zion's bride, Clara Lieber. After super-human efforts, Ben Zion finally located her and kept contact with her. In one letter she wrote to him that if he would not send Jan Malec (the gentile chief smuggler), she would travel to his brother Mendel. (Which meant she would be killed.) She was in Bochnia. Her rescue was very expensive. She was the first who dared to go, and she showed a dangerous way how to leave Bochnia. After her successful escape, many followed her. Subsequently, it was enough to pay the smugglers between ten and eighty dollars per head. Persons who had the money paid, and if not, others paid for them. Many times Ben Zion paid out of his own pocket. Other survivors were: Rabbi Shlomo Halberstam from Bobow, his brother Reb Yechezkiel, the son of Reb Moshe Stempel, who was Reb Feivel Stempel's and the old Rabbi's from Bobow grandson. He now lives in London and is the head of a Yeshiva. The police tried to stop their car and shot at them. With them were six more children, the children of the Rabbi from Sucha who was the grandson of the Rabbi from Sandz. Reb Moshe Shenfeld, the son-in-law of Reb Itzhok Meir Levin, Eliezer Unger, two sons of Mordechai Weinberg from Krakow, who was the son of Reb Berish, a famous Hassid and wealthy man in Krakow. The sons of Reb Mordechai Weinberg now live in Israel, and they served in the Israeli Army and Navy. Their uncle, Reb Joel Kremer, told me about them. Also rescued were the Smith sisters, relatives of Reb Moshe Bleicher, the Assistant Rabbi in Krakow, and Eva Eckstein from Rzeszow. Reb Jonah Eckstein and Mrs. Stern took care of the children until they were safe.

Had there been enough money, it would have been possible to save many more children. In the next pages, there is a letter from "Antek"--Itzhok Zukerman and Tzivia Lubetkin, who confirm that fact. The above were ghetto leaders in Poland. Ben Zion Kalb also suggested helping them to escape, but they refused. They refused to abandon their brothers. Dr. Bornstein who is at present the head of the Neurological Department of the Beilinson Hospital, told my wife that Ben Zion proposed to help him to escape, but he refused to leave his wife behind. Many other famous people have given testimony that Ben Zion Kalb had rescued many lives. The last but not the least of the witnesses is the present Rabbi of Bobow, Rabbi Shlomo Halberstam, who called him "the war hero in the field of saving Jewish lives." As I indicated at the beginning of this article, this is only a synopsis, but a highly qualitative chapter for which I would like to be credited, as publicizing the deed of Ben Zion Kalb in this book. This article came about as a result of applying a little pressure, after which he agreed to tell me a few details about his activity, accompanied with documents verifying what he told me.

I would like to add that it is a honor for our shtetl that not only did no one collaborate, Heaven forbid, with the Nazis, but they were willing to sacrifice their lives for the rescue of our brethren, the pursued and afflicted. I want to point out that Ben Zion was not the only one with such deeds. There were other natives of Strzyzow who were active after the Holocaust in the rescue of Jewish children from gentile

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

hands. About that rescue Itzhok Berglass wrote in another place.

And the holy martyr, dear Reb Mendel Groskopf, our landsman who the Nazis nominated as the head of the "Judenrat" in Brzostek where he lived. When the Nazis demanded a list of Jews to be sent to forced labor, he handed over a list with one name only: His own. He overcame temptation and refused to deliver Jews into the damned, wicked hands....He was murdered on the spot. He was the first martyred victim, and he surely bequeathed much honor on our shtetl.

===== LETTER FROM RABBI WEISMANDEL TO BEN ZION KALB =====

Blessed be He

Friday, Chapter of the week "Ki Tetzeh" 1942.

Peace and blessing to my charming friend
who pursues justice and kindness,
Mr. Ben Zion Kalb.
May his candle continue to burn!

I received your letter. And what can I say? What can I tell? We are facing destruction. We should all say, "We are to be blamed," because there was a time when we could rescue many more if we would have had the funds. My heart and body are broken in fragments. And now I plead with you, do whatever is possible to rescue what is left. Maybe you still have some means left. In the time of fury we think that all is lost. But later it appears that there is still a few who were in hiding and can be rescued. Therefore, we need immediate transport. We need messengers to appraise the situation, to see what can be done. You should contact Mr. Grayer, may his candle continue to burn. He might advise how it may be done, and the Almighty will assist, protect, and help.

One more favor I would like to ask. Please, do whatever is possible to put the children in kosher homes because they come from truly pious people, in order to keep them from strange hands. The children are the few that are left to us and we are obligated to see that they remain pious until the complete redemption will arrive.

I will be waiting for a response. Give regards to Yechezkiel, Mr. Grayer, Mr. Berger, Reb Joseph, and all the rest who are involved in this big, holy mitzva.

Your friend
Micha Dov

מאות וקצת אישיים של חלוצים.
חזן צ"ח משה קצמן נ.

והייתי מוכן (ז) תשובתו דעתן זה -
 הג' אותה אובדתי וזה יחזקא נ' הי' קרייזלמן
 ר"ח מדינת פ' יוסף נ' ול' הדיוסן י"ח ספר
 גרמא וקצת לו -

518 3.3.3
- 12 12

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST



A GROUP OF CHILDREN RESCUED BY BEN ZION KALB
THE ADULTS, STANDING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: EVA EKSTEIN, JONAH EKSTEIN
AND MRS. STERN, WHO TOOK CARE OF THE CHILDREN.



TWO CHILDREN WHO WERE RESCUED BY BEN ZION KALB, AND MRS. STERN.

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

[illegible]

מכתבם של יצחק צוקרמן וצביה לובטקין

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM ITZHOK ZUKERMAN, AND TZIVIA LUBETKIN

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

A postcard from the valley of death.

February, 23, 1943.

My dearest!

Last night I received your postcard which wandered a week or more to find me. I am not able to describe my happiness. I am still perplexed. Apparently, as you did not expect to hear from me, so did I not expect to hear from you. But let us get serious. As you see, I am, thank G-d, well, but the physical conditions are very hard. My girlfriend received Hungarian citizenship from her relatives and, therefore, her condition has improved a lot. If you could do the same, it would help me too. I have nothing more to write about except that I very much miss you. Now that I know that you are well, I would very much liked to see you. When you will write to your friend, Jasiek, who brought me once the silk stockings, ask him in my name to come to see me. I have a lot to tell him. I am concluding my writing with the plea, try and respond immediately. Do not let me wait. Write to the same address, and I hope it will reach me in the same situation that I am now.

Kisses,
Clara.

Letters from Tzivia Lubetkin and "Antek" Itzhok Zukerman
leaders in the Warsaw ghetto, to Ben Zion Kalb.

Dear comrades!

We received your letter. Many thanks. We were moved about your worry for our existence. Regrettably, notwithstanding our willingness, all of us cannot come to you. We are busy here with rescue activities and defense. The lives of thousands of Jews and our self-respect depend on our work. We thank you and all the rest of our friends wherever they are from the bottom of our hearts. Maybe the day will come and we will see each other. Who knows? We will try that...(name unreadable) should come to you accompanied by Mordechai, her husband. Geller left two months ago to Hanover to a concentration camp for foreign citizens. So far, we have no information of his whereabouts. What we heard is that they all went to Auschwitz and were killed there. Do you have contact with Schwalbe in Switzerland, or Joseph Kutysanski in Hungary? Have you any contact with a group of comrades of ours from Zaglebie who should have arrived in Hungary? Please, contact us whenever it is possible. You must help us to organize a staff, to search for border smugglers to enable us to transport children who are still alive. The man who was sent by you to take me and Tzivia wanted to take us for free, but as to the others he demanded one hundred dollars in gold for each person. This is a huge sum. It comes to sixty five thousand zlotys in our currency per head. This is awful and terrible. For such a price, not many

בית לוחמי הניסאות י"ש יצחק קצנלסון לסורשת השואה והמרד
GHETTO FIGHTERS' HOUSE IN MEMORY OF YITZHAK KATZNELSON

KIBUTZ LOHAMEI HAGHETAOT
 AKKO POST OFFICE, ISRAEL
 PHONE: NAHARIYA 920412

11 יוני 1968

קיבוץ לוחמי הניסאות
 דואר נע א ש ר ח
 מלפון: נהריה 920412

לכבוד
 מר ליאון ב. קולב
 נ צ י - י צ ר פ

אדוני,

באחד מימות שבוע זה ביקר אצלי חייר, איש בראזיל, אשר עשה:אח דרכו
 לישראל דרך ניו-יורק ושם ניפגש עם אדוני. מדבריו הוברר לי, שאדוני הוא אחד
 מחברי הוועד (הסלובאקי? ההונגארי?) אשר שלחו אלינו שליח מיוחד (פולני)
 בשנת 1944, להציל אותנו, אחי ואח צביה, מארץ התופת. כזכור לך, סידבנו
 לעזוב את פולין. השליח סיפר לנו, כי מכתב-השובתי נמצא בידיו. נודה לך
 מאד אם חוכל להעמיד לרשותנו את המכתב או פוטוסטט סמנו. כן נודה לך אם
 חואיל להעלות בכתב את פרשת השליחות הזאת במסגרת פעולות ההצלה של הוועד,
 שהיית בו חבר.

במנה ובברכה
 יצחק צוקרמן

מבית לוחמי הניסאות. התוס': יצחק צוקרמן (אנסק)

===== LETTER FROM ITZHOK ZUKERMAN "ANTEK" TO BEN ZION KALB =====

ג"ח ראתי הודע כסלו תשנ"ט לפ"ק כרוקלין יע"א.

ישיבת הרשב"א

אברהם בן יצחק

ישראל רב לידיו היקר והמוסלא ביכור מלחמה
על סדה הצלם נפשות ישרא' כס"ח מו"ה בן ציון
קאלק נ"י המכונה או " בן אברהם "

כלב ונפת חפצה הנני למלאות חובתי אליך מכותחת כשנזם הזעם והחרבון, להעיד ולהודיע לפני האדם בבורותיך וחורפותיך לפניך ולבני בניך יאמר וזכה אומץ השי"ת בזכ"י ברוח להיות שליח להציל פסוק לחיים כמס הרכה פאום נפשות מישראל, וכפי הסכורה הגיער אלפים אנשים ובהים וסף ובחוטם יחופים ואלמנות כפיסרני הנאצים ימ"ס, כפולוניא דרך סלובקיא לתונגריא.

ואתח המצאה את הדרך וההתקדרות כמחוז הבכול ושלחם את השליחים
הערלים מעבר לבכול, ופעמים אין מספר יסעסם בעצמך על הבכול להביל
את הילדים והרעים רדסו אחרים כמו שה' עם היסומים נכדי זקני הקדוש
מצאנו נכיר על הרב מפורסן ז"ל הי"ד וכוני יסיר ארנ ר' משה' לי סעסעם
ז"ל הי"ד, ונסלסם ע"י נס כסדיר הסם.

ולעולם לא אשכח את המסורה נפש שלך שסיכנת עצמך כזה חבבל צעד
והשל הי' כפחז ביןך ובין המות והלכת ככל יום כין שלפי הגמוני הגרמנים
ימ"ש, ועשית מחכולום סונום למען הצל נפשות אחינו האומללים והחלכת אם
נשך מנגד כאומן שלא יאומן כי יסורר.

ואנכי חידוש ועד על עכורה הצלה שלך כי גם אני כעצמי ואחרי הרב
ר' יחזקאל דוד שליט"א וחברתו מכבי שפחתנו סיח'י' נמלטנו ע"י הדרך אשר
ספחתו וע"י השליחים שלך. ובענין חתום בקרבך יואל ב' כ"ד ואשר חתום
לעצמית אכן, וזה הוא מ' כסלו מ'כ"ח והשליח לך אהרן הרבני בחסידו
במחנה בלילה וזה היה ליחוסך לזה מספרו וזה היה לך ב' ש' תמוז וזה
כן אעמוד תחתך מקדוק צדך, ואשר אכתוב זאת אדעת אהבתך ולדא ואסור
הענין, וכבר אתם יודעים זה ידע ויזכרון לבנין ויחידות השאש, וזהו אדון
שלכם משה, וזהו ל' ארץ צדק ושלום, למה זה בור ושרים ובורן,
ומה זה בור ושרים, וזהו בור ושרים, וזהו בור ושרים, וזהו בור ושרים,
וזהו בור ושרים, וזהו בור ושרים, וזהו בור ושרים, וזהו בור ושרים,

LETTER FROM THE RABBI OF BOBOV TO BEN ZION KALB

מכתב מהרבי מבאבוב לבךצית

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

can escape. But everyone who survived until now wants to escape. Remember! The lives of the remnants of Israel in Poland depend on your activity. Do whatever is possible to help us. If you can, inform Eretz Israel about us. We live and act however we can.

In the name of the remaining survivors.

Itzhok Zukerman (Antek), and Tzivia Lubetkin.

From the ghetto house in memory of Itzhok Katznelson
To the revered Mr. Ben Zion Kalb in New York

Sir!

A tourist from Brazil who came to Israel via New York, where he met you, paid us a visit this week. From his statement it became clear to me that you were one of the Slovakian-Hungarian committee members who sent to us a special messenger in 1944. That man told me that you possess the response letter. We would be grateful if you could send us a photocopy of that letter. We would also be grateful if you would be willing to put into writing the details of that part of the action within the frame of the general activity of the rescue committee of which you were a member.

With thanks and blessing.

Itzhok Zukerman (Antek)

Rosh Chodesh Kislev, 1969.

Blessed be His Name

From Rabbi Shlomo Halberstam of Bobow
1501-48th Street, Brooklyn, New York

Great peace for my dear friend, the marvelous war hero in the field of the rescue of Jewish lives, Mr. Ben Zion Kalb, whose pseudonym then was "Ben Abraham."
May his candle keep burning.

It is my desire with all my heart and soul to repay my debt to you for your work in the years of fury and destruction, to testify and inform mankind of your heroism. To inform the children and grandchildren that you were merited by the blessed Name with such great merits to be the savior of many hundred of Jewish lives. According to information I have received, thousands of men, women, and children from Poland escaped via Slovakia to Hungary from the Nazi claws, may their names be obliterated.

You found a path and contacts in the border area. You sent gentile messengers across the border. And many times you traveled by yourself to the border to rescue children from villains, and they pursued you,

BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI

as with the orphans of my holy grandfather from Sandz, the boys of the Rabbi from Sucha, may G-d avenge his blood. Also with the sons of my brother-in-law, Reb Moishele Stempel, of blessed memory. You successfully escaped, miraculously and by the grace of G-d.

I would never forget your devotion to the cause, putting yourself in a dangerous, life-threatening situation where, in your every stride or step, there was only a thin thread between life and death. You walked daily among the hegemonic Germans, may their name be obliterated. You used different tricks in order to save the lives of our wretched brothers, putting your own life on the line in a way which is hard to believe when told.

And I am a witness to your rescue mission because I myself with my brother Yechezkiel David, shall he live, and many members of my family, escaped through the route that you opened and with the help of your messengers.

Behold I am signing off with a blessing. May G-d pay you for your deeds, blessed be your share for meriting it. And this came from the energy and instillment of your father, the Rabbinical Hassid distinguished in Torah and pioussness, Reb Avrom the shochet of Strzyzow, may G-d avenge his blood. Your father was a pupil of the holy, righteous one, the Rabbi from Bobow, of blessed memory. From him you learned the attributes of love for Israel and devotion to Jewish souls. I wrote this letter as a testimony and remembrance for your sons and future generations. Each generation shall praise your deeds. G-d shall send you his holy help that you should live and bring forth an honest, blessed generation. May you succeed wherever you turn, and we shall soon all merit to see the consolation of Zion and Jerusalem, the salvation of Israel. Amen.

MY LAST SIMCHAT TORAH IN STRYZOW

By Harry (Yechezkiel) Langsam

The last Hig Holidays which are called in Hebrew "Yamim Noraim," the Days of Awe, were truly awful days. They were filled with fear for the rapacious Nazi animal who had just recently completed the occupation of Poland.

When the Second World War began, I resided in Tarnow, where I was working in a paper bag factory. My brother Simcha and I were expecting to hear from our father, of blessed memory, who remained in Strzyzow. But, having no news about his well-being troubled us immensely, and we therefore decided that I should try to reach Strzyzow by foot, ignoring the danger that hovered over a Jewish boy wandering through villages void of Jews.

I knew the road from before the war when I had traveled it by horse and buggy with Reb Leibush Diamand. I dressed up in peasant clothes so as not to arouse suspicion. I left on my journey heading for Strzyzow. From Tarnow I went to Pilzno, then to Brzostek, Frysztak and into Strzyzow, a distance of fifty miles. The road was peaceful, without any unpleasantness. Between Pilzno and Brzostek, I lodged in a Jewish house. At first the owner refused to let me stay because of the orders of the Gestapo forbidding lodging to strangers. But I had no choice, I could not continue because of the seven o'clock curfew. The man risked his life and let me stay. It was Friday morning, Hoshana Raba, when I reached Brzostek and went into the house of Reb Mendel Groskopf who was a native of Strzyzow. (In another part of this book, his heroic death for the sanctification of G-d's name was described in detail.) We prayed the morning prayers and I witnessed a heartbreaking scene when Reb Mendel put on the table a dried up lulav from last year in commemoration of better times. Everyone cried bitterly remembering those previous holidays. I reached Strzyzow at three o'clock that afternoon.

In the evening, it was Shemini Atzeret Eve, and we gathered in the house of Michael Schitz to conduct the services and to make the hakafot which resembled more closely to prayers in a mourner's house than to the festivities of earlier years. My heart ached when I recalled the joyous hakafot, the colorful flags with the red apples and burning candles on their tops, the exaltation with which Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro conducted the hakafot, and the children pushing each other in order to be able to kiss the little Torah scroll with which the Rabbi made the hakafot. With love and devotion did the Rabbi bend down to each child, trying not to miss anyone. The Rabbi had a special affection for his little Torah scroll and never separated from it. He ordered a special suitcase and wherever he traveled, the Torah was always with him.

We felt that under the brutal rule of the Nazis who flooded us with a sea of hatred, it would be impossible to live. The Jews were not liked

BY HARRY LANGSAM

before, but now we were abandoned altogether. For that reason we decided to leave Strzyzow after the holidays, to leave this damned land and wander off to the eastern part of Poland which was occupied by the Soviets and where, at that time, Jews were not oppressed.

On Tuesday, October the 25th, 1939, my brother and I left our home, our birthplace, with the hope that we will return shortly and find everybody safe.

When we left, rain was pouring, as it usually does in that part of Europe. It seemed that nature was crying with us. I looked around, stared at the house where I was born, at the muddy alley, and bid farewell in my thoughts to my shtetl, and its wonderful scenery, the hills, the groves, the river, also to her Jews and to the very few good gentiles. I also summed up and recalled the pain I had gone through in this place. There were also some good and happy times, but not too many.

We were frightened of the unknown road which we still had to pass under the German rule. The life-threatening danger was immense. On the other hand, we were scared of the life under the strict Soviet regime. We cursed all those who brought such misfortune upon us. Our father, of blessed memory, escorted us a short distance and expressed his wishes soon to see us back home for the Passover seder. To our sorrow, that was the last time we saw our father, and we never saw the rest of our family who remained under the German occupation.

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF HORROR, JUMPING OFF THE DEATH-TRAIN

By Itzhok Leib Rosen

Midnight, November 15-16, 1942. We were transported by train to the annihilation camp. The train consisted of twenty-one cattle cars. Fourteen cars came from Bochnia and Tarnow, and seven cars with Jews from the ghetto in Rzeszow were attached at the railroad station in Rzeszow. Each car contained approximately one hundred fifty people. With us were the last members of the Judenrat from Strzyzow, Abraham Brav, and Sheingal, and also Samuel (Mulik) Feit, and Chaim Adest, both from Strzyzow.

When we passed the village Krasna, about thirteen kilometers from Rzeszow, an older man from Bochnia rose, a man who had already experienced several escapes from death-trains, and uttered these words: "Fools, why are you standing here? Where do you think they are taking you? And he forced his way to the small opening, pulled out a pair of pliers hidden in his boots, and cut the barbed wire that covered the opening. The man jumped out and, thanks to him, we also jumped.

It tears my heart apart when I think about these two people from Strzyzow, Mulik Feit and Chaim Adest, a boy as tall and strong as a tree. I begged them, "Jump!" But they refused. What a pity. The poor souls did not believe that they were being led to their deaths. I myself was afraid to jump, but I heard my brother Samuel shouting from the outside. He had already jumped, so I instinctively followed him. Mulik Feit yelled after me. I heard him very clearly. "Take care of my child!" His younger daughter Hena was still in the ghetto.

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Among the escapees, there was a young boy from Lutcza, and Mr. Yaffe from Czudec, in the vicinity of Strzyzow. The boy disappeared immediately, and I later found out that he did not survive. In the early morning we went into a barn, gave the peasant five hundred zlotys, and were given a bowl of soup each and a bottle of home brew. In the afternoon, the peasant scolded us and demanded that we leave his premises immediately because German policemen had arrived in the village. This was not true but we had no choice. We had to leave. We decided to return to the ghetto in Rzeszow. The peasant directed us to the highway leading to Rzeszow. We walked toward the ghetto and, nobody noticed us.

Before entering the ghetto, Mr. Yaffe wanted to stop at a gentile friend's house. However, we did not find him home. His wife was very frightened, and told us to hide in the pigpen, where we spend a few hours. Meanwhile, the woman went to look for her husband whom she found in a saloon, and he came home dead drunk. He took us out from the pigpen and asked us to lay down in his bed, but we refused. We spent the night in deadly fear and, in the early morning, the man sent his wife and six children into the street to see if it was safe. We followed them and jumped over the fence of a house which belonged to the famous Jeweler Zuker, into the ghetto. In the ghetto, we encountered one hundred and fifty people who jumped from the train that night, but the man from Bochnia who cut the wire was not among them.

We lived in the ghetto until May 1943. About our lives in the ghetto and the bitter experience we went through, much has been written already. I would like only to mention one episode.

A Polish officer by the name of Pasek, helped us contact our sister Pearl, who lived in Berlin on Aryan documents. During the time that we spent in the ghetto, we received about ten letters. We received each letter in mortal terror and we thanked the Almighty that they had not fallen into the hands of the Gestapo. We were lucky that there were no Jewish informers in the ghetto.

Although it is very depressing to reminisce about these troubled times, on the other hand, it relieves a burden from my heart.

THE STRUGGLE WITH THE JEWISH "KAPOS"

After the great expulsion from the ghetto in Rzeszow, which took place on November the 15th, 1942, only four thousand people remained in the ghetto. One day upon returning from work outside the ghetto, we noticed an exited crowd was milling around one area of the ghetto. This part of the ghetto was called "Drukerruvka." The Kapos were extorting contributions from everyone. When I came closer I was hit in the face by a Kapo's whip. The Kapo was a local Jew from Rzeszow, Mr. Kleinmintz. There were not many local Jewish Kapos anymore. Most Kapos were from Lodz and Kalisz. Not realizing what I was doing, I hit him back, and he fell. I quickly ran home, but mistakenly entered another house where I encountered a few more Jewish policemen, including the sadly infamous "Itchele" from Kolbuszowa. I hit him too, and he fell down the stairs.

I was finally overpowered by a few policemen and taken to the German

BY ITZHOK LEIB ROSEN

command post which was located in the same building as the Judenrat.

The entire ghetto was in uproar. It seemed like a revolt. Luckily, there were no Germans in the ghetto when I was brought there. While I was led by the policemen, we encountered Mr. Lubasz, a well-known and beloved Jew in the ghetto of Rzeszow. The man knew me from before the war. He calmed down the policemen and he followed us until we reached the Judenrat. Meanwhile, as I found out later, other policemen caught my younger brother, Samuel, who was only fifteen-years-old, and they took revenge on him by beating him savagely. When we came into the Judenrat, Abraham Brav, and Sheingal, the two remaining members of the Judenrat in Strzyzow, who were also members of the Rzeszow Judenrat, happened to be there. They saved my life by taking me out of the hands of the policemen because by then, German policemen had arrived in the ghetto. Brav and Sheingal locked me up in the office of Dr. Kleinman, the Chairman of the Judenrat, and kept me there for an hour, until the arrival of Dr. Kleinman. Faking anger, Dr. Kleinman scolded me. I denied it and showed a receipt proving that my contribution was paid. And that is how the matter ended. My brother and I realized that our lives were saved by a miracle.

My second encounter with a Kapo occurred in Huta Komarowska Camp. This camp was under the command of the German Commander Shubke, who was not a bad man. When a group of people were sent to Strzyzow to work there, demolishing unused barracks, they bartered some clothes for food, and he was forced to arrest us, at the insistence of the local gentiles. He was afraid that the local gentiles might report him to higher authorities. But after he was convinced that all the gentiles were interested in was taking the food away from us, and that they had no intention of pursuing the matter further, he immediately released us. However, there was one commandant in the Huta Komarowska Camp, the infamous Schmidt, whose trial is taking place right now in a German court. He was helped in his cruelty by the Jewish Kapos, the brothers Rybner, Mr. Straucher, Elimelech Kirschenbaum, and others. We worked very hard cutting timber and, during the work, we were brutally tortured by that commandant and his helpers, the Kapos. Once we complained to Commandant Shubke, and he called in the Kapos and reprimanded them for their bad treatment. The next day, the Kapos were mad at us and took revenge. They ordered that every second day would be penalty day which meant working without food and without our shirts, at a time when the mosquitoes were sucking our last drop of blood. If someone attempted to straighten his back or stopped working for a second, he was beaten with a truncheon over his back. The worst of them all was Elimelech Kirschenbaum. He was later shot by the Russians. Once, when he came near my brother, Samuel, and raised his truncheon, I jumped close to him with the axe in my hand and said to him, "Elimelech, if you touch my brother, your end will be right here." My anger affected him. He let go of my brother, but he threatened that he would settle with me when we return to the camp.

While walking back to the camp, we searched our souls for advice. "Should we try an escape or not? What should we do?" We also shared our thoughts and wanted to hear the opinion of my older brother, Yechiel,

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and Mendel Lieberman, the son of David Lieberman from Strzyzow. The brother of the Kapo, a fine young man (he lives now in Israel), advised us not to run. There was nowhere to run. The Poles were pursuing every Jew. This man kept scolding and reprimanding his brother the Kapo all the way back to camp until the Kapo finally agreed to swallow his pride and not report the incident to the commandant. And that is how the problem was solved and we were saved again.

"YIDDISHKEIT" IN THE GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS

Excerpt from a letter written in Sao Paulo, Brazil,
the 10th day of Kislev, November the 15th, 1964.

Today is Sunday and we have the day off. It is also November the fifteenth, when Brazil celebrates the Independence Day. I remember that twenty-two years ago, on November the fifteenth, 1050 Jews were sent away, my brother Samuel and I were among them. Abraham Brav, Samuel Feit, and a few more from Strzyzow, were also in that transport.

Yes, my friends, one cannot forget, especially we who suffered, will remember for ever what we went through and what we witnessed. These memories will be with us until the last day of our lives.

Now, if you wonder if we had tefilin in the camps, yes, I remember very well. I had my tefilin which I received on my Bar Mitzva Day, I took them with me to the ghetto in Rzeszow. In May 1943, I brought them into the concentration camp. From Huta Komarowska we were transported to Kochanowka, we were required to go naked through the disinfection chamber, and we were ordered to hold our shoes over our heads. I hid my tefilin in the shoes, and that is how I managed to bring them into the camp. We were assigned to block number two. There were only two blocks, each housing about two hundred and fifty Jews, a total of five hundred men.

Everyone in our block wanted to don the tefilin and pray in them, but no one was anxious to risk his life by keeping them. For a whole month, we spent the nights doning the phylacteries, each person taking his turn. To avoid suspicion, we had to do it at night because at six in the morning, we had to appear for a head count. Until someone from the outside noticed that something suspicious was going on in our barracks. The Nazis chased everyone out, searched the barracks and found the crime. However, nobody said that the tefilin belonged to me. From that day (this was the beginning of 1944), until the liberation, we completely lost count of the Jewish calendar and almost forgot about Yiddishkeit. From Pustkow we were shipped to Plaszow, from there to Bochnia, then Mielec, and finally to Wieliczka. The Russians were closing in on the Germans, but they did not let up on the victims. In Wieliczka, we were slaving in the airplane factory which was located underground in a salt mine. However, the factory had very little success for the Germans.

From Wieliczka, the German ran with us to Flossenbug and next, to Limeritz in Czechoslovakia, not far from Theresienstadt. There we met

BY ITZHOK LEIB ROSEN

Mendel Lieberman and Nechemiah Felber from Strzyzow. Lieberman was sent to Dachau and I never saw him again. I met Felber again together with Wolf Mandel and Nechemiah Hauben from Strzyzow, in one of the last and worst camp, Guzin 2, near Matthaussen. All of them succumbed during the last horrible murder action, the so-called "Entlausung" (disinfection).

Somehow we felt that the High Holidays were approaching but were not aware of the exact date. I dared and asked an S. S. man if he happens to know when the Jewish New Year would be. He told me that not far away there were some Jews working from Theresienstadt ghetto about whom we did not know.

One day I risked my life and secretly crawled over to that group from the ghetto of Theresienstadt and asked them about the High Holidays. However, they did not respond. I did not give up. On my third try, the ghetto Jews threw me a little note that tomorrow will be Yom Kippur. That is how we found out the Jewish date. Since then, we kept track of the Jewish dates together with the troubles that had just began anew, because we were shipped to Matthaussen (Murderhausen).

THE HORRIBLE YEARS 1942-1945

By Hilda Mandel
Daughter of Samuel (Mulik) Feit

As one of the few survivors of the Holocaust from Strzyzow, I was asked to contribute a few lines to describe my survival.

It is difficult for me to write about it, and I never did until now. I always felt guilty for being the only one alive from my wonderful immediate family that consisted of my father Samuel (Mulik) Feit, my mother Rachel, sister Henia, brother Joseph. I am the older daughter Hinda, (Hilda) Mandel.

Let me begin from the time when my family was expelled to the Rzeszow ghetto in the summer of 1942. On the arrival to Rzeszow, we were put in a tiny, dark room with many other people. Shortly after we arrived, the rumors started to spread about sending us to labor camps from which no one has returned. Daily there were lists of people who were ordered to report, and they were taken away to unknown destination.

My father and I were taken each morning to a work brigade that was assigned to work on roads or railroads, but we never worked together, always in separate places. We left the ghetto heavily guarded and returned in the evening. That lasted a couple of weeks. We also went through a selection (left meant immediate death and right a few more days to live).

One evening they announced that all women with children not yet thirteen-years-old must report in the morning. That meant my mother and little brother Joseph. There was also a list with names to report and my name was on the list.

That evening my father, of blessed memory, gathered us together to say good bye. However, he handed me a document of life, which consisted of a birth certificate of a deceased Polish girl. He handed it over to

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me and said: "I hope with this document you will be able to survive. Take a chance." He was able to secure this document while on the work detail.

Next morning, while we were being marched out of the ghetto to go to work, while crossing the fields, I simply left the ranks, rolled and rolled on the ground, hid in the bushes and walked away. I still think to this day, that G-d made the soldiers blind for the moment of my escape. I should say our escape, because I had a companion. That was Pearl Rosen from Strzyzow.

While we were hiding, we saw a column of people, our brothers and sisters being led to the railroad station, and for the last time I glimpsed my mother and brother being led to the trains.

We purchased tickets to Krakow and we were on our way. I had a friend from the Gymnasium in Krakow, who helped us with finding a temporary job in a military hospital. At this time, I assumed the name of Barbara Czapczynska which was on the birth certificate. After weeks of living in deadly fear of being discovered, we decided to volunteer for work in Germany. We were accepted and they shipped us to Berlin.

There I stayed for three years in the lion's den, working in an office until the end of the war. I know my description sounds cut and dry. However, this is only an outline of my survival from 1942 to 1945. A lot of suffering and pain, physical and emotional went into these years and after, and it just never stops. I miss my Parents, my Sister and Brother, and I will to the end of my days.

I know we all have scars that never heal, I know I have.

May G-d avenge their untainted blood. They shall never be forgotten.

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SURVIVING IN THE LION'S DEN

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By Pearl Strengerowski-Rosen

At the outbreak of the Second World War, my brothers and I, with our mother, of blessed memory, were all living in Strzyzow except our oldest brother Yechiel, who was mobilized to the Polish Army to defend the "fatherland." Soon thereafter, we lost trace of him, and did not know whether he was alive or not.

When the situation became clear to us that is, we began to hear what was happening to Jews--being tormented, and later annihilated, many of the younger people ran away wherever they could, many crossing the border to the Soviet-occupied territory. Few Jews went into hiding, but the majority remained in Strzyzow and resignedly awaited their fate under the Nazi regime. Jews were exploited and used for hard, physical, and denigrating work. The Germans needed cheap slave labor for their war machine. Our family remained in Strzyzow. My brother Itzhok Leib and I, with the youngest brother Samuel (Shmulik), took care of our sick mother. The burden of providing food for the family fell on the shoulders of my brother Itzhok Leib and me.

Meanwhile, we were informed by a messenger that my oldest brother was alive and hiding in a small town, Nowosielce, not far from the

BY PEARL STRENGEROWSKI-ROSEN

border town Sanok. I went there with my older brother's documents and brought him home. This was illegal and had to be done secretly, because the Germans grabbed all returnees from the Russian side and killed them as Communists. Luckily they did not find out about him, and he survived. A short time later we were expelled to the Rzeszow ghetto, together with the rest of the Jews from Strzyzow.

The situation in the ghetto became very difficult, the Germans concentrated Jews from the whole area into the ghetto. The Germans tormented the ghetto Jews and inflicted upon them pain and suffering. The poor suffered most, not having the means to obtain any food to sustain life. The daily life threatening situation continued.

The Germans began to deport people to the annihilation camps. In one of the selections, I was among those to be shipped out. With great danger and difficulty, my friend Hinda Feit, and I succeeded to escape from the ghetto and went to Krakow on Aryan documents. In Krakow we had a Christian friend, a classmate from school, who helped us find jobs as nurses in German hospitals. I worked in one hospital and Hinda in another hospital. When it became dangerous to be recognized by someone from Strzyzow, we both "volunteered" to be sent to Germany for work.

With great hardship, we finally reached Berlin, the lion's den. In Berlin my friend and I were separated and began working as clerks in an office because of our knowledge of the German language. This all happened in 1942.

Although we worked in separate places, we did managed to keep in contact. I saw before my eyes the Angel of Death many times. We were required to wear the letter "P" on our clothes as Polish slave laborers. Once I forgot to attach the letter to my clothes and it just so happened when an Allied air raid took place. Somebody reported me and I was summoned to a higher authority. Not knowing the reason why I was being summoned, I was very frightened. I was sure that I was discovered as a Jewess. I took farewell from my friend Hinda Feit, and reluctantly went to report. I was sure that I will be killed. But when they asked me why I was not wearing the letter "P", I breathed a sigh of relief, because I realized that for such an offense, the punishment was not so severe. There were many such instances when my life was hanging on a thread.

My friend and I, were in Berlin until the end of the war. We lived through heavy bombardment and our lives were in great danger, ironically, from friendly bombs. At the end of the war we were perplexed. We did not know where to go or which way to turn. I decided to return home and search for my family. I jumped the first freight train which was going in the direction of Poland. After eight days, I reached Rzeszow and there I was reunited with my oldest brother Yechiel and my dear friend Hinda Feit.

I skipped many details about my travails during that period, I am simply unable physically to reminisce about this dreadful period and tragic times for the Jews, particularly for me individually.

"KOL NIDREI" IN AUSCHWITZ

By Joseph Weinberg

The sad days of the horrible autumn brought one plague after another. As soon as people arrived, they immediately met their destiny. From the older numbers, there were few left. A wild craze dominated the Germans. The worse the news which came from the front, the wilder and more blood-thirsty they became. It seemed that they were taking revenge on us for their unfortunate defeats on the battle-field. Every few days they ordered us to run naked and the weak ones were picked for the ovens. The resigned victims apathetically went into the barracks from where they were taken to the ovens. The rest of us were resignedly trudging daily to and from slave labor. We knew that tomorrow or the next day we would share the same fate. Every day, there were new arrivals. From all over Europe, wretched people were brought here for annihilation. We became used to the stench of burning bodies. It became part of the natural scenery of the wonderful surroundings. The beautiful mountains were like a crown for the camp. Every morning dew covered the grass, and from the nearby river a whisper was heard in the still of the night, as if it was bringing secrets from a distant world and from the stars in the skies. The trembling leaves on the trees, the crops on the nearby fields were moving in harmony with the breeze, and the bright clouds which were created by the smoke that came out from the crematorium ovens, all became one entity.

The beautiful scenery from the other side of the fence pained me. We were here where everything was dead. With deep resentment I observed the fantastic sunset. Nature mocked our destiny. And so passed one frightful day after another. However, a sliver of hope was hidden deep in the heart. Maybe. I clung with the last threads to life. The day did not pass entirely without hope.

For several days whispers reached us from the women's camp. They were not taken out to work anymore. They were locked up behind the barbed wires. Stories were circulating that many women were covered with scabies, and a big selection took place. At night wild wailing was heard, as if thousands of people were slaughtered. The German Kapos who knew what was going on, told us that four thousand women were selected to be burned and were packed into one barracks naked. The women lay there one on top of another without food or water. They raised the roof with their bodies and the S. S. men kept shooting at them like rabbits.

That night we could not fall asleep. Next day was Yom Kippur Eve. Tragic were these days of awe!

In the morning we found out that Berlin had ordered not to burn the women but to heal their wounds. A small ray of hope stole into my heart. Maybe after all. After the evening count, we were supposed to gather for the Kol Nidrei prayer. We had promised ourselves for a long

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time that this year we would conduct Kol Nidrei services.

A thick fog covered the skies on that morning. The fog disappeared at noon and it began to rain. The sun was hidden in the clouds. Heaven cried all afternoon. Now, just before Kol Nidrei, the heavens calmed down a little bit, the rain stopped, and sadness was all around. The sun felt guilty and did not dare to appear.

From all the blocks, people came to the block of the Jewish elder. People were lying in the bunkbeds, stood in the aisles, pressed to each other, hung onto each other. Everyone who felt his Jewish heartbeat came. Even the block elders and the Kapos. They belonged to the elite. But now they stood among the ordinary prisoners. Fear befell them. Even the German block elders and Kapos, the horrible murderers became silent. They avoided passing the barracks. For some reason, today they became frightened of the Jews.

The Rabbi was chanting.

He was a new arrival. Acquaintances had helped and supported him. So many Rabbis perished. At least let one Rabbi survive.

Wrapped in the talit, the Rabbi prayed the preliminary prayer before Kol Nidrei. Clear was his voice. We, the prisoners around him, froze. We felt that we were the sacrificial lambs who put our bodies on the altar to be burned for the sanctification of G-d's name. Through the broken walls of the barracks, I looked out and saw the chimneys of the crematoriums from where smoke was mounting into the sad skies. I heard the sound of the Rabbi, not a sound that came from the heart, but as if the heart itself had opened and cried. "And with the little blood and milk that is left in us we pray." We stopped and repeated the same verse again. We emphasized the word "little," and the gathered repeated after him the two words "our blood and milk." And suddenly someone yelled. "The blood and milk of our parents, our children, and relatives!" Tears were dripping from everyone's face. The sobbing poured out like a river, even the stone-hearted could not resist crying anymore. I did not cry. I could not take my eyes off the smoke coming from the chimneys. I felt a tiredness in my bones. In the barracks was an unbearable heat.

When the Rabbi began "With the permission from above," I was carried off to another world. It seemed to me that I was sitting in a catacomb in Spain and seeing the auto-da-fe, the horrible Torquemada, the wretched Jews who were burning for the sanctification of the holy Name, and the smoke of the burned ascending into heaven. I heard the "Shema Israel" that the black wrapped souls took with them. I saw people clothed in black, masked, coming into the catacombs. "To pray with the sinners," the Rabbi continued. The black-clothed people from my vision. I heard the Rabbi say, "From this Yom Kippur on," and suddenly silence. A dead stillness reigned in the barracks. Nobody was praying. Nobody was crying anymore. As if all the people became speechless.

However, from the outside frightening wailing was heard. On the road that runs alongside the barbed wires, women were led to the ovens. The sounds of the truck engines overpowered the sound of the lamenting naked women. Among the gathered here there were many who had their dear ones

BY JOSEPH WEINBERG

among those women. Everyone was lying still, as if they were trying to recognize a familiar voice. Through the open gate we saw how the victims stretched out their arms toward Heaven and pleaded for mercy. The screaming became louder. We were all in a state of shock. The Rabbi was the first to awake from the numbness that overtook everybody. He interrupted Kol Nidrei, and began the prayer "Unetanei Tokef Kedushat Hayom." His voice was heard in the stillness of the barracks as if an echo was responding to the wailing of the women. Clearly sounded his voice, and when he reached the verse "who shall perish by fire,"--a lamentation came out of everyone's throat, repeating the Rabbi's words as if from the world beyond. "Who shall perish by fire" the Rabbi kept saying, but his voice was drowned out as if the worshippers were trying to rescind the verdict of the tragic fire. But the engines did not stop humming as more and more victims were brought to the ovens.

"And who by fire!" The people did not stop screaming. The voices of the wretched integrated with the men's prayer. As if hypnotized, they repeatedly yelled "who will perish by fire?" As if they wished that the fire should absorb them also. And suddenly in the middle of the prayers, the sound of the shofar was heard. Someone was blowing the shofar. The shofar woke up the people as if from a dream. First silence overtook the barracks. I heard my heartbeat and soon, everyone was crying. While the worshippers were crying, the shrieks of the naked women reached the heavens. The sound of the bells were heard, signifying that we ought to return to our barracks. We were hurrying not to be late. In the block where we prayed, near the stove which we turned into a pulpit, the Rabbi, the shepherd of the flock lay dead, wrapped in his talit. There he breathed his last breath.

The crematorium which was surrounded with a grove, were burning all night, the ovens were not big enough.

MEMORIES FROM THE DAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST

MY ROAD OF SUFFERING

By Reuven Greenbaum

Being under the German rule in Strzyzow, I shared the suffering with my family, and we were sent off to Rzeszow together with the rest of the Jews. In one of the many transports which were sent to Belzec were my parents. They were sent there to be annihilated. The moments of our separation will remain with me all my life, when my dear mother handed me her jewelry which she inherited from my grandmother Golda. Among them was a long, golden chain with the watch which she had received on her wedding day and the Sabbath diaden studded with pearls and diamonds. Possibly, she saved my life with this jewelry, it enabled me to buy bread in the different concentration camps. A message from my sister in Belzec was delivered to me by an S. S. man. I was grateful and rewarded him for it. How naive I was. I did not know that this was part of the Nazi scheme to calm down the relatives of the victims and cover up their evil doing.

I was sent away from the Rzeszow ghetto before the Nazis finished their destruction there. First I was sent to Bieszadka, from there to Pustkow. From Pustkow to Auschwitz, next Gliwice, Grossrosen, finally to Matthausen, the worst of them all. Luckily, the camp was overfilled and they did not let us in. So I was sent to Limeritz. I finished my trail of suffering in Theresienstadt, where I met Elazar Loos. And there I was liberated.

After the liberation I was sent to Buchenwald, which became an American camp for the liberated. I was very young, a teenager and, therefore, I was allowed to settle in Switzerland, because they agreed to take in children. From there I emigrated to the United States, where I live until this day.

FOR THE HOMELAND

THE FIGHTERS

By Itzhok Berglass

Natives of Strzyzow and their offspring were among the builders of the homeland and among those who fought for her liberation from foreigners. People from Strzyzow participated in every battle of the Israeli Army. I will not write about this subject in a broad form, because here in Israel, fighting for our land is self-understood. I will write only about one incident which occurred in the days of the renewal of the Jewish spirit during the First World War which, at that time, was not such a routine occurrence.

YACOV FEINGOLD OF BLESSED MEMORY

Yacov was among the first who volunteered for the Jewish Brigade. He lived in the United States with his parents, Reb Simcha and Tova. The love for Zion he absorbed at home from his parents and from his brother, who organized the Zionists in Strzyzow. Yacov did not only preach Zionism to others but also practiced it himself. Before he left to join the Jewish Army, he spread the idea of volunteering for the Jewish Brigade among all his friends. After the First World War, he remained in Eretz Israel, married a daughter from Strzyzow, Ms. Tzilah Beller, an offspring of the Holles family, and lived there all his life.

TRANSLATION OF THE POSTCARD FROM YACOV FEINGOLD

TO THE LATERBAUM SISTERS

Revered comrades! You will surely forgive me for not coming to Newark to take farewell from you. It was simply impossible for me because I was busy propagandizing the cause of the Jewish Legion. I am conveying to all of you a hearty good-bye, and I hope to live until the day when the best of the Jewish People will return to our land where they may continue to live a free Jewish life. We are leaving New York for a long, long, voyage. Be well, give my regards to the Silver family and all other friends.

Your comrade
Yacov

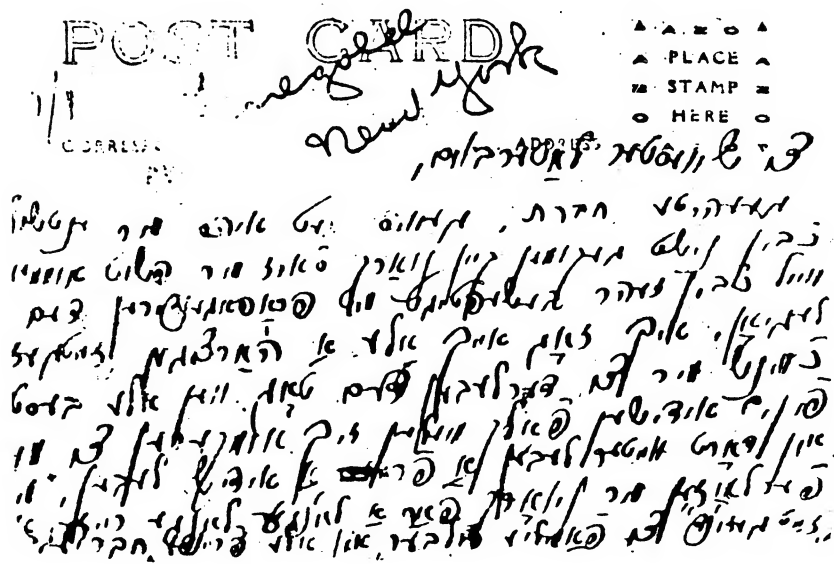
FOR THE HOMELAND

YACOV FEINGOLD OF BLESSED MEMORY, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE JEWISH BRIGADE



יעקב פינגולד במזי העודד העברי

A POSTCARD FROM YACOV FEINGOLD TO THE LATERBAUM SISTERS



BY ITZHOK BERGLASS

THE CASUALTIES

The wars and the enemy extracted a bloody ransom from the natives of Strzyzow. A few of them were among those who fell in action. Here are the ones we knew:

Meir Mordechai Gutwirth, of blessed memory. He was nineteen years-old. He was one of the first persons from Strzyzow to die in Eretz Israel. Shlomo Yahalomi wrote about him in his article, "Reb Shalom Schwartzman." According to his spiritual upbringing, he was not an active fighter, but he fought for the homeland just by his presence, and he fell for the land.

JOSEPH ASHER OF BLESSED MEMORY

THE SON WHO DID NOT FORGET AND WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN

Leah Loos, his cousin, writes about his life and his heroism.

Joseph Asher was the grandson of Reb Yeremiah and Liba Asher, and the great-grandson of Reb Chaim Israel and Necha Gitel Sturm from Strzyzow. He was born on September the 28th, 1924, to his parents, Adela and Shlomo Asher, in Breslau, Germany, where his parents had immigrated from Strzyzow. He fell while fighting for the independence of Israel in the battle of Kula, on July 16th, 1948.

Joseph the child received both a traditional and secular upbringing. The harmonious family gave him much warmth and love, and equipped him with moral values which left their impression on his personality. His happy childhood was disturbed at a very early stage with the ascent of the Nazis in Germany. This proud Jewish child witnessed the brutal persecution of the Jews. He saw with his own eyes the burning of the shul which he regularly attended, and his ears heard the songs of the S. S. troops who audaciously marched in the streets of his native town and sang "When Jewish blood drips from our knives the German heart rejoices." The injurious humiliation of man and Jew had penetrated deeply and fermented in his gentle soul. The ever merry and joyful child became taciturn and pensive. He kept quiet, gnashed his teeth and wore his dreams.

Zion was not a strange idea to a child who was raised in a traditional and observant home. The resurging echoes of Zion which was being built anew, reached him through his sisters who belonged to the Zionist Youth Movement. From his father, who was a soldier in the Austrian Army during the First World War, he heard the tales about military actions, and he dreamed.

He dreamed of reaching Eretz Israel. There, we would have our own army, and, by that time, he would be a grown man and, as a Jew, he will naturally serve in the Jewish Army. His dream materialized. On Passover 1939, he and his family arrived in Eretz Israel. They left Germany with the last train. He easily adapted himself to the new conditions in the land, to the new language, and new comradeship. Soon the gentle and good-looking boy earned admiration and love from all those around him.

Understandably, in school he joined the boy scout organization and

FOR THE HOMELAND



JOSEPH ASHER

FOR THE HOMELAND

stood out with his diligence, ability, and courage. From the working youth movement he graduated into the Hagana, and there they imposed upon him important duties despite of his youth. Most of his time, energy and willpower, he devoted to those activities. From the Hagana he was sent into the civil guards. There a brand new chapter began in his life, in the life of the young Joseph: Training with arms, maneuvers, night watch, and galloping on horses throughout the land. He got to know and love every village and isoalted settlement with its inhabitants, and his body clung with more exaltation to the land, to love and guard her. He was devoted to his duty with all the threads of his soul. When the bloody excesses broke out, after the United Nations decided to divide Palestine, Joseph was the first in Ramat Gan to volunteer his full service to Hagana. His past command position with the Hagana prodded him to this step. When his parents and sisters, worrying for his safety, asked him why he had to be the first, he replied: "Without a first, there is no second. And why should I not be the first ?"

In the training camp, he was in charge of turning the new illegal immigrants who had just disembarked from ships, into trained Israeli soldiers. There was not another one like him in that job. In the very short time he had at his disposal, out of scared, persecuted, stoop-backed and suspicious people, he produced brave and proud Jewish soldiers. They regained their self-respect and self-awareness, and the purpose for which they were being prepared to fight became clear to them.

However, Joseph's effervescent personality did not find satisfaction in what he was doing. He wanted personally participate in the battles, not only to prepare others to fight. He joined a battle unit as a platoon commander and took part in the heaviest battles. Although they were much older than he was, all his subordinates admired and revered him. The discipline in his unit was exemplary. His personality enthused his men because he was always the first in every dangerous place.

In the family, he was a devoted son and brother, giving all his heart and soul. He often appeared at home on short forloughs to calm down his worried family but soon returned to his duty. He never talked about his actions and the dangerous situation in which he always found himself.

After the first cease-fire, he took part in a bloody battle with the goal of opening the road to Jerusalem. This was Joseph's last desperate battle. A small number of men, poorly equipped, without food and water, were defending the hills of Kula. For twenty-four hours, they were surrounded on all sides by the Arab Legionnaires who were equipped with the best English armor and artillery. A hail of bullets and artillery shells came down on that handful young men and killed them one by one.

Joseph fell just a few hours before the second cease-fire. He managed to hand over the command to his assistant and to say "Shalom."

Twenty-eight dear young men were slain on those hills of Kula. A village of Yemenite Jews was established on the hills of Kula and named "Hill of the Twenty-Eight." The Yemenite Rabbi, eulogizing on memorial days, says: "The people of this village, even though they are weak physically, they cling to this land with love and stubbornness. Despite

FOR THE HOMELAND



MICHAEL KALB

BY LEAH LOOS

the difficult conditions of this place, thanks to the inspiration of the ambitious young men who sacrificed their lives to redeem this land from the enemy hands for us and our children."

Jospeh's favoring saying used to be: "A homeland is not a piece of land on which one sets a price and bargain over." And Joseph surely did not bargain over the price.

MY BROTHER MICHAEL KALB OF BLESSED MEMORY

By his brother Aryeh.

My brother Michael, may G-d avenge his blood, the son of Chaim and Reisl, was born January the 18th, 1931, in Teplice, Czechoslovakia. He made aliyah with his parents in March 1939. He studied in the Talmud Torah and in the Tachkemoni School in Bat Yam, and later he studied optometry in Tel Aviv. At the same time, he continued his education in evening curses in the Bnei Akiba Gymnasium. He was talented and humble. The diary that he kept since he was six, attests to the fact that he was always examining and judging himself, and trying to forge his character, to stimulate his duties and respect, with devotion to the homeland and the aspiration of the nation. At the age of sixteen, he sought acceptance into the Hagana and, when he became impatient with the delay of a response, he followed his comrades into the underground of the Jewish fighters. He was caught by the British Police posting anti-British proclamations, but was released on bail. He spent several weeks philosophically resigned to the punishment he was about to receive. Nonetheless, in his diary he expressed his confidence that the British rule would not last as long as his sentence. To pacify his family, who was fearful for his fate, he arranged a release from the underground and promised to settle in a village after his release from prison. He was sentenced in 1947, to leave town for a year, and left to Shfaiyah to join his brother. When five of his comrades were slain by the British near Raanana, he could hardly restrain himself, wanting to return to the underground to seek revenge.

After the United Nations' decision to divide Palestine, and the ensuing Arab riots, he joined the Palmach. He was trained in the Negev. When he was under siege of the Arab Legionnaires, he bore the suffering with love and he later returned to the lowland and took part in the battles. He resisted the suggestion of his superior who wanted to withdraw him from the battles because of his young age, and to send him to train as a nurse. He participated in the battles and heroically bore the distress of hunger and thirst, and the loss of his best friends. The boy of seventeen had become a veteran soldier. During the bombardment of Rishon L'Zion and Hulda, he removed the wounded and the dead from under the rubble, without waiting until the bombardment ceased. On July the 7th, 1948, just before the second cease-fire, while standing guard near a bunker in Zirah at the approach to Jerusalem, he was fatally wounded by a bullet from an Egyptian sniper, and fell. He was buried in Hulda, and his remains were later transferred to Mount Herzl in Jerusalem. May his

FOR THE HOMELAND



MOSHE LEHRMAN

FOR THE HOMELAND

soul be kept among the immortal souls of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

MOSHE LEHRMAN OF BLESSED MEMORY

Moshe was the son of Reb Itzhok Lehrman and the grandsom of Reb Moshe Krantzler, of blessed memory, from Strzyzow, a descendant of a family of Torah scholars. About his personality and his active life, we will reprint the articles which were written in a pamphlet, published in the memory of the fallen in the battle of Dvima, on the Jordanian border.. This was a surprise attack by the Jordanian murderers from an ambush on seven of our soldiers who were on a routine border patrol.

Moshe was born in 1937, in Tel Aviv. In his childhood he was an excellent student in the religious school, Moriyah. He was outstanding in studying Gemara, and secular studies. From elementary school he went on to attend the City Religious Gymnasium, where he was also among the best students, again mainly in Talmud study, where he had shown an immense capability in memory and acuteness. When he reached the seventh grade, he selected a more realistic approach to his studies, but did not neglect the holy teachings. He was active in social life and joined the Bnei Akiba. After his Masters Degree, he began to study law in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Here too he received high grades and earned scholarships. He was beloved by everyone, especially by his comrades in military training for which he volunteered, in spite of the fact that his physical condition was limited. May his memory be blessed.

PARTING

Eulogy by Rabbi M. Shapiro

Do you remember Moshe! Our last conversation? I asked you to do your daily chores, starting from the light ones and gradually shifting over to the hard ones, step by step, and not to tackle the hard ones at once. It is not in a man's character to skip and jump. But you said, "Behold, there is inside me a treasure of strength and energy that are capable of embracing the world. Therefore, I do not want to split them into splinters. I wish to perform one mighty deed in which I could activate all my strength and energy."

And I claimed that laziness speaks from your throat, that you knew well that there is not any mighty deed before you. Your only desire was to evade the daily chores. But now, Moshe, with an agitated and broken heart, I come to let you know that you defeated me. You really searched for something high and mighty. You did not dole out your love for the people, but you gave all of yourself, the way you wanted to do it.

The brutal situation in which a defiled hand cut down the plant that G-d planted, should we divert our furious gaze to the defiled hand? Come and see the heavenly language about such incidents. Our sages have told us that at Rabbi Akiba's execution they combed his flesh with iron combs. Is there a more brutal situation than that? A defiled hand combs the flesh of Rabbi Akiba, G-d's martyr? What was the reaction in heaven?

BY RABBI M. SHAPIRO

An echo was heard which said: "Be happy, Rabbi Akiba." Heaven did not pay attention to the defiled hand, but to the cut down plant. To him it was said: "Be happy." This was the reaction of Heaven to such a brutal and critical situation. Do you think that only Heaven is capable of reacting that way? People too are capable of reacting the same way, as it was further told by the sages, that Papus also said: "Be happy, Rabbi Akiba, that you were caught studying Torah." Therefore, one can see that humans can also reach such a feeling.

Moshe! In your youth, you opposed everything you did not like, so why are you silent now? Permit me, Moshe, to presume that your silence is a sign of your agreement with what I have just said. Therefore, I would not turn to the defiled hand, but to you I will speak with the heavenly language. "Be happy, Moshe, that you were killed for the sanctification of G-d, the people, and the land." And let us part with the verse: "Go and rest and you will stand by our destiny until the end of the days."

MY COMRADE MOSHE

By Shlomo Levi

Wednesday evening after the murder of the seven in Dvima, I was one of the visitors in the house of the bereaved. An atmosphere of death was all around us. Choked lamentations of disaster pierced the prayers of the people who came to pay respect to the deceased in the parents' house. The picture of the slain son was on the table in the center of the room as was a letter from the University authorities awarding him a scholarship and a booklet of lectures edited by the slain, along with other mementos. The heart was broken by the rigidity of destiny which cut down the lad in the upswing of his youth. "Moshe is not here anymore," his father lamented with a broken heart, choking permeated with horror and deep pain, as if unconsciously confirming the fact, of which we were all painfully aware.

Moshe, we all remember him. Average height, wide shouldered, his pale face indicating tranquility, his yarmulke sitting sideways on his sparse hair, his faded glasses and a stubble of a beard. His looks were a little mature for his age. Wearing simple, immaculate clothes, he always walked slightly bent, swaying to both sides. I remember how he walked slowly in the halls of the university, with a slightly delapidated black leather attache case, filled with outdated notes.

His inner character matched his outward appearance. Good-hearted, friendly, straightforward, honest with those with whom he came into daily contact, sensitive in his relations to his fellow men, humble and conservative in his behavior. These were his traits. He was clearminded without deviation or obscurity.

Moshe was Orthodox. However, he was one of the religious young men whose Orthodoxy did not interfere with other youthful activities. On the contrary, he was active in sports and took special interest in professional sports literature. His belief was pure and sincere. His piouness

FOR THE HOMELAND

did not express itself only in a yarmulke or other outward symbols, even though he strictly observed them. His inner belief told him when to alleviate and when to be strict in fulfillment of mitzvot. Whoever spent time with Moshe in the army, even only for a short time, knew that he never used his religiousness as an excuse to lighten his duties.

In his studies he was very fundamental. Being proficient in the Hebrew sources enabled him to obtain acuteness and profoundness in his secular studies. He was not one who studied the same thing a hundred times, but one who studied once and fundamentally. The saying of Socrates that, "Informed means to know that you are uninformed," was his motto. He never boasted about his knowledge. He was humble and learned from everyone. No wonder that success followed his life. In the finals, in his first year in the university he won a high scholarship and the same thing happened in his second year. Who knows how far he would have gone? Moshe was one of the students who had to worry about his economic status. The financial situation at home and his high moral standards did not permit him to be supported by his parents. Moshe knew he had to earn a living. His scholarship was not sufficient, so he had to spend much of his precious time working. He did not flinch from any physical work and was not selective in his search for a job. This fact was known to all. However, the domain of work did not interfere with the domain of Torah. His work never suffered because of his studying and vice versa. It was a perfect intertwining between work and learning, and he still found time to edit lectures, an activity that existed for years at the duplication center under the auspices of the Student Union. Moshe invested much labor, energy, perserverance, and reliability in editing these lectures. Only he who worked with Moshe side by side knew to appreciate his thoroughness in his work, the depth of his understanding and devotion of grammar. The outer appearance was as important to him as the inner text. How angry he became when he discovered a mistake in the text. His good comradeship, his ever-readiness and the spirit of goodwill were his characteristics in every cooperative work. Every step of Moshe was fundamentally planned. Every stage in his progress was subject to his critical evaluation and purposefulness. It is painful and sad that this inclination brought him closer to his death. Moshe was appreciated by the command of his unit. They knew that according to his physical condition, he was not required to participate in certain training exercises, but the voluntary spirit that was throbbing inside him and his ambition made him a good military man.

And so, far from daily pettiness, Moshe met his death. Moshe left this world. The news about his departure hit all his friends and acquaintances like a thunderbolt. On the day of the funeral, friends gathered in the modest quarters of his parents. I was among those who came to express condolences. I felt obligated to say a "few words," but I suddenly realized that I was speechless.

TZVI NAVON OF BLESSED MEMORY

Tzvi was the son of Eta, of the Mohrer family, the grandson of Tzvi Mohrer, one of the intellectuals in Strzyzow of the previous generation. Tzvi was a fighter pilot and was killed in a crash. The greatness of the loss to the Israeli Army was expressed in the condolences of his commanding officer to his family. He said: "Our military is also among the mourners and are in need of consolation." We are quoting below the eulogy of his friend and the poem by his sister, Chaya, who was twelve years-old at the time of his death. It was published in his memory in the youth journal, "Maanit," dated July 1956.

TZVI NAVON OF BLESSED MEMORY, ON THE SHLOSHIM OF HIS DEATH

A son of the cooperative village Ein Vered who fell in action.

How cruel destiny is, that we, the comrades of Tzvika who accompanied him throughout the years, are required to write the chapter of his short life, the story of Tzvika's life, who only a few days ago was among us. He excelled us with his freshness, energy, smile, and good nature.

Tzvika was blessed with many talents with which not every boy is blessed. As a kindergartner, little Tzvika was flexible, alert, his hair shorn like a girl, and he became the King of the forest. He climbed and jumped from one tree to another like Tarzan, without mishap. His contours intertwined with the trees. He actually hovered over them. It is possible that then already he possessed the inner push to choose his way in the future. Later in school he stood out with his talent as a good student. When the class was examined in mathematics or science, Tzvika was happily cruising around outside, because the teacher asked him to, being apprehensive that other students might copy his answers. His high grades were given to him without the need to be examined. He stood out not only in the academic subjects but also in calistenics and all kinds of sports. Who can forget his walking on his hands to the delight of the whole group, performing somersaults, jumping on boxes with great leaps with the perfection of a acrobat. There was no sport team in which Tzvika would not participate.

Ten years of studying ended and everyone went his own way. Tzvika enrolled in the technical school of the Air Force in Haifa because his inclination was toward a technical profession and science. He was accepted into the school on a scholarship which he received after a difficult examination. In the technical school Tzvika also became an outstanding student and he decided to join the Air Force after finishing the technical school.

Despite the fact that Tzvika studied in Haifa, he never missed a Sabbath at home. He loved his little brothers, his parents, and his comrades on the farm. He enjoyed studying, and always told in detail and with great talent about his adventures during the week. We loved to sit around and listen to him. We enjoyed the way he spoke.

FOR THE HOMELAND



TZVI NAVON

BY ZALMAN

After graduation, Tzvika did not stay long at home. After a hard struggle with his parents, he volunteered for the Israeli Army. He joined the Air Force and began to put into practice what he had learned. After a short period, with a strong will and effort, he succeeded in achieving his goal. In the Air Force Tzvika's thoroughness and strong will were discovered and enabled him to overcome all hardships. How we all rejoiced when the happy moment arrived, and he came home adorned with his pilot's wings. A mature young man appeared before us upon whom we all could rely.

And from then on Tzvika never missed even one Sabbath at home, at the club, and with his comrades. Every Friday night he was the first among the dancers and it was a pleasure to look at him. His dancing was filled with energy and youth, his light movements, his flexibility and his charm. He was the center of every gathering. And on a Thursday evening the horrible news was received. "Lieutenant Tzvi Navon fell in action. He was twenty and a half year-old." Woe to us! Tzvika is gone!

TO MY BROTHER
=====

Fly bird of steel,
Fly to the distant clouds.
On your wings are resting
The souls of youths,
among them one is dancing,
One who jumps about-
This is the soul of my brother!

Fly bird of steel,
Fly magic bird,
You enchanted young manhood,
Pure youth,
Whiteness of youth.
Keep flying bird of steel....

Stars illuminate the night,
The sun illumintes the day,
All, all, all, everything,
All became sad and black.
A star shined, a star fell,
The world became dark,
The world was crushed.
Keep flying bird of steel....

By Chaya Levin



AARON THE SON OF YACOV KANNER

FOR THE HOMELAND

AARON THE SON OF YACOV KANNER OF BLESSED MEMORY

The son of a respected and ancient family in Strzyzow. Reb Aaron, his grandfather, was the brother of the well-known Reb Yacov Kanner from Strzyzow, who settled in Germany where he established a large branch of the Kanner family. All their sons and daughters with their families perished during the Holocaust. We are quoting here the few words which were dedicated to the memory of Aaron, of blessed memory, in the memorial book published in honor of the fallen members of Kvutzat Masada in the Jordan Valley of which he was a member.

AARON KANNER

Aaron was born on July the 20th, 1920, in Leipzig, Germany. He was a high school graduate. In his youth, he was a member of the Gordonia-Maccabee Hatzair. He was one of the leaders in the movement. His personality served a role model and example for others. Just before the war began, he moved to Belgium and immediately joined the pioneer movement. When the times became critical, he moved to Switzerland. There he became a counselor to young Zionist groups who had concentrated in that country before making aliyah. In 1945, as soon as the Swiss borders opened, he emigrated as a member of the "Swiss Group." He was immediately mobilized to guard duty and defense. He made himself available for the armored unit and participated in Hagana actions in his district. Aaron was also a supernumerary policeman. He studied military theory and, during the bloody Arab excesses, participated in the battles for the Galilee and Jordan Valley. He fell in Zemach, on May the 18th, 1948, during the decisive battle over the Jordan Valley. He was laid to rest in the cemetery in Dganiyah Alef.

CHANAN ABRAHAM KALB OF BLESSED MEMORY

With sorrow we had to add one more victim who fell for the Homeland. He was a member of a family who had already lost one son about whom it was written in a previous chapter. Chanan Abraham, of blessed memory, was the son of Aryeh Yehuda and Rachel Kalb, a grandson of Reb Chaim Itzhok and Shoshana Kalb. A native of Jerusalem. He died at twenty-three while escorting an excursion group of students from Herzlia Gymnasium, on the eleventh of Adar, 1948. Their autobus drove over a landmine in Minchol Rechem. He was a second lieutenant in active duty, an engineer, sportsman, dancer, lover of nature and scenery. A wonderful son to his parents, brother and comrade to his two sisters. A delightful person, full of energy, straightforward, and beloved by everyone. He left for another world. May his memory be blessed.

BY ITZHOK BERGLASS



חנן אברהם קלב

CHANAN ABRAHAM KALB

THE DESTRUCTION OF FRYSZTAK

HOW THE NAZIS ANNIHILATED A HASSIDIC SHTETL

By Menashe Unger

Reb Shlomo Schmidt from Frysztak, Western Galicia, recorded in his diary which I have in my possession and described in detail how the defiled Germans bit by bit destroyed the Jewish population of the Shtetl until the judgment day arrived, the 3rd of July, 1942, when the "Master Race," may their name be obliterated, finally decided to solve the "Jewish Problem" as they called it, to kill all the Jews in Frysztak.

The final action by the German murderers was also done with the accuracy for which they are famous for. Every group was ordered to stand separately at the annihilation place, the cattle market.

And that is how Reb Shlomo described this black day in his diary.

"All night long I could not sleep. I thought about the Judgment day which was coming upon us. Last night I bathed my children, changed their underwear, trimmed their fingernails, in case they were killed, Heaven forbid, I wanted them to be purified beforehand. Freida Gitel Kuperberg, passed by our house and showed me that she was wearing shrouds. Itzhok and Necha Tepper did the same. Everyone walked with his family. I went to the cattle market accompanied by my eighty-year-old mother, my wife, and children. According to the order of the Gestapo, each group stood separately. Those who worked for the Albert firm separate, the Todt firm separate, the workers in the Judenrat and the Social Self-help workers were also separated. The women and children of husbands who worked for the above firms were also separated. My son Tzvi was with the Judenrat personnel. The policemen checked that no one was missing. The chief of the police, Tepper, came to Samuel Baldinger and told him that Chaim Broner was missing, and gave an order to bring him out, because unless all the Jews were accounted for, all the Jews would be shot. It seems that until the last moments, Reb Shlomo Schmidt and probably all the rest of the people did not believe that this was the end. After five minutes, Itzhok Tepper with Henoch Meisler returned and stated: 'When we came to Chaim Meir's house, he was not there. We went up to the attic and found him sitting and reciting Psalms. His beard and sidelocks were still intact. We told him to come with us and he said: "I am not going!" We told him that if the Germans will find him, he will be shot. He responded: "I am not going! It is my wish to be shot while reciting the Psalms. All my life I could not visualize a more beautiful death. Is there a more beautiful death than dying for the sanctification of the Holy Name while reciting Psalms?"'

"Polish policemen surrounded the square. I knew immediately that we were in a bitter situation, that we were not only taken to work, but that our lives will also be taken away.

"They arrived at six o'clock in the morning sharp. The District

BY MENASHE UNGER

Commissioner, Dr. Gens, the Gestapo Chief Rachnitz, and the assistant Augustin, with twelve German policemen, equipped with truncheons and guns in their hands.

"The Gestapo Chief and the District Commissioner approached the Judenrat and asked Samuel Baldinger and his assistant, Israel Aaron Berglass, if all the Jews are present. The District Commissioner ordered that everyone over sixty should leave the place. My mother also left. I was relieved and thought that they were being released to go home. Suddenly I saw a German policeman grab with his truncheon the neck of Yacov Ressler and drag him on the ground. A second policeman did the same to Reb Bezalel Lev, and so did a third policeman. He dragged the sick son of Feivel Gross. Gitel Gotlieb became paralyzed right there. She was lying on the ground and the policemen stood there and kept hitting her head until she lost consciousness. Then he took her away, dragging her on the ground with a truncheon. A policeman was standing near Reb David Epstein's mother-in-law, tearing down her headscarf. When the headscarf fell on the ground and she bent down to pick it up, the policeman hit her over her head. She kept putting it on and he kept hitting her until she fainted. The sanctification of the Holy Name by this pious woman brought to mind the story about the Shapiro brothers from Slavuta in Peretz's book, Three Presents."

Reb Shlomo Schmidt continues his story in his diary: Dr. Gens approached the Kehillah leaders, and with his truncheon he grabbed one of them, Mr. Goldfisher, by his neck and dragged him like they drag a dog. He was the cashier in the Judenrat. Dr. Gens ordered Goldfisher's sister with her five children to step out, tore off her wig with his truncheon and sent them to the over sixty group. While the woman with the children passed by the policeman, they were beaten murderously. Wolf Riger's wife and Joseph Sperber's wife with her three children were also beaten savagely.

"The Gestapo Chief Rachnitz, took Mr. Brav, Mr. Mussler, and Mr. Puderbeitel and put them in a separate group. Then Dr. Gens asked, "where is Schmidt with his family?"

"I pretended that I did not hear him and slowly moved away. In the meantime, I was put among the workers. They added another twenty-five people to our group. They kept taking people off the marketplace. Some people's documents were stamped as workers, and some were sent with the transport. It was eleven o'clock a. m. Trucks began to move in and they were loaded with Jews. The Jewish policemen were throwing children into the trucks like potatoes. They counted how many there were on each truck before leaving, one truck, two, three, four. No crying or screaming was heard. People were stunned. It was as quiet as a cemetery. From time to time a sound was heard of people falling into the trucks, and the sound of beating the people who refused to climb on the trucks. I saw how they threw children on the trucks aiming in such way that they would fall back on the ground. Dead or alive, they were thrown on the truck again.

"The District Commissioner appeared on the marketplace. It was already twelve o'clock noon. The heat was intimidating, and we were still standing on the same spot. The four trucks had returned, escorted by a

THE DESTRUCTION OF FRYSZTAK

few policemen, and they began loading again. The Commissioner ordered all orphans to step out. The orphans obeyed the order, among them my sister's children, Beila Broner's children. Hersh, Israel, Chana and Sarah. Their father Yacov was standing in our group. Hersh, the thirteen year-old, called his father quietly: 'Daddy, I did not pray today. I am also hungry.' Chana, the six year-old, also wailed in a low voice. "Daddy I am also hungry! Daddy, Daddy!" As long as I will live I will keep hearing the lamenting sound in my ears.

"Empty trucks returned again. The District Commissioner called out names:

"Samuel Baldinger with his wife and children, Yacov Brav, Kalman Wagshal, Wolf Riger, Israel Aaron Berglass.

"The District Commissioner asked who is a barber. Feivel Seiden stepped forward. He ordered to cut out a swastika on those heads that had ample and bushy hair. Then he ordered them to hand over silk, rings, knives, and pocked mirrors. Everyone put on a pile all the things they owned. Trucks arrived to take us away. We were about one hundred and fifty people. When we arrived in Piskow, the Assistant Chief of the Gestapo, Mateus, said that we arrived too late. We continued to travel. We thought that they were taking us to Warzyce to be shot. We recited the confession and asked forgiveness from each other. However, our trucks returned to Frysztak.

"On that day, Friday July the 3rd, 1942, the German murderers killed three-fourths of the Jewish population in Frysztak."

THE RABBI FROM KOLOSZICE IN FRYSZTAK DURING THE HOLOCAUST

The Rabbi from Koloszice was killed by the German murderers on the second day of Chol Hamoed Sukkoth, 1942.

Nowhere is it mentioned in what city he was killed and where he was when the Nazis occupied Poland.

However, I have in my possession a manuscript, a rare handwritten diary, written by Reb Shlomo Schmidt from Frysztak, covering the first day of the Nazi occupation until the day when almost all the Jews of the four hundred families were annihilated by the Germans. Only a few individuals, among them Reb Shlomo Schmidt, his wife and daughter, Chaya Rappaport, miraculously survived.

Reb Shlomo Schmidt was the Mizrachi leader in Frysztak and was a member of the Kehillah Committee. (He passed away a few years ago in New York.) His daughter Mrs. Rappaport, brought to me this diary which is an important historical document, and there we found the information about the Rabbi from Koloszice, Rabbi Chune Halberstam, who at the beginning of the war escaped to Frysztak where his father and brother served as Rabbis.

Reb Shlomo Schmidt wrote as follows:

"Septer 5, 1940. Rabbi Chune Halberstam, the Rabbi of Koloszice, has arrived from Rzeszow. I went to see him, to hear some news, and to inquire why he came here.

"The Rabbi told me that he was forced to leave Rzeszow because he could not stand by and see the afflictions that the Germans kept piling

BY MENASH UNGER

upon the Jews. They were thrown out of their apartments, their furniture confiscated, and thousands of Jews were dragged to hard labor, hungry, barefoot, and in torn clothes. And not only were they not paid for their labor, they were being tortured and humiliated. 'So I decided that, since I could not help them why should I stay there? I would rather be in Frysztak, a small town, and I also heard that the situation here was not too bad. Although there is plenty of trouble here too. But you cannot compare this trouble to what the Jews of Rzeszow were going through. Since the days of Awe are approaching and in Rzeszow it would have been impossible to pray with a quorum, at least here I will have a quorum and also be able to use the mikva, and be able to study the Torah....'

"However, in Frysztak, too, the Germans have begun to torment the Jews horribly.

"A month later, October the fifth, 1940, Schmidt wrote in his diary, that the Beit Hamidrash and the shul were closed. The Germans had shot many Jews there, so the Jews were afraid to go there to pray. They pray in private houses or in prayer houses tucked away in alleys.

"When Yom Kippur Eve had arrived, the Jewish Committee leaders persuaded the Nazi Truppen Fuehrer Hantzeldorf, and the chief of the labor office, Radel, that the Jews would deliver one hundred people instead of fifty so the work could be completed by midday and thus enable the Jews to attend the Kol Nidrei services. However, at ten o'clock, ten more railroad cars arrived loaded with steel bars, and the Germans did not allow the Jews to leave until the cars were unloaded. Then Reb Shlomo Schmidt went to the Rabbi of Koloszice to look for Jews to help in unloading the train, and, Reb Shlomo Schmidt wrote: "I came to the Rabbi and saw him sitting at the table surrounded by people, eating the final meal before the Yom Kippur fast. I began to complain and said to him: Is this fair? Jews might be forced to desecrate Yom Kippur, Heaven forbid, and you are entertaining people here? Send everyone immediately to help the others unload the steel from the train. Then the Rabbi said: 'He is right,' and ordered his children to go to work. And when the Hassidim saw the Rabbi's children went to work, everyone went.

"But the Germans did not free the Jews, Schmidt wrote in his diary. And, if the Jews would have left, the Germans in charge had orders to shoot and kill anyone who dared to try to leave.

"The Jews were forced to work all day Yom Kippur. And when Mr. Schmidt came to the prayers, they were praying Mussaf. Reb Shlomo continues his diary, "When the Rabbi asked us what was happening, we told him about the dangerous situation in which we had found ourselves. He commented: 'You can be assured that by not being able to pray, you achieved more than those who prayed all day!'"

On March the fourth, Mr. Schmidt wrote in his diary: "The Sturm Fuehrer Ervin Klassen came to him and asked him how much a Torah scroll did cost before the war. I told him five hundred zlotys. Then the Sturm Fuehrer said, that if I will give him five thousand zlotys, he will return the two Torah scrolls which he had taken away from Joseph Engelhard. I told the German: The community is poor. Nobody has that kind of money. I went to the Rabbi from Koloszice and told him the story that the Sturm

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Fuehrer demanded five thousand zlotys for the return of two Torah scrolls. The Rabbi said: 'According to the rule, we ought to redeem the holy scrolls. But, in this case, we should not do it because the German would continue to extort money from Jews. It is better not to give in.'

In the same diary, the suffering that the Rabbi went through, how he lived in hiding, and also how his son perished, are described.

THE HOLY HEADSCARF

By Chaim Lieberman

In the chronicle about Jewish martyrdom, there is a story about a yarmulke over which a Jew died for the sanctification of the Holy Name.

Our great poet and writer, J. L. Peretz, wove the story about the yarmulke into a beautiful poem and, through this poem, did this exhilarating story penetrate and remain with love in many Jewish hearts.

Many Jewish women quietly in their hearts envied the men and their destiny to have been blessed with such a story about martyrdom over a yarmulke because, after all, a yarmulke is an exclusive male affair.

However, now women can be consoled that they have become equal with the men. What happened with a man and his yarmulke, has now in the present Holocaust, happened with a woman and headscarf.

The story with the yarmulke was as follows. In Slavuta, Czarist Russia, there were two brothers. The Shapiro brothers were printers of holy books. They also printed the famous "Slavuta Talmud" edition among other books. There used to be certain quotations in the Talmud which were disliked by the Christians. They claimed that there are insulting references to Christ which showed disrespect for their god. Christian rulers forced the Jews to delete these quotations from the Talmud. These deletions were marked in the Talmud with the word "deleted."

It so happened that the Czarist authorities accused the Shapiro brothers of inserting the previous deletions in some editions of the Talmud. Therefore, they were punished with a horrible punishment. To march between two rows of soldiers. The punishment was implemented in the following manner: Two long rows of soldiers lined up facing each other, and each soldier held twigs freshly soaked in water. The Jews had to march half-naked between the soldiers while the soldiers whipped them with the twigs. One brother marched through and came out with bleeding wounds. Then the other brother began marching and, when he was almost through and only a few steps remained to the end of the agony, he discovered that the yarmulke was missing from his head. Of course, a pious Jew would not walk bareheaded. He returned more than half way to retrieve his yarmulke to cover his head. Meanwhile the soldiers kept whipping his naked body while he marched back and forth in the same track. However, this time the Jew did not make it to the end of the line. He fell dead.

J. L. Peretz tells in his poem, "Three Gifts" of how a sinner was sent down from heaven to be a wanderer in order to atone for his sins. He found the above-mentioned yarmulke and carried it with him to heaven. And for that he merited being let into paradise.

BY CHAIM LIEBERMAN

Times have changed but Jewish suffering does not change. A similar story happened in our days. However, this time the martyr was a woman not a man. It happened not with a yarmulke, but with a headscarf.

It happened in Frysztak, in a small, pious shtetl, located between Sandz and Krakow. This town consisted of many Hassidim and scholars.

When the bloody Nazi wave had spread all over Poland, it also flooded this kosher little shtetl, Frysztak, of approximately two thousand souls. The gruesome Nazis inflicted horrible vengeance everywhere, but in every place in a different manner, according to the individual fantasy of the murderers.

In Frysztak, the judgment day was on July the 3rd, 1942. An order was issued by the Gestapo that all Jews with their families must appear on that morning, at six o'clock sharp in the cattle market, and whoever did not appear, would be shot.

And the selection began. It was a selection of who should live and who should die. The ones who were selected to live should work and die later.

The ones who were selected to die were ordered off the place. They were dragged by their necks with hooked canes. Before that no one was allowed to move. For every turn or move they were murderously beaten. This scene was described in detail by an eyewitness, Reb Shlomo Schmidt, in a previous chapter. Reb Shlomo Schmidt, a community leader survived the Holocaust and told this story in a letter to his landsman in New York, Mr. Samuel Mussler from Strzyzow.

Among the victims, there was an eighty-year-old woman whom the Germans had beaten murderously until she lost her consciousness, while she was trying to put her headscarf back on her head. The Germans dragged her away from the marketplace, threw her body on a truck, and she was taken to the woods with others to be killed. The headscarf remained on the ground. The Germans have won.

And, if such a Jewish soul was hovering at that time over the marketplace like in the story of J. L. Peretz, he would probably have picked up the holy headscarf and delivered it to Heaven, and would have earned entrance to paradise.

However, this old woman was not the only saintly woman on that day in Frysztak. The whole community was holy. As much as each German was brutal and defiled in his own way, so were the Jews of Frysztak holy, each in his own way.

There was a Reb Chaim Broner who insisted on dying while reciting Psalms in the attic. His last words were: "In all my life I could not have imagined to die a more beautiful death." That is exactly what happened. The police came and found Reb Chaim Meir reciting Psalms. They cut his beard and sidelocks, dragged him out to the marketplace and, like Rabbi Akiba was killed by the Romans, so was he killed by the Germans. They killed him and his five sons.

The martyrs, Samuel Last, his wife, Chava Leah, with their six children. Chava Leah came to the marketplace and said: During the night I bathed all the children, trimmed their fingernails, gave them clean underwear to wear, in case, Heaven forbid, they were killed, they will be

THE DESTRUCTION OF FRYSZTAK

purified beforehand. Chava Leah gave her six children, like Chana gave her seven sons two thousand years ago for the sanctification of his Holy Name. She had no more to give. And another woman who overheard Hava Leah's statement, said: "Me too. I also purified myself and put on shrouds. In case they will kill us, let us die in shrouds." The German District Commissioner noticed that Mendel Schmidt was talking with Reb Fishel Beigayer. He called over a Gestapo man and ordered him to give each of them twenty-five lashes on their naked body. They were whipped until they were bleeding but not a groan came out of them.

This story and thousands of other details, to the shame of the Germans and dignity of the Jews, was told in that long letter which was sent by the surviving community leader, Mr. Schmidt, from Frysztak.

That is how this pious, righteous shtetl, Frysztak, perished for the sanctification of the Holy Name.

Some day when a Jewish writer will write about the martyrdom of the shtetl Frysztak, like Peretz wrote about the Slavuta brothers, he should write that righteous souls from heaven came hovering over the marketplace in Frysztak on that day and picked up not only the headscarf and the hair of Reb Chaim Meir's beard, but also the souls of the entire shtetl, and flew with them to heaven, and put them before the chair of the Almighty.

LIST OF THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW AND VICINITY

This list was prepared by the survivors of Strzyzow, Itzhok Deutch, Simcha Langsam (Israel), with the help of Yechezkiel (Harry) Langsam, Los Angeles, U. S. A. It was checked and corrected by Itzhok Berglass.

We invested great efforts to vitalize our memories in order to register the names of the martyrs.

We tried very hard to the best of our ability not to leave anyone out of those who perished in the Holocaust, especially those who did not leave a relative or friend.

The Committee sent out registration forms to all people from Strzyzow in Israel and abroad, to register their relatives, neighbors, and acquaintances. And so, relatives registered relatives, and neighbors registered their neighbors. Still, there was a possibility that we did not receive the exact details, mainly the relationship where it concerns little children, parents, and grandparents.

The untainted souls which were listed, together with those who were not, may their souls be bound in the bond of life, and the memory of their sacrifice will never be forgotten by us.

OF THEE I CRY, MY EYE IS SHEDDING A TEAR

By Simcha the son of Yacov Langsam

Our sages said that one of the sounds that is heard throughout the world is the sound of the soul which leaves the body during the departure of a person. And if this is true with one person and during a natural death, it is truer when the untainted souls of a whole community, elders, women, toddlers and youths have separated from their bodies by unnatural, brutal deaths.

The echo of the sounds of the martyrs of Strzyzow and vicinity during the Holocaust, especially during the last minutes of their lives, has not vanished from our ears for over twenty years.

Their image and the sounds of our parents, sisters and brothers, keep calling to us, "Earth, do not cover our blood."

Their last request were the sounds which called to us, "Seek vengeance upon our murderers."

Their last plea was, "We are dying as Jews. Please say Kaddish for us."

We cannot point out from which of the victims was heard such a plea, but surely it was the wish of all who were trussed upon the altar of the nation. Such wishes were expressed by our dear ones in their last requests to the Jewish people in general, and to the survivors of Strzyzow

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

in particular.

If a tragedy befalls and a member of the family dies, no one can console the relatives of their great tragedy. Everyone stands around broken and crushed but, in time, life returns to normal. It is all natural. "The earth covers it, and man forgets." But it is not so with the martyrs of the Holocaust who met their brutal destiny and did not merit to be buried by the Burial Society, according to Jewish tradition. And we the survivors, are unable to gather their remains, wrap them in a talit, put them in a casket and give them a Jewish burial, because their ashes were spread by the Nazis all over the fields of Europe. Therefore, we are duty bound to gather the letters of the names of the holy, untainted souls, and to perpetuate them in this memorial book, published in Zion, the land of their dreams, and thus fulfill our obligation also to those who left no heir to recite Kaddish.

By putting together this holy list, we were given a part in creating a bond with our dear ones. Not only by lighting a candle and saying Kaddish one day a year during our generation, but also, all those from Strzyzow and vicinity who now live in Zion and in the Diaspora will be able to open this book someday and recognize the names of their parents and their grandparents, the holy community in which a bustling Jewish life existed for hundreds of years. There were spiritual people, simple people, Rabbis, and Tzadikim. Scholars, righteous women, and school children. All these were trussed to be sacrificed for the nation. They were killed and annihilated, suffering suffocating deaths in the gas chambers, burned or buried alive, in camps built by the Nazis in Chelmno, Belzec, Sobibor, Tremblinka, Auschwitz and others.

It is a holy obligation to the individual and the public not to forget those whose memory is imprinted deep, deep in our hearts.

With a quiver of holiness do we stand, the survivors of Strzyzow and vicinity, in solidarity with all untainted souls who sanctified the Name of Heaven with their lives and deaths.

Itgadal V'yitkadash Sh'mey Rabba

THE MARTYRS

ACHT Fredrich (Ephraim), and his mother.
 ADER, his wife and daughter.
 ADEST Eisik, the son of Feivel, his wife Sarah Ryvka, and son Chaim.
 ADEST Pinchos, son of Feivel, and his family. (Germany.)
 ADEST Yacov, son-in-law of Levi Joseph Wind, and his wife Bracha.
 ADLER Abraham, son-in-law of Feivel Adest, his wife and son.
 ADLER Joel, son-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman, his wife Esther, and daughter Malka. (Pilzno.)
 Adler Israel, son of Joel, and his wife. (Tarnow.)
 ADLER Pinchos Yacov, son of Joel, and his wife Necha Leah, sons, Zev, Eliyahu, Alter Ezra, and daughter Chana. (Tarnow.)
 ALSTER Leah, widow of Joseph, daughter Necha, sons, Joshua and Zev Wolf, his wife Hinda, nee Kraus.
 AMEIS Abraham, son-in-law of Yacov Schitz.
 AMKRAUT YEchezkiel. son-in-law of Elazar Wurtzel, his wife Yenta, sons Dov and Baruch.
 ANDERS Toza, daughter of Tzvi Hersh Pfeffer, her sons, Leon and Manfred. (They were expelled from Germany to Riga, where they were killed by the Nazis.)
 DR. APPERMAN M. and son.
 ASHER Liba, widow of Jeremiah, daughter of Necha Gitel Sturm.
 ASHER Zelig, son of Liba, his wife Miriam (Mirl), nee Zimmer, daughters, Malka and Eta. (Sandz.)
 AUERHOUN Shlomo, son-in-law of Moshe David Unger, his wife Feiga and daughter Chana.

 BAUMEL Benjamin, son-in-law of Hersh Ressler, his wife Hinda, daughters Liba and Feiga, sons, Israel, Moshe, and Tzvi Hersh. (See the details of his death in the article "The Holocaust and the aftermath," page 235.
 BAUMEL Joshua, the ninety-eight year-old father of Benjamin, who lived in Czudec, with another son.
 BEITLER Leibush, his wife, and sons, Shlomo, Aaron Shmuel, Nechemiah, and Mordechai.
 BER Raphael, his wife Yehudit, daughters, Gitel and Leah, and son Moshe Yehuda Leib.
 BER Yacov, Raphael's brother, his wife and daughter. (Lwow.)
 BERGER Esther Hinda, widow of Joshua Berger.
 BERGER Eta, daughter of Michael Mintz, her husband, and son. (France.)
 BERGER Joseph, son-in-law of Israel Gertner, his wife Yenta. (They were expelled from Germany and escaped to Strzyzow, where they were killed

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

together with the martyrs of Strzyzow.)

BERGLASS Abraham Menachem, son of Hersh Ber, his wife, daughter and son. There was also a daughter of Hersh Ber Berglass.

BERGLASS Yocheved nee Guttman, the widow of Baruch Berglass.

BERNSTEIN Pinchos, son-in-law of Israel Gertner, his wife Rachel, son Shlomo, one more son and a daughter. (Krakow.)

BERNSTEIN Yacov Itzhok, son-in-law of Baruch Berglass, his wife Nechama, sons, David Dov and Elimelech, and a daughter Bina.

BLECH Abraham, son-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman, his wife Liba, daughters, Sarah and Leah, with her husband. (Limanow.)

BLECH Izhok, son of Abraham, and his wife Sarah.

BLAU Moshe, son-in-law of Aryeh Leibush Russ, his wife Sarah Freda, sons, Meir, Chaim Elazar, and one more son.

BLOCH Elazar, son-in-law of Moshe Shmuel Friedman, with his family.

BIRNBACH Baruch, grandson of Zelig Adest, his wife Berta, and two children. (Germany.)

BORGENICHT Aaron, son of Itzhok, his wife Hena, son Moshe, daughter Zisl, (Zenja). (See the details of Moshe Borgenicht's death in the article "The Holocaust and the aftermath" page 243.

BORGENICHT Itzhok, son-in-law of Pinchos Kanner.

BARTH Mordechai, his wife, son Moshe, and daughter Beila.

BEVAS Joshua, son-in-law of Mordechai Russ, his wife Rachel.

BOMBACH Samuel, son-in-law of Elazar Wurtzel, his wife Adela. (Rzeszow.)

BRAUNER Zalman, his wife Dina, daughter Ryvka, her husband and child.

The family of Moshe Brauner, son of Zalman Brauner. (Vienna.)

BRAV Abraham, son-in-law of Alter Nechemiah, his wife Henia, daughter Eta

BRUDER Meir Hersh, son-in-law of Yacov Schitz, and his wife Pearl.

BRAV Mordechai, brother of Abraham, with family. (Sandz.)

BRAV Abraham, cousin of Mordechai Brav, with his family.

DR. CHWAL, his wife and daughter.

DAN Elimelech, son-in-law of Joseph Bendit Zilberman, his wife, sons, Moshe and Leibush, and a daughter.

DEMBITZER David, son-in-law of Hersh Ressler, and his wife Zelda.

DEMBITZER Eisik, son of David, his wife Tova nee Weinberg, and a son.

DEUTCH Chana, widow of Wolf, daughter of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman.

DEUTCH Aaron, son of Chana, his wife Hinda Leah nee Sternberg, daughters, Chaya, Rachel, and Yehudit (Yiddis).

DEUTCH Chaya Kreindl nee Baumel, the wife of Itzhok Deutch, in his youth. He survived. Their daughters, Ryvka, Rachel, and a son, Hersh Fishel.

DEUTCH Joseph, son of Chana, his wife Tzila nee Guzik, and son Zev.

DIAMAND Aryeh Leibush, son of Shlomo from Zyzonw, his wife Edel, and daughter Rachel, also a son Yacov, with his family.

DIAMAND Baruch, his wife, their sons, Israel and Naphtali, and four daughters.

DIAMAND Chana Rachel, widow of Shlomo Zalman from Wysoka, her sons Aryeh Leibush, with his wife Eta, Jospeh Mordechai, and Abraham. Daughters,

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

Nina (Nechtche), and Reisl, also Elazar the son of Reisl. (Reisl was killed while smuggling food for the inmates in the concentration camp.)

DIAMAND Hersh, son of Feivel, his wife, their son Moshe, with his wife and son.

DIAMAND Hinda nee Weidenfeld, the wife of Heschel Diamand, who survived, their sons Joseph Chaim, and Yeshayahu Itzhok.

DIAMAND Joseph, son of Aryeh Leibush, with his family, (Swilcza).

DIAMAND Keila, the widow of Akiba Shmuel, son Tzvi Hersh, with his family, (Berlin). Her other son Zev Wolf, with his family, (Blazow). Daughters, Eta and Sheindl with their families.

DIAMAND Leah nee Licht, the wife of Shlomo Yahalomi-Diamand, who survived. Their daughter Dvora, and son Joseph Chaim.

DIAMAND Malka, first wife of Mendel Diamand, who survived. Mendel is the son of Chana Rachel Diamand, also his daughter Shulamit (Zelda).

DIAMAND Pearl, daughter-in-law of Joseph Diamand, and son Yacov. (Krakow)

DIAMAND Reisl (Reizhe), widow of Moshe, her son. Aryeh Leib, his wife, and their daughters, also the second son Avigdor, his wife Chaya nee Hollander.

DIAMAND Reisl, daughter of Aryeh Leibush, her husband, sons, Joseph Mordechai and Abraham. (Dubiecko.)

DIENSTAG Gershon, his wife, son Shimon, another son, and two daughters.

DILLER Baruch, son of Itzhok, his wife Sarah.

DILLER Baruch, son-in-law of David Dembitzer, his wife Sheindl. (Sanok)

DORNBERG Abraham, son-in-law of Levi Joseph Wind, and his wife Ronia.

DRESEL, daughter of Shimon Gross, her son Joshua, and a daughter.

DYM Chana, widow of Yacov, sons, Moshe, Chaim, Joseph. Daughter, Fruma, and another daughter..

EHRlich Elchanan, and his wife Chana.

EINHORN Naphtali, son-in-law of Yacov Langsam, his wife Beila, and their three sons, Tzvi Elimelech, Itzhok, and Yehuda Zev. (Dobrova)

EISMAN Moshe Pinchos, son of Yehuda Nathan.

EISNER Chana, widow of Yacov Eisner, her son Ptachyah. (Szczawnica)

EISNER Meir Raphael, son of Chana, his wife Ryvka, and a son. (Rzeszow)

BODNER nee Eisner, daughter of Chana Eisner, her husband and daughter.

ETTINGER Malka (Mala), her son Eliezer, and two daughters.

ETTINGER Shlomo, his wife Sarah, his son Leib, Leib's wife, and their son Moshe.

FALK Baruch, son-in-law of David Dembitzer, and his wife Eta.

FASS Hersh Leib, his wife, their daughters, Mindl and Ryvka, with her husband.

FEDERBUSH Aryeh Leib, his wife Eta nee Diamand, the sister of Heschel and Shlomo, and their son Joseph Chaim.

FEIBER Miriam Gitel, granddaughter of Moshe David Unger, and her son Tzvi Hersh.

FEIGENBAUM Israel, son-in-law of Moshe Mantel, his wife Pessil, and their children.

FEIT Chaim, son-in-law of Herschel Tenzer, his wife Miriam, son, Yeshayahu,

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

and their daughters, Malka, Freidl, and Gitel.

FEIT JOSHUA, son of Chaim, and his wife.

FEIT Necha, daughter of Shlomo Diamand, the widow of Chaim Hersch Feit.

FEIT Samuel (Mulik), his wife Rachel nee Proper, son Joseph, and a daughter Henia.

FEIT Samuel, son-in-law of Yechiel Rosen, his wife Sarah, and daughter Chana Reisl. (Germany)

FEIVUSH Abraham Itzhok, son-in-law of Baruch Berglass, his wife Chaya Sarah, their son Yacov and a daughter, Ruth. (Sanok)

FELBER Yacov (Yekel), his wife Pearl (Pesha), two sons, Elchanan and Nechemiah, and two daughters.

FELBER NATHAN, son of Yacov with his entire family.

Pealrl Felber s brother, who lived with the Felber family.

FELDER Zisl, widow of Fishel, the daughter of Yechiel Rosen.

FELDER David, son of Zisl, with his family. (They lived in Berlin, and he was the first victim of the Nazis. His German business partner invited him to his home and poisoned him knowing already that Jewish blood was free, and one can not only murder Jews, but inherit their property as well).

FELDER Yacov, son of Zisl, his wife Henia nee Garfunkel, and their son.

FELDMAUS Tova, daughter of Chaim Hasenkopf, her sons, Hersch and Elazar, and a daughter, Gitel.

FISHMAN Adolph, son-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman, his wife Hena, and two sons. (Rzeszow)

FLAUMENHAFT Shalom, and his wife. (Germany)

FLEISHER Leib, his wife Dresel, son, Hersch Elimelech, another son, and a daughter.

FLEISHER Meita, widow of Moshe, Leib Fleisher's brother.

FLEISHER TETELBAUM Malka Tzivia, Daughter of Meita, her husband and son Yacov. (Frysztak)

FRENKEL, Dr. Chaim Frenkel's wife, their dauhgters, Lusla, and Yadviga, (Yadzia). Dr. Frenkel survived.

FRENKEL Esther, the wife of Rabbi Israel Frenkel, who survived. She was the daughter of Shlomo Diamand. Also their sons, Shlomo and Shalom, and daughters, Rachel and Sarah.

FRENKEL Joseph (Reb Yosele), son-in-law of Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz. He was Assistant Rabbi in Sedziszow, with his wife Chana.

FRIEDMAN Chaya nee Kraut, widow of Yechiel, their son Israel, and daughters, Chava, Seryl, and Pearl.

FRIEDMAN Leib, the Shochet. He was the son-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi Joseph Mordechai Wiener, his wife Nechama, their sons, Abraham, David, Chaim who was also a shochet, Pinchos, with all their families.

FRIEDMAN Menachem, son of Moshe Samuel, and his wife. (They were expelled from Germany, and were killed somewhere in Poland.)

FRIEDMAN Tova, daughter of Moshe Samuel Friedman, with her family.

FRIHMAN Chaim, son of Menashe, his wife gitel, a son and daughter. Krakow)

Frihman Michael, son of Menashe, his wife Chaya, a son Menachem and a daughter.

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GARFUNKEL Aaron, his wife Rachel nee Sternberg, and their only son Ben Zion.

GELANDER Herish, son-in-law of Baruch Diller, his wife Ryvka, daughter Seryl, and another daughter, also their sons, Shamaï and Menachem.

GELBWACHS Shoshana, niece of Sheindl Scheffler. She was raised by the Scheffler family.

GERTNER Leah nee Berger, widow of Israel Gertner.

GERTNER Chaim, son of Leah, his wife Beila nee Berger, and son Joseph. (Krakow)

GERTNER Menachem, son of Israel, his son Joseph, and the rest of his family. (Brzozow)

GERTNER Menachem, brother of Israel, his wife, their sons, Samuel and Leibush, and a daughter.

ALTA, daughter of Israel Gertner, her husband and children. (Tarnow)

GERTNER Moshe, son of Israel, his wife Nechama nee Weisberg, their son Israel. (See details about Israel, the son of Moshe, in the article "Children in Captivity." Page 255.

GLICKMAN Joel, son-in-law of Baruch Diller, his wife Leah, son Yechiel, and a daughter.

GLITZER Shalom, son-in-law of Menachem Rimer, his wife Leah, and a son. (Rzeszow)

GOLDBERG Fishel, his wife Feiga, their daughter Rachel, sons, Eliyahu and Mordechai, with his wife Leah nee Diamand.

GOLDBERG Nechama, sister of Miriam Pinchovski.

GOLDMAN Abraham, son-in-law of Zelig Adest, his wife, Dvora Sarah, their daughters, Malka, Miriam, Eta, their sons, Itzhok, and his family, (Holland)

Mendel and his family. (Dembice) Elimelech and his family. Wysova) and Yacov their youngest son.

GOLDBERG David, son of Abraham from a previous marriage, with his family. (Somewhere in an unknown country.)

GOLDMAN Leib, son-in-law of Feitel Last, his wife and sons.

GOLDMAN-KEH Czarna, daughter of Ryvka Keh. (Bialistok)

GOLDSAND Yechezkiel, son-in-law of Leib Sternberg, his wife Eta, son Yacov, another son and daughter.

GREENBAUM Chaim, son-in-law of Yacov Hagel, his wife Hinda, daughter Esther, and a son, Leibush.

GREENBAUM Mordechai, son-in-law of Yehuda Nathan Eisman, his daughter Fruma, with her husband.

GREENBLATT Yacov, his wife, sons, Yechezkiel, Samuel Zanvel, his wife and daughter.

GROSKOPF Samuel Moshe, his wife Seryl, their son Menachem with his wife, who lived in Brzostek. (See details about Menachem's heroic death in the article "The Holocaust and The aftermath" page 249.

GRUBER Yehuda, his wife Ryvka, and daughter Chava.

GRUBER Beila nee Auerhoun, the wife of Eliezer Gruber, who survived, and their son, Moshe David.

GUZIK Menachem, his son Moshe, Moshe's wife Freda nee Gruber, and daughter Feiga.

GUZIK Michael, son-in-law of Menachem, his wife Hena, and son Tushik. (Yaslo)

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GUZIK Zisl, daughter of Menachem Guzik, with her husband.

HABER Shimon, his wife, daughters and son Elisha.

HAGEL Baruch, son of Yacov (Yantche), his wife, and daughter Lusla.

HAGEL Michael, son of Yacov, his wife Adela, and daughter Gala.

HALBERSTAM Yacov, son-in-law of Rabbi Alter Zev Horowitz, his wife, son, Ben Zion, and two daughters.

HALPERIN Moshe, son-in-law of Abraham Kalb, wife Elka, and son Bezalel.

HASENKOPF Michael, son of Chaim, his wife Sarah, their sons, Abraham Yacov, Mordechai Poppel. (Frankfurt, Germany)

HASENKOPF Rosa, the wife of Yacov Hasenkopf, daughter, Freda, and a son Zelig. (Yacov Hasenkopf, the son of Chaim, escaped to Eretz Israel, but his wife and children could not escape, and were killed in Germany.)

HAUBEN Abba, and his daughters.

HAUBEN Lipa, his wife, their sons: Meshulam, Israel, and Akiba, and a daughter, Dena.

HAUBEN, THE WIDOW OF Feivel, her sons: Yacov (Yekel), Nechemiah, and Yechiel.

HAUBEN Elazar, the son of Feivel, his wife, and a son.

HAUBEN Zev Wolf, son of Feivel, his wife and a son. (Germany)

HECKER Gabriel, son-in-law of Nathaniel Schlisselberg, his wife Ryvka, and four children.

HENIG Moshe, son-in-law of Levi Joseph Wind, his wife and a son. (Rzeszow)

HOLLES Simcha, his wife Mindl. (He was the grandson of Itzhok Berglass. They lived in Krakow, and during the Holocaust were expelled to Strzyzow, and were killed with the rest of the Jews in town.)

HOROWITZ Kalonymus-Kalman, the last Rabbi of Strzyzow, his wife Tzivia nee Frenkel.

ICHEL David, son-in-law of Yacov Rebhun, his wife Leah, and their sons, Abraham and Meir.

ICHEL Aaron, the brother of David, his wife, and two children.

ISERLES, his wife, and two sons.

ITZINGER Yacov, the son-in-law of Menashe Friezman, and his wife Chaya.

KALB Abraham, and sons. (Nowy Targ)

KALB Abraham, son of Tanchum Yacov.

KALB Levi, son of Tanchum Yacov, his sons: Tanchum, Tzvi Hersch, Menachem Mendel, and daughters: Chaya, Sluva, and Mindl.

KALB Menachem Mendel, son of Abraham, his wife, and son Bezalel.

KALB Shabtai, brother of Tanchum Yacov, and his wife Malka (Mala).

KANNER Avish.

KANNER Asher Pinchos, his wife Miriam nee Klausner, and their family.

KANNER Naphtali, and his wife Hizel.

KANNER Pinchos, son of Naphtali, and daughter Ryvka.

KANNER Samuel Joseph, his wife Sarah nee Rozencveig, with their family. (Germany)

KANNER Joseph Bendit, son of Israel, and his sister Beila.

KANNER Yacov, his wife Rachel nee Stieglitz, and daughter Tova. (Tova

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tried to escape to Switzerland and was caught by the Nazis and died of a heart attack. Part of the Kanner families in Germany were exiled to Poland, via Zbonszin, and perished there, and part perished in France.) KANNER-KRACHER Ryvka, daughter of Tzvi Hersh Kracher, and her husband. KARP Hersh, his wife, his son Feitel, and a daughter with her husband and children.

KARP Meshel, son of Hersh, his wife and daughter.

KATZ Shlomo, a relative of Zalman Brauner, his wife and children.

KAUFMAN Esther, widow of Yechezkiel, and son Samuel.

KEH Akiba Yacov, son of Ryvka, his wife and son Abraham. (Rzeszow)

KEH Ptachyah, son of Ryvka, his wife Golda nee Feit, and a daughter.

KEH Ryvka, widow of Abraham. (Bialistok)

KESSHTECHER Yacov, and his entire family. (Rzeszow)

KESSHTECHER Leibush, son of Yacov with his entire family.

KETT, widow of Shimshon Kett, her sons, Gershon and Abraham Leib, and a daughter, Ryvka.

KINZLER Abraham, grandson of Yacov Kanner.

KLAGSWALD Abraham Ever, son-in-law of Chaim Feit, his wife Malka (Mala), their daughters: Doba, Rachel and Gita, and a son, Yacov. (Krosno)

KLEIN Joseph, his wife Leah, and daughter Yehudit.

KLEINMINTZ Tobias, son-in-law of Menashe Schwalb, with his wife Sarah, and children.

KLOTZ Joseph, his wife Elka nee Friedman.

RIBSHEID-KLOTZ Shprintza, daughter of Joseph Klotz, her son Samuel, and daughter, Sarah.

KLOTZ Leibush, his wife Golda, their children, Moshe Samuel, Yacov, and Beila.

KLEIN Chaim Hersh, the son of Joseph, with his wife and family.

KNELLER Ephraim, son-in-law in the Holles family. His sons: Paltiel with his wife and children, Eisik, Tzvi Hersh, and a daughter, Adela, with her husband. Also the wife of Joseph Kneller, who died in Russia.

KORNREICH Nathan, son-in-law of Shlomo Diamand, his wife Gnendl, their sons, Nathan and Aryeh Leibush, and daughters: Bluma, Rachel, Reisl and Leah.

KRACHER Tzvi Hersh, his wife, their daughter Leah, and sons: Moshe, and Mordechai.

KRACHER Pinchos, son of Tzvi Hersh, his wife Batyah (Basha). (Baranowicz)

KRAUS Eliyahu, his wife, their sons: Abraham, Moshe Leib, and a daughter, Zisl.

KRAUS Joseph (Osik), his wife Leah, their daughter Hinda, and sons, Moshe and Tuvia..

KRAUS Michael, his wife Leah nee Rein, sons; the oldest son, Mordechai, Raphael, Moshe, the youngest son, and a daughter.

KRAUS Shlomo, and his wife Bluma.

KRAUS Chana.

KRAUT Benjamin, his wife Chana, daughter Ryvka, son Samuel, his wife and son.

KRAUT Gitel, widow of Yehuda Kraut, her daughters, Reisl and Esther.

WILD-KRAUT, daughter of Gitel Kraut, and her little girl.

KRESH Samuel, and his wife.

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

KRZESZOWER, son-in-law of Leib Eisenberg, and his wife. (Rzeszow)
 KRIEGER Elimelech, son-in-law of Israel Yacov Millinger, his wife Feiga, and son, Yehuda Leibush. (Rzeszow)
 KRYM Moshe, and his wife Esther. (Germany)
 KRYM Benjamin, the son of Moshe, his wife Freda, and children. (Germany)
 KUFLIK Itzhok Moshe, son-in-law of Feitel Last, his wife Yehudit, their sons, Simcha and Samuel, daughters, Sarah and Shprintza.
 KUFLIK Samuel, son-in-law of Israel Kanner, his wife Chana, and son Israel.
 KULIK Mishkit, widow of Eliezer.
 KULIK Meshulam, son of Mishkit, his wife Esther nee Miller, daughters, Breindl, Chava, and one more daughter.
 KULIK Moshe, son of Mishkit, his wife Ryvka nee Rosenblith, sons, Ber Meir, and Elazar. (Rzeszow)
 MARCH-KULIK Sarah, daughter of Mishkit, wife of Mordechai, who survived.
 KUPFER Mendel, his wife, their son Moshe, and a daughter.

LANDAU Chana, daughter of Necha Gitel Sturm, daughters, Dreisel and Eta. (Sandz)
 LANDESMAN -TZIMET Chana, and her husband Hersh.
 LANDESMAN-COHEN Feiga, daughter of Chana, her husband and daughters. (Sendziszow)
 LANDESMAN Yacov, the son of Chana.
 LANGSAM Yacov, son-in-law of Chaim Hasenkopf.
 LAST Feitel, his wife, his son Shlomo, Shlomo's wife nee Getz, and a son.
 LAST Michael Leib, brother of Feitel, his wife Chaya Rachel, daughter, Freidl with her family.
 LAST Eliezer, son of Michael Leib, and daughter Leah. (Rzeszow)
 LAST Chana, daughter of Michael Leib, with her family. (Sandz)
 LEHRMAN Chaim, son-in-law of Moshe Krantzler, and his wife Bluma. (They escaped from Germany to Strzyzow, and were killed together with the rest of the martyrs of Strzyzow.)
 LEHRER Chaim, son-in-law of Joseph Diamand, his wife Pearl, sons, Meshulam Zalman, and Yehuda-Yidl. (Antwerp)
 LEIBEL Moshe, son of Zimel. Zimel was the son-in-law of Israel Kanner.
 LEIBEL Jonah, brother of Zimel, his wife and sons.
 LEIF Zisha, son-in-law of Batyah Scheffler, his wife Chava, sons, Shimon and Itzhok.
 LEITNER Shimon, son-in-law of Baruch Diller, his wife Yehudit, and daughter.
 LEVINSON Tzadok, son-in-law of Joshua Seligman, his wife Tova, son, Joshua, daughter Chana, and two more daughters.
 LICHTMAN Hersh, son-in-law of Israel Gertner, his wife Ethel, daughters, Reisl and Pearl.
 LIEBERMAN David, brother-in-law of Israel Gertner, his wife Malka, sons: Menachem, Itzhok, Leibush, and Aaron. Daughters: Ethel, Mindl, and one more daughter.
 LOOS Eliezer, his wife Sarah nee Holles, and son Eliezer.
 LUSTGARTEN Menachem Mendel, son-in-law of Yacov Rebhun, his wife Sarah, and a son.

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

MANDEL Chaim, son-in-law of Joshua Berger, his wife Kreindl Bracha, son, Naphtali, daughters, Mishkit and Sheindl.

MANDEL Zev Wolf, son of Chaim, his wife Rosa, sons, Herzl, Joshua, Saul Joseph, and daughter, Golda Hena. (Dukla)

MANDEL Sarah Alta, daughter of Chaim, with her family. (Dukla)

MANDEL Pinchos, Chaim and Sarah, the children of Yeshayahu, Chaim Mandel's brother. (Czudec)

MANDEL Ryvka, brother of Chaim, with his family. (Sandz)

MANDEL Yeshayahu, his wife Pesia, their daughter Alta, with her husband.

MANDEL Benjamin, son of Yeshayahu, his wife, and son. (Dombrowa)

MANDEL Moshe Yacov, son-in-law of Yeshayahu Mandel, his wife Leah, and daughters.

MANDEL, the wife of Reuven Zelig Mandel, daughter-in-law of Yeshayahu. Reuven Zelig survived.

MANDEL Shimon son-in-law of Reuven Sapphire, with his family.

MANTEL Alter, his wife, and daughter, sheindl.

MANTEL Sarah, widow of Moshe Mantel, and her son Joel.

MEISELS Shimshon, son-in-law of Aaron Kanner, his wife Chaya, son, David, and a daughter.

MILBAUER Tzvi, his wife Bracha (Berta), and a son, Nachum.

MILLER Shimon, son-in-law of Fishel Diamand, his wife Mania, their sons: Fishel, Mendel, and Joshua. Their daughter Dena with her husband and son.

MILLINGER Israel Yacov, his wife Gitel. She was the daughter of Joseph Diamand. Their son Fishel, and daughter, Malka (Molly). (Przeworsk)

MINTZ Abraham, son of Michael.

MINTZ Joshua, son of Michael, his wife nee sturm, and a daughter.

MINTZ Rochma, daughter of Michael Mintz, with her entire family. (Lancut)

MOHRER Leibush.

MOHRER Mendel, and his brother Shlomo.

MUSSLER Miriam, widow of Hersh Hisel, her son Yechezkiel, daughter, Leah, with her husband and two sons.

MUSSLER Zelda, widow of Eliyahu, and her son Eliezer.

MUSSLER Abraham, son of Eliyahu, with his family.

MUSSLER Joel, son of Eliyahu, and his two sons. (Belgium)

MUSSLER Sarah, daughter of Eliyahu, with her family. (Belgium)

MUSSLER Joseph, son of Miriam, his wife, and two sons. (Frysztak)

NECHEMIAH Alter, his wife Leah (Lantche), nee Diamand.

NECHEMIAH Tzvi Hersh, son of Alter Nechemiah, his wife, Yenta nee Kraut, and a son.

NECHEMIAH Zev Wolf, son of Alter Nechemiah, his wife, a son and a daughter. (They were expelled from Germany, and escaped to Strzyzow, where they were killed together with the martyrs of Strzyzow.)

NEUMANN David son of Shimon, (from the village Wysoka), and his family. (Jaslo)

NEUMANN Moshe Aaron, from the Adest family, and his daughter Toni.

NETZER Leah nee Mohrer, her son Hersh, his wife, and a daughter.

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

NUREMBERG Chaim Yacov, his wife Reisl, son Elimelech with his family.
COHEN-NUREMBERG Yachet, daughter of Chaim Yacov, with her family.

OHRBACH Pinchos, son-in-law of Feitel Last, and his wife.

PELTZ Nathaniel, his wife Yehudit, daughter of Hentche Rein, and son Yacov.
PESSEL Baruch, son-in-law of Ephraim Kneller, his wife Vita, and children.
(Gorlice)

PINCHOVSKI Moshe, his wife Miriam nee Goldberg, daughter, Esther.
PINCHOVSKI Mordechai, son of Moshe, his wife Rachel nee Eisen, son, Eliezer,
daughters, Chaya and Pnina.

PINZEL Peretz, son-in-law of Yacov Sturm, his wife Ryvka, and son Zelig.
POPPER Mordechai, son-in-law of Eliezer Loos, his wife Vita Feiga, and
son Aryeh. (Dynow). (See the article "Children in Captivity" page 253.
PUSTELNIK-MUSSLER Leah, daughter of Zelda Mussler, with her husband.
(Belgium)

REBHUN Yacov, and his wife.

REDLER Itzhok, his wife Dayche, daughter, Rosa and Gitel.

REDLER Shlomo, son of Itzhok, his wife, their son, Tzvi, and a daughter.

REDLER Zalman, son of Itzhok, and his wife.

REICH Shlomo, son-in-law of Eliezer Loos, his wife Adela, and daughter,
Chana. (Rzeszow)

REICH Chaim, father of Shlomo, his wife Beila nee Wurtzel, son, Baruch,
and one more son. (Jaslo)

REICH Chana, her sons, Moshe Yacov, and Meir.

REICH Hersch Leib, his wife Mindl, and three daughters.

REICH Tuvia, his wife Mindl, and daughter, Rosa.

REICHER Moshe, son-in-law of Yacov Kanner, his wife Leah, their sons;
Kalman, Shlomo, Joseph, and one more son..

REICHER Menachem Mendel, son of Moshe, with his entire family. (Germany)

REIN Hentche, widow of Hersch Ber the sexton.

REIN Shlomo, son of Hentche, his wife Dobra, two sons, and a daughter.

RESSLER, the wife of Chaim Ressler, daughter-in-law of Hersch Ressler,
and her son Hersch. (They were lured to come out from their hiding, and
reported to the Nazis.)

RIMER Menachem Mendel, son-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra
Seidman, his wife Malka, daughters, Sheindl and Chaya.

ROSEN Joseph Hersch, son of David, and his wife Bath Sheva.

ROSEN Menachem Mendel, son of Joseph Hersch, his wife, his son, David,
daughter Pearl, and one more daughter.

ROSEN Joel, son of Joseph Hersch, with his family. (Belgium)

ROSEN Yacov, son of Joseph Hersch, his wife nee Kandel, son, Alter Zev,
daughters, Neche and Mindl.

ROSEN Beila, widow of Ben Zion, the son of Yechiel Rosen, her son Moshe.

ROSEN Chaim, son of Yechiel, his son, Getzel, daughter, Rosa, with her
husband.

ROSEN Israel, son of Yechiel, his wife, a son and a daughter. (Sanok)

ROSENBAUM Mordechai, his second wife, the widow of Ber Wiener, son of the

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

Assistant Rabbi, Joseph Mordechai Wiener.

ROSENBAUM Samuel, son of Mordechai, his wife Chana nee Schefler, daughter, Batyah (Basha), and son, Dov Yacov.

ROSENBLITH Rizha, widow of Elazar Rosenblith.

ROSENBLITH Itzhok Meir, son of Rizha, and his entire family. (Rzeszow)

ROSENBLITH Samuel, son of Rizha, his wife Rachel nee Schwartz, son, Elazar, and a daughter, Ryvka Meitel.

DR. ROSENTHAL Francziszek, son-in-law of Gabriel Wasserman, his wife Chava, and a daughter.

ROSNER Abraham, son-in-law of Joseph Klotz, his wife Chana, daughters, Rachel and Gisela, and son, Naphtali. (Belgium)

ROTH Benjamin, son-in-law of Michael Leib Unger, his wife Feiga, and daughter, Sheindl. (She escaped from the Rzeszow ghetto with the help of a peasant from the village Pstrongowa, there she was discovered by the Nazis and killed.)

ROTHSTEIN Chaya Dobra, daughter of Moshe David Unger.

RUBENFELD Moshe, his wife, and a son.

RUBENFELD Michael, his wife Hentche nee Kulik, their sons, Dov Ber, and Joshua.

RUBISH, his wife, and a son.

RUSS Aryeh Leib, his wife Rachel Yehudit (Yiddis).

RUSS Mordechai, the brother of Arye Leib, his wife Miriam, their sons, Eisik and Akiba.

RUSS Israel, son of Mordechai, and his wife.

RUSS Bath Sheva, daughter of Mordechai, and her husband.

SAFRIN Chaim Meir Yechiel, the son-in-law of Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro, his wife, Fruma Ryvka, and their children. (Stary Sol)

SALOMON, brother-in-law of Mordechai and Abraham Brav.

SAMUEL Samuel, son-in-law of Elazar Wurtzel, his wife Reisl, their daughter Freidl, and one more daughter.

DR. SAMUELI, his wife, son, Daniel, and two daughters.

SAPHIRE Shlomo, son of Reuven, and his family. (Jaslo)

SAPHIRE Samuel, son of Reuven, and his wife.

SAPHIRE-HOCHDORF, WIDOW OF Leibush Hochdorf, daughter of Reuven Saphire. her son Shimon, and two daughters.

SCHACHER Eta, daughter of Feiga Sternberg, from her first husband Feivel Schacher.

SCHEFLER Batyah (Basha), sister of Mordechai Mendel, Moshe, and Shimon.

SCHEFLER Joshua, son of Batyah, his wife Eta, their daughters, Betti and Leah.

SCHEFLER Beryl, his son, Samuel, and a daughter.

SCHEFLER Moshe, his wife Pearl Leah, and a daughter, Gitel.

SCHEFLER Mordechai Mendel, brother of Moshe, and his wife Pearl.

CUKIER-SCHEFLER Chaya, daughter of Mordechai Mendel, daughters, Dvora, Doba, and Freidl.

SCHEFLER Shimon, the brother of Mordechai Mendel and Moshe, his wife, Sheindl nee Gelbwachs, their sons; David and Moshe.

SHEINMAN Israel, son-in-law of Chaim Mandel, his wife Chaya, their daughter,

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

Fruma, and sons, Itzhok and Joshua.

SCHIFF Kalman Yacov, the son of Tzvi Hersh, his wife Esther nee Mantel, their sons, Mordechai and Shlomo, and daughters: Hinda, Ryvka, and Reisl. (France)

SCHIFF Meir, son of Levi Itzhok, his wife Dvora, and daughter Chaya Leah.

SCHIFF Bracha, widow of Yacov, daughter of the Assistant Rabbi, Joseph Mordechai Wiener. Her sons, Joseph Mordechai, David Hersh, and daughters, Ryvka and Mindl.

SCHIMMEL, the son of Moshe Itzhok. (Somewhere in Germany or France.)

SCHITZ Michael, son of Yacov, his wife Malka, sons, Moshe, Dov Ber, Shlomo, and Israel. Daughters, Dvora and Gitel.

SCHITZ Noah, son of Yacov, with his family. (Rzeszow)

SCHLISSELBERG Nathaniel, and his wife Alta Risha.

SCHLISSELBERG Chana nee Rubin, the wife of Yechezkiel Schlisselberg, who survived, and their daughter. (Germany)

SCHLISSELBERG Elchanan, son of Nathaniel, his wife Tova, and son Aryeh.

SCHWEBER Simcha, his wife nee Wilner, son Joseph from her previous marriage.

SHMULEWICZ Reuven, son-in-law of Joshua Berger, his wife Ryvka, son Shlomo, daughters; Breindl, Pearl, Rachel and Malka.

SCHREIBER Noah, son-in-law of Moshe Mantel, his wife Pearl, sons, Itzhok, and Hersh, daughters, Chaya Chava, Malka and Hena. (Gorlice)

SCHREIBER Bracha, wife of Samuel Schreiber, who died in Russia.

SCHWALB Menashe, his wife Yenta, the sister of Baruch Berglass, their sons, Nachman and Aryeh Leibush, with their families. (They lived in Niebylec and vicinity.)

SCHWALB Esther, daughter of Menashe, her husband and children.

SCHWALB family from Lutcza. (They lived in Nadvorno.)

SCHWARTZ Mordechai, his wife Golda Leah, daughters, Shprintza and Hena, sons, Hersh and Joseph.

SCHWARTZMAN, widow of Leib Schwartzman, her sons, Joshua and Moshe Yacov, and daughter, Sarah.

SEIDMAN Moshe Meir, son of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra, his wife Chava nee Dienstag, sons, Benjamin Zev and Fishel, also Abraham, from his marriage to Hena, and Abraham's wife. (They lived in the vicinity of Lwow.)

SEMELIS Joshua, his wife, daughters, Tova and Beila, one more daughter, and two sons. Also Joshua's father, who lived with them.

RABBI SHAPIRO Nechemiah (the Rabbi from Sassov), and his wife Tila.

SHAPIRO Yeshayahu Naphtali Hertz, son of Rabbi Nechemiah, his wife Reisl, and their children. (Dukla)

SHAPIRO Shlomo, son of Rabbi Nechemiah, his wife Ryvka, and children.

SHAPIRO Liba, daughter of Yacov Greenblatt, and her husband. (Limanow)

SHAPIRO-ZILBER Sarah, daughter of Ryvka Zilber, wife of Tzvi, who survived, and their daughter Feiga.

SHEINUK Ephraim, son-in-law of Joseph Diamand, his wife Sarah, son Moshe, and daughter Reisl. (Rzeszow.)

SHEINGAL, brother-in-law of Dr. Samueli, with his family. (The Sheingal family lived before the war in Gorlice, but during the war they moved to Strzyzow, where he was nominated to the Judenrat, and they were killed)

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

together with the martyrs of Strzyzow.)

SHEPS Feiga, daughter of Yacov Greenblatt, her son, and daughter.

SHPALTER Yacov, the last Assistant Rabbi of Strzyzow, his wife, two daughters and a son.

SPRINGER Israel Mendel, son-in-law of Yechiel Rosen, his wife Ratza, daughters, Pessil, Feiga, and the rest of the family.

STEINMAUER Aaron Joseph, son of Moshe Itzhok, daughters; Esther, Hena, and Sarah Feiga. Also two granddaughters.

STEINMETZ Yacov, son-in-law of Moshe Rubinfeld, his wife, and two sons. (France)

STEINMETZ Shimon, his son Samuel, his wife, and sons, Moshe and Joseph.

STEINMETZ Leah, daughter of Shimon, her husband and son.

STEINMETZ Tzvi, son of Samuel, with his family.

STERNBERG Hentche, widow of Leib, the daughter of David Rosen.

STERNBERG David, son of Hentche, his wife nee Hagel.

STERNBERG Chaim, son of Hentche, with his family.

STERNBERG Samuel, son of Hentche, his wife and daughter.

STURM Necha Gitel, widow of Israel Sturm.

STURM Elazar, son of Neche Gitel, his wife Chaya nee Storch, and daughter Reisl.

STURM Yacov, son of Neche Gitel, his wife Sheindl nee Fihrrer, and a son with his family in France.

STURM Joshua, son of Yacov, his wife nee Krieger, and a son.

STURM Yacov, his son Menachem with his family, daughter Feiga Chana, with her husband Baruch Eliyahu.

STURM Yacov, brother-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman, sons, Chaim Asher and Moshe, and a daughter, Eta. (Dubiecko)

SZPRUNG Zisl (Zosia), daughter of Ryvka Keh, her husband, and a son, Abraham. (Bialistok)

TAUB Ryvka, the wife of Aaron, who died in Russia. Ryvka was the daughter of Israel and Leah Gertner, her daughter Yenta, and son, Israel.

TEITELBAUM Malka Rosa, widow of Shimon Teitelbaum, her son Shlomo, and his wife.

TENZER Abraham, son of Hershel, his wife nee Diamand.

TENZER Joshua, son of Abraham, with his family. (Jaslo)

TENZER Moshe, son of Hershel, his wife Yocheved nee Wiener, sons, Chaim, Naphtali Tzvi, Joseph Mordechai, and Shalom Jonah. Daughters, Golda and Malka.

TENZER Hena, the wife of Itzhok, in his youth. He survived. Their sons, Menachem Mendel and Israel Tzvi, daughters, Freidel and Beila.

TENZER Itzhok, son of Yacov, and his family. (Lodz)

THIM Kalman, his wife Tila, sons; Mordechai, Joseph, Moshe, and daughter, with her family. (Details about the heroic death of Moshe Thim, is told in the article "The Holocaust and the Aftermath" page 248.

THIM Eliyahu, son of Kalman, his wife, and son, Moshe.

TUCHMAN Joshua, son-in-law of Feivel Diamand, his wife Reisl, and a son.

TURTELTAUB Moshe, brother-in-law of Fishel Goldberg, his wife Feiga, and her son, Eliyahu, from a previous marriage.

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

UNGER Michael Leib, and his wife Hena Rachel.

VEGG Abraham, and his son Joshua. (Szedlisko)

WACHNER Moshe, son-in-law of Liba Asher, his wife Eta Reisl, sons, Chaim Israel and Akiba, daughters, Risha and Esther.

WALDMAN Elimelech, son-in-law of David Wiener, his wife Sarah, and two daughters.

WALKER Yerachmiel, son-in-law of Shimon Teitelbaum, his wife Tova, and two daughters.

WASSERMAN, the widow of Gabriel Wasserman, the brother of Emil.

WEBER Yacov Itzhok, his wife nee Gertner, and sons. (Belgium)

WEICHSSELBAUM Elimelech, his wife Tzipora nee Meisels, daughters, Rachel, Shprintza, and Feiga, sons, Shlomo and Shimon.

WEICHSSELBAUM Rachel, widow of Alter Yacov, son Aaron, daughters, Frieda Reisl (Belgium), Dora Gitel with her husband, and son.

WEIDEN Kalman, son-in-law of Naphtali Kanner, his wife Shprintza, son Aaron Hersch, daughters, Rachel and Miriam.

WELISH Hersch, his wife Miriam nee Guttenberg, and a son, Chaim Samuel.

WEINBERG Zev Wolf, his wife Chana Dvora nee Rubin, son, Alter Chaim, his wife and daughter, daughters, Breindl and Feiga, with husband and daughter.

WASSERMAN Emil, his wife, and a daughter.

WEINBERG Moshe, son-in-law of Joshua Berger, his sons, Joshua, Yacov, and Eliezer, and a daughter, Feiga. (Sandz)

WEINER Chana, the daughter of Shlomo Ettinger, her husband Joseph, and a son. (Lwow)

WEISS Elazar, son-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman, and his wife Sarah.

WEITMAN Joseph, son-in-law of Tzvi Hersch Schiff, his wife Sarah Ryvka, Their sons, Hertzal and Moshe, daughters, Hinda and Malka.

WEITMAN Dvora, wife of Mordechai, the son of Joseph. He died somewhere in Russia.

WIENER David, son of the Assistant Rabbi, Joseph Mordechai.

WILNER Shlomo, son-in-law of Zalman Brauner, his wife Bath Sheva, son, Israel, another son and daughter.

WIND Levi Joseph.

WIND Moshe, the son of Levi Joseph, his wife nee Diamand, and sons. (Rzeszow)

WOLF Joseph, son-in-law of Menachem Guzik, his wife, and two sons. (Vienna)

WURTZEL Moshe, the son of Elazar, his wife Liba, son, Baruch, and daughter freidel. (Rzeszow)

YAROSH Hersch, his wife, and two sons.

ZAGNER Michael, son of Zalman, a brother-in-law of the Assistant Rabbi, Alter Ezra Seidman, and his sister Esther Zagner.

ZALESZITZ Sarah, daughter of Leah.

ZALTZMAN, his wife, a son and a daughter. (See the details about their heroic death in the article "The Holocaust and the Aftermath" page 249.

THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

ZANGER Meir, son-in-law of Shlomo Diamand, his daughters, Miriam (Mania), and Ryvka. Ryvka, Meir Zanger's second wife, the daughter of Reuven Sapphire.

ZEIDLER Yacov, his son, Tuvia, his wife, and four daughters.

ZEIDLER Joshua, the son of Yacov, and his wife. (Rzeszow)

ZEIDLER Freidel, daughter of Yacov, and her husband. (Rzeszow)

ZIEBNER Yechezkiel, son-in-law of Levi Joseph Wind, and his wife Hena.

ZIEGEL Yacov, son-in-law of Berish Holles, his daughters; Freidel, gitel, Seryl, and a son.

ZIEGEL Naphtali, son-in-law of Chaim Hasenkopf, his wife Dvora, and son Israel. (Tarnow)

ZIEGEL David, son of Naphtali, his wife Beila, and four children. (Dombrowa)

ZIEGEL Menachem, son of Naphtali, his wife Berta, and children. (Tarnow)

ZIEGEL Moshe, son of Naphtali, his wife Chaya, son Aaron, and daughter, Ryvka. (Tarnow)

ZIEGEL Chana Mindl, daughter of Naphtali, and her husband. (Tarnow)

ZILBER Ryvka, widow of Moshe Aaron, daughter of Hersch Ressler.

ZILBER Joshua, son of Ryvka, his wife Seryl nee Ettinger.

ZILBER Menachem, son of Ryvka, his wife Necha nee Diamand, and a son.

ZILBER Pinchos, son of Ryvka, his wife Nesia nee Hammel. (Rymanow)

ZILBERBERG Menachem, son-in-law of Elazar Weiss, his wife Gitel, and son, Alter Ezra.

ZILBERBERG, widow of Naphtali Chaim Nutman, her son Naphtali, and two daughters.

ZILBERMAN Joseph Bendit, his wife, sons; Wolf, Yacov, and two daughters.

ZILBERMAN Shlomo, son of Joseph Bendit, his wife Bina nee Weichselbaum-Licht, their sons, Samuel Moshe and Yacov Hersch (Heschel).

MAY G-D AVENGE THEIR UNTAINTED BLOOD

JEWS FROM THE VILLAGES IN THE VICINITY OF STRYZOW:

The families: Diamand, Felber, Hirshfeld, Landesman, Reich, Schwalb, Steinmetz, Wallach, Wilner, Zilberman, and others.

Also, let us remember the Jews from Kalisz, who were expelled from their town and brought to Strzyzow, and were killed together with the martyrs of Strzyzow.

THE MARTYRS OF FRYSZTAK AND CZUDEK

FRYSZTAK

DEUTCHER Joseph, his wife Malka, their sons; Alexander, Shlomo, and Mordechai, and a daughter Reisl.

FESSEL Aaron, the son-in-law of Joshua Baumel, his wife Chaya, their son Shlomo, and a daughter, Beila.

SCHENKEL Israel, his wife, and sons: Joseph, Aaron, Naphtali, and Gershon, also, a daughter, Hadassah.

THE MARTYRS OF FRYSZTAK AND CZUDEC

SEIDENFELD Itzhok, his wife and daughter.
 FRIEDMAN Sarah.
 TEPER Sarah.

CZUDEC

BAUMEL Berish, the son of Joshua, and his wife Chava.
 HAUSNER Hersh,
 HAUSNER Samuel Yacov, the son of Hersh, his wife Pearl, their son
 Menachem, and their daughters, Ryvka and Chana.
 HAUSNER Israel David, and his wife Ryvka.
 The daughters of Hersh Hausner: Rachel, Chava, and Kreindl Bracha..
 RUBENFELD Menachem Mendel, his wife, son, and a daughter.
 WEISS Chaim, his son Elimelech, his wife, son and daughter.

The names of these martyrs were registered by their relatives from
 Strzyzow.

MAY G-D AVENGE THEIR BLOOD

THE DEPARTED IN THE HOLY LAND

On this page I would like to fulfill my duty and pay respect to the people of Stryzow, who passed away and are buried in the Holy Land.

MICHAEL BIRNBACH, SHLOMO, THE SON OF TZVI HERSH DIAMAND, MENACHEM MENDEL HASENKOPF, HIS WIFE, SARAH NEE ADEST, YACOV HASENKOPF, THE BROTHER OF MENACHEM, SHLOMO ZALMAN TENZER, HIS DAUGHTER GOLDA TISHLER, CHAIM KALB, HIS WIFE SHOSHANA REISL, ETHEL LEV NEE KANNER (LUTCHA), REUVEN ZELIG MANDEL, THE BROTHERS BARUCH AND ELAZAR NUREMBERG, SIMCHA FEINGOLD, HIS WIFE CHANA, THEIR SON ISRAEL WITH HIS WIFE, ELIEZER YACOV KLAPPER, ABRAHAM ITZHOK KANNER, HIS SISTER TOVA BILDER, CHAYA FRUMA RYVKA RABINOWITZ, RABBI BARUCH I, RABINOWITZ'S WIFE, SHALOM SCHWARTZMAN, HIS WIFE SARAH NEE SCHIFF, PESSIL SHIMMEL, AND HER SONS, ABRAHAM AND MORDECHAI, LEVI ITZHOK SCHIFF, HIS WIFE RYVKA NEE HOROWITZ, MOSHE SCHLISSELBERG, ITTA HACKER NEE DIAMAND, GRANDDAUGHTER OF SHLOMO DIAMAND, WHO DIED IN THE UNITED STATES AND ACCORDING TO HER WILL WAS BURIED IN JERUSALEM, AND MENACHEM FELBER. ITZHOK THE SON OF BARUCH BERGLASS. (HIS NAME WAS ADDED BY THE TRANSLATOR)

MAY THEIR MEMORY BE BLESSED

THE MONUMENT AND THE TORAH SCROLL

IN MEMORY OF OUR BROTHER, THE JEWS OF STRYZOW

THE MONUMENT

To the Jews of Strzyzow and vicinity who were killed in the ghetto of Rzeszow, in its surrounding area, in the annihilation camp Belzec, and in unknown camps and places, and who did not received a Jewish burial and surely no gravestone was erected in their memory.

Also, to the Jews who died of natural causes during generations until the Holocaust, and were buried in our cemeteries, and whose gravestones are no longer in place.

The only monument that was erected in their memory is the plaque which was installed in the Cellar of the Holocaust on Mount Zion, Jerusalem, by the Organization of the Natives of Strzyzow in Israel.

THE TORAH SCROLL

There is in possession of the Organization of the Natives of Strzyzow a Torah scroll with a silver crown, and a breastplate which is housed in the Beit Hamidrash of the Rabbi of Holon, Rabbi Baruch Rabinowitz, the grandson of Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro, of blessed memory. On the crown and the breastplate names of martyrs of Strzyzow were engraved, and on the cover of the Torah scroll a dedication to the memory of the martyrs is also inscribed. The plaque on Mount Zion, the Torah scroll, its crown, the breastplate, and this memorial book are the only monuments that memorialize the people of Strzyzow.

Translators footnote: The Tora scroll mentioned before was later transferred to the sanctuary of the Hillel Zeitlin religious school in Tel Aviv. The school promised to observe the annual yahrzeit of the martyrs of Strzyzow by lighting candles, saying Kaddish, and studying Mishnayoth for the martyrs souls.

MAY THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS BE BLESSED FOREVER

המצבה וספר התורה
THE TORAH SCROLL AND THE MONUMENT



THE TORAH SCROLL WAS PLACED IN THE SHUL OF THE H. ZEITLIN RELIGIOUS SCHOOL IN APPRECIATION THE STUDENTS WILL OBSERVE THE YAHRZEIT AND SAY KADDISH FOR THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW.

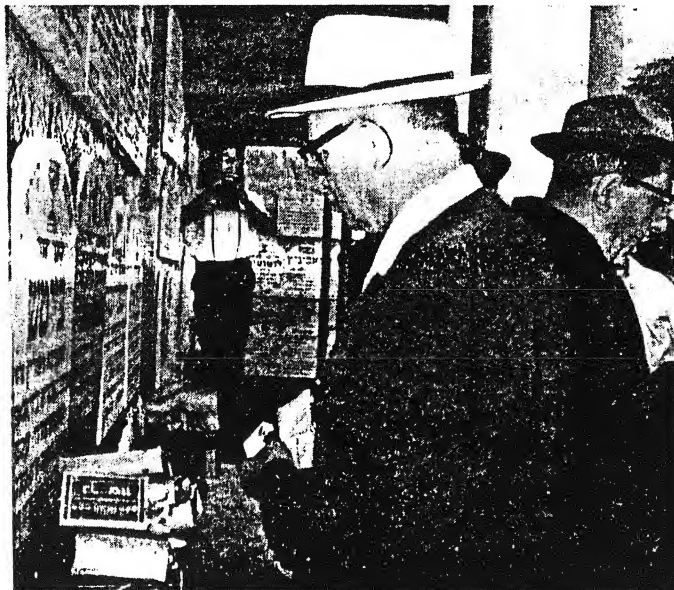
THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE WAS INSTALLED IN THE HOLOCAUST CELLAR ON MOUNT ZION IN JERUSALEM.

די אזכרה אויף דעם כארג ציון
REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY



שלמה יהלומי אומר אה תפילות האזכרה על יד מצבת קדושי סטריזוב
שלמה יהלומי זאגט די תפילות אזכרה ביי דער מצבה פון די סטריזובער קדושים

MEMORIAL PRAYERS CONDUCTED BY SHLOMO YAHALOMI AT THE PLAQUE FOR THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW.
ITZHOK BERGLASS LIGHTS THE CANDLES DURING THE MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR THE MARTYRS.



יצחק ברגלס מדליק נרות זכרון בשעת אמירת תפילות האזכרה
יצחק בערגלאס צינדעט אן די ליכט בשעת דער אזכרה

האזכרה על הר ציון
REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY

האזכרה לזכר קדושי סטריזוב שנערכה ביום כ"ה תמוז תשכ"ו 13.7.1966 על הר ציון בירושלים
— די אזכרה צום אנדענקען פון די קדושי סטריזוב וועלכע איז פארגעקומען כ"ה תמוז תשכ"ו —
• 13.7.1966 אויף דעם הר ציון אין ירושלים •

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE WHICH TOOK PLACE ON JULY 13, 1966,
ON MOUNT ZION, JERUSALEM, FOR THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW.



שלמה יהלומי אומר דברי הספד בבית הכנסת שעל הר ציון
שלמה יהלומי (דיאמאנט) האלט דעם הספד אין שול אויף דעם הר ציון

SHLOMO YAHALOMI EULOGIZING THE MARTYRS IN THE SYNAGOGUE ON MOUNT ZION.

האזכרה על הר ציון
 REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY



בשעת האזכרה

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE ON MOUNT ZION FOR THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW

די אזכרה אויף דעם בארג ציון
 REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY



על יד המצבה בגמר האזכרה
 ביי דער מצבה נאך דער אזכרה

REMNANTS OF THE JEWRY OF STRYZOW AT THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE ON MOUNT ZION

THE MONUMENT AND THE TORAH SCROLL

THE TEXT OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE PLAQUE

This monument is a testimony to the martyrs of stryzow, Galicia, (on the Visloka River) and vicinity, who perished and were murdered for the sanctification of the Holy Name, in the days of the Holocaust in the years 1939-1945. May G-d avenge their innocent blood.

Their holy memory is preserved in the heart of the survivors of the community, and the jewish people forever. May their souls be bound in the bond of the living.

The yahrzeit and memorial day is on the 25th day of the month Tamuz.

The Organization of the Natives of Stryzow and vicinity.

NATIVES OF STRYZOW THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

By Itzhok Berglass

This article will be very superficial and possibly may contain some inaccuracies because we lacked clear information about our natives who are spread throughout the world. Even in countries where there are large concentrations of our brethren, we did not find anyone to write about people from Strzyzow who settled there. However, this fact does not free us from the obligation of writing an article at the conclusion of this book, after having described the town, its inhabitants, and the Holocaust in which our Kehillah was wiped out, and after which the few remaining survivors spread into many countries.

Only a few survived from those Jews who lived in Strzyzow until the outbreak of the Second World War. The majority remained in town when the Germans took control and, from those, a few young men who were sent to German labor camps, and two young girls on Aryan papers survived. From the few of our townspeople who escaped east to the territory occupied by the Russians and were not exiled, three people survived: One, on Aryan documents after his family was taken away during his absence and were annihilated somewhere. A second man returned to Strzyzow after the Germans occupied Lwow and survived in a German camp, and the third one succeeded to join the Soviet Army. From the army he was transferred to a prison, and later into labor camps, and finally reached Eretz Israel. Of the people who illegally returned to Strzyzow during the short Soviet-German peace period, no one survived. The majority of the refugees from Strzyzow in Soviet Russia were exiled to distant places and to forced labor camps. A part of those could not withstand the hard living conditions, but the majority of these refugees remained alive. Among them there is only one family who remained intact, husband, wife, and two daughters, the only pre-war family from Strzyzow who is living in Israel.

Natives of Strzyzow live all over the world, thanks to the emigration during fifty years that began in the second half of the previous century

REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY
יצחק בערגלאס



THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE FOR THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW IN BRAZIL.
לוח זכרון לזכר קדושי סטריזוב

די געדענק טאפעל צום אנדענקען פון די סטריזובער קדושים



MEMORIAL PLAQUE FOR THE HOLOCAUST MARTYRS AND HEROES WHO FOUGHT FOR ISRAEL.
לוח זכרון לזכר קדושי השואה ולוחמי מלחמת ישראל

די געדענק טאפעל צום אנדענקען פון די קדושי השואה און די קעמפער פון ישראל



THE CONSECRATION OF THE
SYNAGOGUE MACHZIKEI DAT
IN SAO PAULO, BRAZIL,
BUILT BY ITZHOK LEIB
ROSEN FROM STRYZOW.

REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY

until the beginning of the war in 1939. Most of the emigrants who went to the United States and Germany were mainly single young men from poverty-stricken families and from the middle class, who could not find a place in their parents' home or entrepreneurs who looked for enchantment in the big world. Family people emigrated only after their effort to establish a livelihood failed. For longer periods they emigrated to the United States, and for shorter periods to Germany. They went and returned several times. They left the families in town and send home money for support.

Entire families or daughters rarely emigrated. In general until the First World War, emigration was not popular. Long-standing families, respected families, were embarrassed to emigrate and even to be supported from such sources. Despite the fact that money does not smell, it did not seem to have the same value as money earned with sweat at home. Also a dowry of a girl which came from an emigrant did not earn the same respect as the one given by parents who saved it up during many years of hard work and thrift. This situation changed after the First World War, when many Torah-educated young men began to emigrate to Germany. Young men, scholars, enlightened people, and also families who struggled to make a living, especially the people who evacuated from Strzyzow during the Russian occupation, did not return. Reb Leib Eisenberg, a Torah scholar, settled in Vienna. Joseph Wolf, the son-in-law of Menachem Guzik, became rich in his new place. Reb Moshe Itzhok Schimmel, the Hassid who emigrated to Germany became very wealthy. Reb Hersch Pfeffer, an educated man, owned a printing shop in Strzyzow and, after his departure, there was never another printing shop in town. Reb Chaim Laufer, the scholar and intellectual known for his sweet voice, and others.

After the war, there was a turnabout. Emigration increased. It became natural, and people were not ashamed of it anymore. Besides the two emigration places, the United States and Germany, a few also went to Belgium, France, Switzerland, England, and South America. Some also went to upper Silesia, which belonged to Poland. Then emigration began to Eretz Israel--every possible way, legally or illegally. Aliyah and emigration continued until the outbreak of the Second World War.

ISRAEL

At present, there are about one hundred and forty people from Strzyzow in Israel. There are a few families in which both parents came from Strzyzow. However the majority were single people who got married and established families outside Strzyzow. There were no cases of aliyah made by elders or Hassidim, to live out their last years in the Holy Land. There are only a few Jews of the older generation: Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff, who brought his whole family with him. Reb Shimon Leitner who came by himself, bought some property but went back to Strzyzow. Reb Shalom Schwartzman came with his wife, Sarah, nee Schiff, the daughter of the Rabbi from Niebylec, and his grandson Mordechai. They settled in Meah Shearim, Jerusalem. They made aliyah influenced by the spirit of Zionism without even realizing it. Zionists, pioneers, members of Zionist youth

THE REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY

organizations who made aliyah were mostly single and settled in towns. They did not organize into groups or join a Kibbutz. The number of people from Strzyzow in Eretz Israel increased after Hitler's ascendance to power. Then several families who immigrated to Germany came to Eretz Israel. Finally, the majority of the Holocaust survivors, particularly those who returned from Russia and also families who survived in the Western countries, came to Eretz Israel after several years of wandering.

During the Second World War, when the number of people from Strzyzow in Eretz Israel increased, Reb Levi Itzhok, who saved his family by making aliyah and had been previously an activist in the community of Strzyzow, tried to organize all the Strzyzow natives, as other cities did. He did not succeed because those who came from Germany claimed that they were German refugees, since they left Strzyzow a long time ago. After the war, when the first refugees arrived, mainly those who came from Russia, Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff tried again and this time he succeeded to organize the Society of Natives of Strzyzow in Israel. The timing was perfect. The new immigrants arriving one by one found an address where to turn to, get help and guidance. After the establishment of a free loan committee, they were also helped financially. The house of Reb Levi Itzhok, with the help of his wife Ryvka, was open to receive guests from Strzyzow who were in need and he himself exploited his circle of friends to help the immigrants to find living quarters and a job. The nature of Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff was always to befriend people and therefore he organized around him some kind of a committee, mainly of the people who came from Germany, who, despite distancing themselves from their native town, were close to him spiritually, and he succeeded in influencing them to join the society.

The first committee of the society was headed by Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff. He served as president for about ten years, from 1950, until 1959. His assistant and right hand was the secretary, Elazar Nuremberg. The committee members during the years were: Shlomo Asher, Pinchos Aloni (Klotz), Michael Birnbach, Itzhok Berglass, the brothers Joseph and Eliezer Gruber, Menachem Hasenkopf, Shlomo Yahalomi-Diamand, Chaim Kalb, Simcha Langsam, Chana Langerman, Seryl Fishler, Israel Pfeffer, Itzhok Lanner, Tzvi Sternberg, and others.

The committee's main action was to establish the organization which exist until this day, and its activities consisted of organizing annual memorial services, to honor the martyrs of our town, to support needy members, to establish a free loan fund which loaned funds for several years to new immigrants who arrived after the war.

Levi Itzhok led the organization even when the rest of the committee members withdrew one by one, and even after Secretary Elazar Nuremberg passed away. At that time, the only activity of the society was the maintenance of the annual memorial services which was helped by Pinchos Aloni and Eliezer Gruber.

In 1958, Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff, could not continue to be active anymore. At the annual gathering on 25th of Tamuz 1958, a temporary committee was elected, and on the third of Tevet 1959, a general assembly was called during which new leadership was elected. The new committee consisted of: Pinchos Aloni, Itzhok Berglass, Eliezer Gruber, Shabtai

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Hausner, Golda Tishler, Shlomo Yahalomi-Diamand, Chaim Kalb, Simcha Langsam, and Seryl Fishler. At the meeting which took place on the 11th of Tevet 1959, I was elected Chairman and Treasurer, Pinchos Aloni Secretary, and Shlomo Yahalomi was put in charge of caring for the perpetuation of Strzyzow.

At the next assembly, two additional members to the committee were elected: Leah Loos and Joseph Schiff.

This committee is still in existence and is active in the regular activity of the society. We settled the financial problem and arranged a thorough registration of all natives of Strzyzow. The Free Loan Committee ceased to exist by itself, but in time of need we supported the needy. We successfully intervened and prevented the demolition of the shul in Strzyzow, and also initiated the removal of the gravestones from the pavement in the marketplace of Strzyzow. We were helped by the Polish-Israeli Friendship Society during the friendly period. At that time, public opinion was still a factor and our appeal to the Polish Consul, Mr. Antony Bido, and to other public figures was a big help. The main activity of the committee was devoted to the perpetuation of our martyrs, our community in general, so that it should not sink into oblivion after a generation.

Shlomo Yahalomi, who was responsible for the perpetuation, arranged with the help of Tuvia Weiden, the brother of Kalman Weiden from Strzyzow, the installation of a memorial plaque in memory of our martyrs and community in the Holocaust Cellar on Mount Zion in Jerusalem. On the plaque was inscribed the established annual memorial day, the 25th of Tamuz. The annual memorial services takes place on this day. Several times, the services took place near the plaque. In spite of the fact that we are small in numbers, we are still able to arrange memorial services, give expression to sorrow, to demonstrate our spiritual bond with the martyrs on our own. Reb Chaim Kalb, of blessed memory, excelled in this endeavor until his last day. And Reb Shlomo Yahalomi with his capabilities plays an important role in fulfilling his duty.

The pivotal event in the perpetuation activities was the publication of this memorial book in memory of Strzyzow and its vicinity. There were many obstacles. First, we were forced to overcome the apathy and doubt of our own power, even among those capable colleagues, to participate in writing the book and to gather materials. We also needed to obtain a great sum of money in order to publish such a big book, rich in content for such a small Society. (Strzyzow had only three hundred and fifty Jewish families.) Help from abroad was very small. There is no organized Strzyzow Society worthy of consideration anywhere, not even in the United States. The technical preparations, the difficult work of proofreading and editing, was all done during several meetings of the editorial committee, and then the burden fell on two people--the writer of this article and Shlomo Yahalomi, to successfully bring the publishing to the end.

The Strzyzow Society in Israel, is the most organized group, better than in all other countries. The natives of Strzyzow, including the second generation, are involved and even excel in the life of our

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Homeland. Shlomo Yahalomi authored two books on Torah subjects: Pninei Torah and Pninei Avot, which were published in two editions and were very well accepted in religious circles. Teachers in religious schools are often quoting these books in their lectures about Judaism. He also writes articles in Newspapers and magazines. Reb Shlomo Yahalomi is active in the National Religious Party and charitable institutions. He also gives speeches and lectures. Moshe Mussler, who was a Hebrew teacher in Belgium, translated books in Israel from French and flamish to Hebrew. Rabbi Baruch Rabinowitz not only serves as Rabbi of the City of Holon, but also takes part in the spiritual life of Israel, by speaking and lecturing. The writer Ryvka Gurfein, nee Steinmetz, and the Journalist, Zev Schiff, the son of Mordechai, grandson of Reb Levi Itzhok, are famous and received several awards. One can find people from our town in kibbutzim, colonies, working in institutions, in commerce and trade, also academics, from elementary to high school, and higher learning institutions. You will also find people from Strzyzow in the staff of officers in the military and police force.

Footnote of the translator: All the activities listed in the above article took place in the sixties. At present, the Strzyzow Society does not exist anymore due to the passage of the majority of the members to their eternal rest. In fact, in 1988, less than a minyan showed up for the memorial service.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

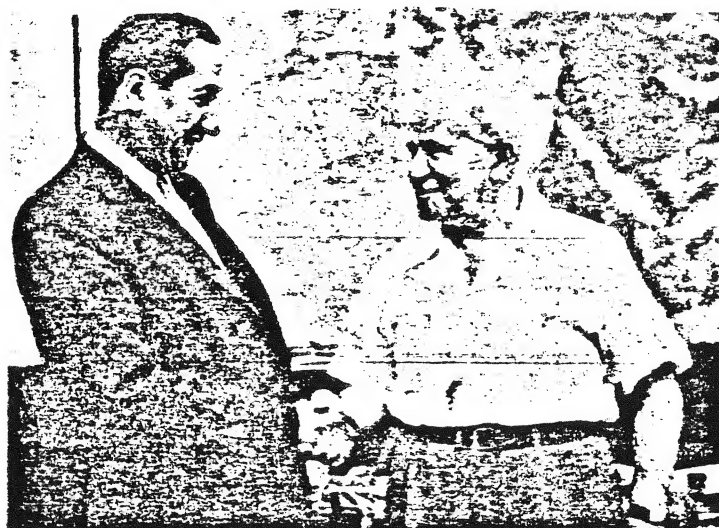
As I remarked in the beginning of this chapter, it would have been desirable that someone who lives in the United States and knows more about the lives of the people from Strzyzow in the United States, would have written about them. Since no one came forward, I am forced to write about them myself. Even though it might not be completely free of errors.

The immigration to the United States began at the end of the nineteenth century, mainly unmarried men with very few young women and even fewer families. The first immigrants soon adapted themselves to the American lifestyle, but did not break off contact with their town of origin, especially not with their relatives who remained in Strzyzow. In time, a Society of Natives of Strzyzow was established which was headed by wealthy people, who succeeded to climb up to the higher ranks, socially and materially. However, the inspirer of the society was the Secretary. The first Secretary who was well-known to us, particularly his vigorous activity for the people of our town, was Samuel Mussler. On behalf of the organization, he extended help to individuals and charitable institutions in our town, in the period between the two world wars. Tremendous was his help to the remnants who survived the Holocaust in Europe, and those who returned from Russia. In the small archive left in his legacy, there were many letters and pleas for help from the people of Strzyzow, many thank-you letters for help extended by him, and receipts for packages sent by him. I also heard that he helped new immigrants, people from Strzyzow who arrived in the United States, after

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THE SECRETARY OF THE STRYZOW SOCIETY IN THE U. S. A.
MR. SAMUEL MUSSLER



ITZHOK (IRVING) LEV MEETING DAVID BEN GURION

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the Holocaust. He also helped the people from Frysztak, the birthplace of his wife. After he passed away, Tzvi Unger, who until then was his assistant, took over and became Chairmaan and Secretary. He was the representative of Strzyzow in the United States, at a time when the community in Strzyzow did not exist anymore. The American society helped very much the society of Israel during the leadership of Reb Levi Itzhok Schiff.

While he was alive, Mr. Mussler had broached the idea about publishing a memorial book for the martyrs of Strzyzow. He collected some funds for this purpose, and Tzvi Unger continued to carry on the idea. However, their approach, financial and organizational, was not practical, and there were no competent people capable of putting the idea into action. Subsequently, the funds collected for publishing the book came into our treasury.

After Tzvi Unger passed away, the Organization in the U. S. A. became even weaker, despite the activity of Jacob Diller, who had also been a committee member before. At that time, after the war, a few survivors from Strzyzow arrived and among them were: Heschel Diamand, the last presiding officer of the Kehillah in Strzyzow, Ben Zion Kalb, the hero who saved Jews, especially children, from the Nazi claws, Rabbi Shlomo Chaim Horowitz, a grandson of Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro from Strzyzow (he passed away not too long ago), and others. People to whom we solicited and who cooperated with financial help and with material and the distribution of this book were: Jacob Diller, (he recently passed away), Heschel Diamand and Reb Shlomo Nuremberg. These are the last members of the Natives of Strzyzow Society in the United States. They made an effort to help us in our work, but did not succeed in reviving the Society of the Natives of Strzyow, like other city organizations, despite the fact that the people from our shtetl would have gladly accepted the renewal of such an orgainization. Not having such an organization, they joined the societies of their spouses who came from other cities in our vicinity. There are individual reasons. Also conditions in the United States are not the same as they are in Israel. There are very few left of the first generation of immigrants. The American lifestyle, and the great distances between the cities, and, even in New York, relatives do not meet too often. All this is a factor in not being able to organize. We found direct contact with many of the people from Strzyzow, and sent them the memorial book.

Of their situation in the past and at present we have very little information. We do not know their economic situation, who succeeded and who not. I am writing here of the activity of two people from Strzyzow who are known to me, one, because he is my cousin.

The first person was Menachem Tzvi Baim, of blessed memory, from Frysztak, the husband of Sarah Dembitzer, the daughter of Reb David from Strzyzow. He was a rich and generous man, open-handed to charity, but his main deed was his rescue work. When the Nazis took the rule of Gemany in their hands, he rescued from there many families who immigrated to Germany from Strzyzow, by arranging entry visas. He turned his house into a transition place, provided jobs and helped them adapt to the new

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land.

The second man was my cousin, Itzhok (Irving) Lev, who carried my grandfather's name, Itzhok Berglass. He became very successful, but he had not forgotten what he learned in his youth, his Zionism, and he energetically distributed many Israel bonds. He brought huge amounts to Israel to develop the land, and he therefore met with all the members of the Israeli government.

This memorial book might perhaps cause an awakening of patriotism of the people from Strzyzow, even among the second generation, who are interested in knowing their parents' origin and this shall be our reward.

CANADA

There are a few people from Strzyzow who live in Canada. I think that the first immigrant to that country was Sheindl Ameis, with her sons, Yacov and Eliezer, and daughters, Esther and Ryvka. She immigrated in the years between the First and Second World Wars. At present, residing in Canada are the above-mentioned family Ameis, the Holocaust survivors Rabbi Israel Frenkel, a son-in-law of Reb Shlomo Diamand from Zyznow, his son Samuel Nachum, and their relatives Hena and Gita Propper, grandchildren of Reb Shlomo Diamand, the grandchildren of Reb Nathaniel Schlisselberg. Also, Israel, the son of Reb Moshe Pinchovski, lives there. The brothers Abraham and Israel Kraut, the sons of Reb Yehuda, and probably Abraham Reicher. Sheindl Ameis passed away recently. We also heard that Dr. Leon Deutch, the grandson of Wolf Deutch lived there, but now, only his widow with her family lives somewhere in Canada. No more information about our brethren in Canada was available to me.

LATIN AMERICA

I have no information about natives of Strzyzow in Latin American countries except Brazil. However, there is hearsay that in Argentina resides a granddaughter of Reb Fishel Felder, her daughter Hena, with her family, and Sheps, the son-in-law of Reb Yacov Greenblatt, who emigrated alone, and his family perished in Strzyzow. In Uruguay lives Rose Gans, the daughter of Reb Michael Leib Last, with her family, and her sister-in-law, Shprintza, the daughter of Reb Mordechai Rosenbaum, the offspring of Reb Hersch Feit from his daughter Sarah, and Meir Kornreich, a grandson of Reb Shlomo Diamand from Zyznow. In Venezuela resides Yacov Adest, his sister Bina, the children of Reb Ephraim Samuel Adest. Menachem Mendel Kanner, a son of Israel, who escaped from the Nazis died in one of these countries.

BRAZIL

There is a group of people from Strzyzow who reside in Brazil. The first who arrived there was Joshua, the son of Reb Moshe Schefler, with his wife Batyah, the daughter of Reb Mordechai Mendel Schefler. He brought over his relatives, his brother Abraham with his wife Ryvka, and

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THE INTERIOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE



THE SYNAGOGUE "MACHZIKEI DAT,"
IN SAO PAULO, BRAZIL



THE CONSECRATION OF THE SYNAGOGUE
"MACHZIKEI DAT" IN SAO PAULO, BRAZIL,
BUILT BY ITZHOK LEIB ROSEN FROM
STRYZOW.

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THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE FOR THE MARTYRS OF STRYZOW,
IN THE SYNAGOGUE IN SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, INSTALLED BY ITZHOK LEIB ROSEN.



THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE FOR THE HOLOCAUST MARTYRS AND HEROES WHO FOUGHT FOR
THE INDEPENDENCE OF ISRAEL, IN THE SYNAGOGUE "MACHZIKEI DAT" IN SAO PAULO.

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later, Abraham Moshe Felder, the son of Reb Fishel Felder, with his wife Sarah, who was the sister of the Schefler brothers, and, after the Nazis came to power, Moshe Felder's sister, Tzipora Mohrer, with her family, immigrated there from Germany. After the Second World War, the survivors of the Holocaust, the brothers Itzhok Leib and Samuel Rosen, and their sister Pearl Strongerovski, immigrated to Brazil. They are all cousins of Moshe Felder. Moshe's father was disappointed with his son because he refused to study Torah. So he taught him a trade as a "punishment." However, being in a strange land, he returned the respect to his father by behaving like a son of a Hassid. He lived in a forsaken little town three hundred miles from Sao Paulo, and he turned his house into a central Jewish home, bought a Torah scroll, and turned one room into a prayer house. He and his wife fulfilled the mitzva of hospitality to strangers, and the lonely Jews from that area came to their home for the High Holidays. About fifty people used to gather in his house. He died young, and his wife Sarah with her sons left Brazil and settled in Kfar Sold, Israel. They did not evacuate the place, even in the dangerous days of the Six Day War.

After the war, Rabbi Baruch J. Rabinowitz settled in Brazil. He is the grandson of Rabbi Moshe Leib Shapiro from Strzyzow. He came to Brazil via Eretz Israel and served as Rabbi in Sao Paulo. While there, the strong opposition by Yechiel Rosen toward Rabbi Moshe Leib's son Shlomo during the rift between Sandz and Sadigora was forgotten, and the grandchildren of Reb Yechiel Rosen befriended the grandson of Rabbi Moshe Leib, as natives of the same city. Later Rabbi Baruch J. Rabinowitz left Brazil and immigrated to Israel at the same time that young Samuel Rosen also immigrated to Israel. Itzhok Leib Rosen, Samuel's older brother, lives in Brazil where he has become very successful and is active in the Jewish community, especially in its religious life. This activity, to which he devotes much time, energy, and financial support, gives spiritual satisfaction to his soul which yearns to make aliyah. Lately, thanks to Itzhok Leib Rosen's effort and large donations, the Synagogue Machzikei Dat was built in "Bam Netira," a section of Sao Paulo. It was previously housed in a rented building. In the synagogue, a plaque in memory of the martyrs of Strzyzow was installed. And so, another monument was added in memory of the holy martyrs of our town in the distant land, Brazil.

Itzhok Borenstein, the Editor of the Yiddish Newspaper, "Der Nayer Moment," after touring the Synagogue Machzikei Dat, wrote in an article, that Sao Paulo became richer with a new shul. The shul is not big but very beautiful. Her name is Machzikei Dat. On Rosh Hashana, the prayers were led with good chanting, and the shofar was blown by Reb Itzhok Leib Rosen, the founder of the shul. Itzhok Leib was also the biggest contributor to this memorial book.

In the thirties, Simon, the son of Wolf Deutch, escaped from Germany via France to Brazil, and there he passed away. Yacov Tzvi Millbauer on whose estate near Strzyzow a big group of Mizrachi chalutzim received their training, also lives in Brazil. There is rumors that Joel, the son of Hersh Leib Fass, resides in Brasil with his family.

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POLAND

Poland is our native land. At present, only three people born in Strzyzow live there, despite the fact that almost all Holocaust survivors returned to Poland immediately after their liberation. Also, those who returned from Russia, except one who arrived in Palestine from Russia via Teheran, passed Poland on their journey to the wide world. In general, they did not stay too long in Poland. The majority liquidated whatever there remained to be liquidated and hurriedly left illegally. Some tried to establish themselves and left a little later, or waited for a more comfortable way to escape into the Displaced Persons Camps in Germany. Only Joseph Weinberg became a communal activist.

As I wrote in the article "The Holocaust and the Aftermath," he was active in helping his brothers in Auschwitz, according to the testimony of eyewitnesses. Joseph Weinberg began his activity before the end of the war, soon after he jumped from a death train which transported the Auschwitz inmates west to places that were not yet liberated.

In February 1945, Weinberg became the head of the Jewish Committee in Upper Silesia, which was reoccupied by the Polish and Soviet Armies. His main task was to protect German Jews and half Jews from mixed marriages who had suffered from the Nazis and, who now, when they came out from hiding, were pursued by the Soviets who considered them to be Germans. He established an old age home and children's home and, in 1945, he illegally transported all the children via Romania to Eretz Israel.

For this activity, which was in opposition to the official policy of the Polish government, he was fired. But it did not stop him from being active. Together with Rabbi Kahane, the Chief Rabbi in the Polish Army, he founded the Union of Religious Communities in Poland and served as its leader until 1946, when he left Poland.

During that period, Joseph Weinberg was also active in discovering and redeeming Jewish children from gentile hands and, beginning at the end of 1945, he shipped them to England and Sweden.

In the action of rescuing children, he was helped by our landsman, Menachem Mendel, the son of Zalman Diamand from Wysoka, near Strzyzow. Menachem Diamand who had arrived earlier and settled in Katowice where he worked and lived before the war, knew the system of the temporary Polish rulers. He also helped individuals who arrived from Russia penniless and were without a roof over their heads. The three people who remained in Poland are: Dr. Chaim Frenkel, a lawyer, Dr. Eisner, the son of Yacov Eisner, and Dr. Abraham, the son of Israel Adler, a grandson of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman.

Dr. Frenkel, whose wife and daughters were taken away while he was at work, left Poland after the war and reached Constanzia, Romania, to make aliyah to Eretz Israel. There he changed his mind, even though in his youth, while he had studied in the university, he was an active Zionist.

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He realized that he was getting on in years, did not speak Hebrew, etc. At the end, he returned to Poland and his adopted Polish name of the Nazi period. At the beginning, he was successful in his law practice, helping the returnees liquidate their properties, and now, if he is still alive, he probably lives a denigrated life like the rest of the remaining Jews in Poland.

GERMANY

Once, Germany was the second destination of emigrants, after the United States. After the rise of Hitler, almost everyone left. A part was expelled to Poland and concentrated in the Zbonszin camp on the Polish border. In that camp Menachem Manes Friedman's wife died.

Later, all the refugees in that camp dispersed throughout Poland, and a few families came back to Strzyzow, their birthplace. A few families came directly from Germany to Strzyzow. They all perished in the Holocaust. The rest of the people who emigrated to Germany came to Eretz Israel, or immigrated to the United States, South America, France, and a few children to England. A few families remained in Germany. There was also a case in which the husband escaped to Palestine, leaving behind his wife and children, having no idea that the Nazis would annihilate innocent people, and surely not women and children. Their names are on the list of martyrs in this book. From those who remained in Germany, only one person survived, Yechezkiel, the son of Nathaniel Schlisselberg. He went through Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Scheinbeck, Oranienburg, and others. His son was sent before the war to England with a group of Jewish children. His wife, Chana nee Rubin, and daughter Freda perished in the camps.

After the war, people from Strzyzow appeared again in Germany. These were survivors from the camps, those who came out from hiding, and those who came back from Russia. The way to the free world was through the German Displaced Persons Camps. The camps were administered by our own people. Many Jewish parties became active again. Especially outstanding was Shlomo Diamand, who became a member of the Central Committee of the Mizrachi and Hapoel Hamizrachi. Munich became the central place for all displaced persons and for all active Zionist parties. Munich was also the capital of the American Occupational Forces. Shlomo Diamand was also a member of the editorial staff of the party gazette, "The Yiddishe Shtimme." Unlike in Poland, none of the people from Strzyzow remained in Germany.

I am informed that at present, two or maybe three families whose origin is from Strzyzow, reside in Germany. One is Dr. Elchanan Lehrman, the Chief Rabbi of West Berlin, and Professor of Roman philology and its Jewish influence in Wurzburg. He is a grandson of Reb Moshe Krantzler and, in his childhood, he was raised in his grandfather's house. He succeeded in developing his talents after immigrating with his parents to Germany. After completing his many studies, mainly Jewish knowledge, he lectured in the universities of Lucerne and Bar Ilan. He also served as Chief Rabbi of Luxembourg and was made an honorary citizen by the Duchess. Thanks to his many books and articles about Judaism which were well-received

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by the critics, he reached his present position. His wife is a writer and polyglot who manages the Language Department in the European Parliament which is located in Luxembourg-Strasbourg. A second man from Strzyzow is Yekutiel Zalman (Sali) Feit, the son of Samuel Feit, a scholar who was the son-in-law of Yechiel Rosen. About the third man I have no clear information. I only heard that he lives in Dortmund alone and discreet about his Jewishness. His name is Mendel-Max Laufer, the son of Reb Chaim Laufer from Strzyzow.

ENGLAND

Few people from Strzyzow live in England. Moshe Yacov, the son of Michael Leib Last, and his brother Abraham live there with their families. Hada, the daughter of Leib Eisenberg, and Bat Sheva Weichselbaum, the daughter of Alter Yacov, also live there. They settled there before the war. Some say that Joel, the son of Yacov Greenblatt, escaped from Germany to the United States and afterwards immigrated to England, where he lives with his family.

BELGIUM

A few families from Strzyzow lived in that country until the Second World War. Moshe Mussler worked as a Hebrew teacher in the Tachkemoni School. Later he brought over his brother Joel, and his sisters, Sarah and Leah. They got married and lived there until the Holocaust. In addition to the Mussler family, David Goldberg with his family and a relative, Shlomo Turteltaub, also lived in Belgium. Further more, the son of Joseph Hersh, Joel Rosen; Yacov Itzhok Weber, a son of one of the Rabbis from Brzozow, who married the granddaughter of Pearl Gertner from Strzyzow. One of anomalies in Galicia from the days of the rift between the Hassidim of Sandz and the Hassidim of Ryzhin-Sadigora was that such a little town like Brzozow had two Rabbis, one general Rabbi and the second especially for the Sadigora Hassidim. Joel Mussler and his sisters, Joel Rosen with his wife, and Yacov Weber with his family all perished in the Holocaust. However, David Goldberg and his son, Joseph, died of natural causes.

At present in Belgium reside the rest of the Goldberg family, Chaim Last, Leib, the son of Pinchos Adler, a great grandson of the Assistant Rabbi Alter Ezra Seidman. Some say that Shlomo Turteltaub, who escaped to the United States, returned to Belgium. How they are doing there, I don't know. Also, it is unknown to me if other people from Strzyzow live there.

FRANCE

To France, only a few single people immigrated. In 1930, Kalman Yacov Schiff arrived there when he returned from his unsuccessful voyage to Brazil, and brought over his entire family. Later, his brother, Berish and Mordechai, followed him. Then a few immigrated directly from Strzyzow

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and also some people from Strzyzow who had lived in Germany came to France after Hitler's ascendance to power. Finally, a few survivors of the Holocaust and refugees who came back from Russia settled there. Just before the Second World War and even during the war, many of our brothers came to Eretz Israel. Of those who remained, a few perished in the Holocaust and some survived in France and Switzerland. During the Vichy rule in France, my teacher Moshe Nuremberg passed away and lately Eisik Mintz. Nathan Hasenkopf, the son of Reb Chaim Hasenkopf, the grandfather of the translator of this book, survived the Holocaust with his family by being hidden by a farmer in a rural village. Nathan Hasenkopf passed away recently but his wife and his daughter Nicole live in Dijon, France. His son, Maurice, with his wife live in Israel. At present, residing in France are: Madeline Bren, nee Mintz, Joseph Groskopf, his wife Leah nee Brauner (she recently came to Israel). Joseph Weinberg, Shlomo Wilner from Lutcza near Strzyzow, his brother-in-law Hirschfeld, Yechezkiel Wiener, Reisl nee Landesman, Yechezkiel Nuremberg, with his sister, Menachem Mendel Kandel-Nuremberg with his sister, Esther Schneider, Eliyahu Yehuda Kanner, Pinchos Schimmel, Berish Schiff, and the children of Kalman Yacov Schiff. The people from Strzyzow in France are not organized, but they keep close, closer than in the United States, because the country is smaller and the majority live in Paris. Menachem Kandel-Nuremberg helped us to distribute this memorial book. I have no information about their social or material status. They seem to be average people. Outstanding among them is Joseph Weinberg, who succeeded in business and is participating in Jewish communal life and Zionist activity. At the beginning, when he arrived in Paris after the war, he was General Secretary of the Zionists, and Editor of its newspaper. Since 1965, he has also served as General Secretary of the German concentration camp inmates. He has published books in Yiddish and French on subjects of the holocaust.

SWITZERLAND

There are only three families of Strzyzow origin who reside in Switzerland. Mrs. Hena Riger-Lichtig from the Weichselbaum family, and her daughter, Rosa, and family. Despite her old age, Hena Riger is very active in charitable institutions and she also supports Yeshivot and charitable institutions in Israel. During the Second World War, Helen Hindler, the daughter of Yacov Langsam from Strzyzow, the translator's sister, found refuge in Switzerland with her husband after escaping from Vienna. After the war, they immigrated to the United States, and settled in Los Angeles. Also residing in Switzerland is Moshe Yacov, the son of Reb Yeshayahu Mandel, who at one time divided his residence between Italy and Switzerland. He visits his relatives in Israel annually and he enjoys the Israeli atmosphere which he lacks in his strange land.

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ITALY

There were some people from Strzyzow, survivors and returnees from Russia who stopped temporarily in Italy on their way to the Holy Land, but none of them settled there. Most of the people made aliyah, and the rest immigrated to the United States. At present, only one man from Strzyzow lives there, Dr. Menachem Goldberg, the son of Fishel. He studied medicine in Italy when the war broke out. He became a member of the Italian Anti-Nazi underground and survived the Holocaust. Goldberg came to Israel but went back to the country where he lived for so many years.

AUSTRIA

Almost nowhere in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire did people from Strzyzow reside except in Galicia and Vienna. One cousin of mine lived in Hungary, in the town of Munkatch. Chaim Kalb remained after the First World War in the city of Teplice, Czechoslovakia, where he was very prosperous. However, after the ascendance of Hitler, he came to the Holy Land and, two years ago, he passed away. Leml, the son of Getzel Landesman, settled in Vienna before the First World War. Eta Hacker, the granddaughter of Shlomo Diamand from Zyznow, and Gitel Tuchman, the daughter of Mendel Guzik, also lived in Vienna. All the evacuees from Strzyzow who came to Vienna returned home after the war. Rabbi Nechemiah Shapiro remained for some years in Vienna, but returned to Strzyzow in the early thirties. Reb Leib Eisenberg, Joseph Wolf, and later Yacov Diller, came to Vienna after the First World War. Also Moshe Brauner, went to Vienna and worked for Yacov Diller.

Yacov Diller escaped to the United States. Moshe Brauner's family perished. Only he himself survived. He came to Israel and later left for the United States where he worked again for Yacov Diller. However he passed away a short time later. Eta Hacker also escaped to the United States where she died, and her body was buried in Israel. The whereabouts of Leib Eisenberg is unknown. At this time the following people live in Vienna with their families. Naphtali Eisenberg, Fishel Adler, and his wife who are the grandchildren of the Assistant Rabbi from Strzyzow, and the above-mentioned Gitel Tuchman.

This brings us to the end of the memorial book of the Strzyzow Kehillah.

One of the goals that we strived to achieve was the perpetuation of the memory of the martyrs of our Kehillah. We are confident that this book will also be a family heirloom in every family which originated in Strzyzow, and future generations will read it and will be impressed reading about their ancestors, about the honest, faultless, gentle-spirited Jews who lived among gentiles and lost their lives in martyrdom. The reader will feel close to them and will also hand down this book to the next generation. And, when a book about the Polish Jewry will be written, we will have made a sizeable contribution and, thanks to our book, our Jewish shtetl, whose memory is so dear to us, will not be forgotten.

TO THE CONCLUSION OF THIS BOOK

By Shlomo Yahalomi

Upon the completion of this memorial book of Strzyzow, what can I say? Had we merited to have Strzyzow and all other holy European communities remain intact, and we would have written a book about life in those communities, we would have been required to say the blessing "Shechianu" at the completion of the book. However, to our great sorrow, when the reason for writing this book is the destruction and disappearance of our shtetl and the other holy communities, we were forbidden to say the blessing. But just as we are required to praise the lord for the good, so are we required to praise Him for the bad, regardless of the great pain and sorrow in our hearts. Let us be thankful to G-d that we did survive writing the history of our town and its children.

It would be a violation of the truth if we would have claimed that we wrote everything that should have been written about our shtetl. However, G-d is our witness that we did everything possible not to abuse anyone, not the community, and no individual. I hope that we fulfilled our obligation. If we failed, it was not our fault. It could be because we were not capable or because we did not have enough books and documents from the previous generations. We took it upon ourselves to do it because there was no one else to do it.

Although the purpose of writing this book was to describe the past of our shtetl and the perpetuation of her untainted martyrs, we also found it necessary to write about the present, about the survivors who live in Israel and other countries. For this benevolence we are surely obligated to thank the Creator, that he left a remnant of our shtetl. Those who survived the Holocaust are duty-bound and obligated to remember those who perished. The images of our ancestors should remain before our eyes, and we should follow their brightness all of our lives, and act and perform good deeds as they did, so that our ancestors would not be ashamed of their grandchildren.

It is true that it is hard to reach their stature. Our sages said that if our forebearers were angels, we should be human. But, in any case, we are not allowed to distance ourselves too far from the ways of our parents. A person should always ask himself, "When will my deeds be equal to my parents' deeds?" Commented Rabbi Yacov from Sadigora that it means, "When will my deed reach the quality of my parents' deeds, and not distance ourselves from them." It is clear that we survived not so that we should, Heaven forbid, distance ourselves from our parents, but to continue the chain of previous generations; to secure the continuity of a nation which lives by the principles of justice and progress--true justice and progress, not spoken idly, but the justice of our Prophets teachers of all generations.

And if the subject is the future, we should realize that as a result of the Holocaust and the great destruction that befell our People, the center of our existence moved to our Holy Land, the State of Israel, the

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source of our pride and hope. If truth be told, thanks to our yearnings of thousands of years, expressed in our prayers three times daily, "May our eyes behold thy return in mercy to Zion," we preserved in our hearts and beings, the love, longings and attachment to Zion. We created the Zionist Movement, the political and the practical return to Zion, the rebuilding of a big part of our historical Eretz Israel. It is also true that the biggest reason for the declaration and the recognition by all nations of the State of Israel was the great destruction and annihilation of our people by the murderous Nazi hands. Even the wicked amongst the world leaders were not able to ignore the mass destruction that befell the Jewish people in Europe, the savagery of it, and, therefore, were forced to agree to compensate the victims by voting for the establishment of the State of Israel.

True, the hand of Providence was involved. But it was done with miracles wrapped in natural appearance. The "Great Hand" of the Master of the Universe made it happen, for the merits of the martyrs and the sacrifices of the fathers and children. By rebuilding the land and fighting for its independence, we lived to see the establishment of Israel which is the beginning of the complete Messianic Redemption.

Since the destruction of the Holy Temple, two tremendous events in Jewish history occurred in our times; the holocaust and the Salvation. As much as the destruction was in colossal proportions beyond anyone's imagination, so was the miraculous salvation beyond our expectation. The fact that the resolution of the United Nations to divide Palestine was passed by two thirds of its members, and was accepted by the majority of the Zionist leaders seemed entirely impossible to achieve. If the Arabs would have also agreed to this plan we wouldn't have been able to live and exist in our land. (The area being so small.) They would have sabotaged us on every step. Our conquest of the Arabs in the wars and the many wonders and miracles, all exceeded our expectations and hopes. The Blessed Name has performed miracles and kindnesses for us at every step. The refusal by the Arabs to divide the country, their subsequent defeat, the hundreds of thousands fleeing in panic from the land, is surely a cause of praise to emanate from our mouths: "Were our mouths filled with song as the sea, and our tongue with ringing praise as the roaring waves... we would still be unable to thank thee Lord our G-d."

All that was written above could actually have been the finale of our book if....If this book would have been written before the Six Day War. But something else happened. Great, wonderful, fearful occurrences took place. Great in their proportions, both qualitative and quantitative, greater even than the ones that we have already told here. It is fitting here to tell what Rashi told his grandson, the Rashbam. He confessed that if he would have had time, he would have written a brand new commentary on the Bible considering the things that happen daily. The kindness of G-d that surrounds us and the signs of Messianic Salvation which continue to appear before our eyes, demand from us to change from time to time the content of our writings because they become outdated. (For instance, the end of the article written by Ami Feingold, in this book: "They were buried on Mount Olives and no one visits their graves

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because it is located on the other side of the border." Now Mount Olives is liberated. More so, whatever happened in the Six Day War, overshadows everything that happened in the War of Independence. The early miracles are pale when compared to the later miracles. The windows in Heaven opened widely, and we saw the revelation of Godliness in the holy war. Our generation will tell the next generation, not only about the wonders and the miracles, but also about the heroism and sacrifice, for which there is no comparison in the entire world. The greatest wonder is, according to the testimony of the Chief of the victory, Itzhok Rabin, that the crown of victory belongs mainly to simple soldiers, many of whom, in their daily lives, seem to be modest young men. In the Six Day War, they became lions and even stronger. And those who in peacetime were men of questionable character, suddenly turned into idealists and gave their souls for the people and homeland.

Should we not repeat the words of the Baal Shem Tov: "Happy are the people who know the joyful sound." How good it is for a people that the ordinary soldier knows how to lead a war, not only the general!...That was what happened in the war for our independence. "Who bore these to us?" How did this happen? That children of persecuted and tormented Jews, pursued for thousands of years, who were a synonym of cowardice—how did these children become heroes and destroy so many better-armed armies? Of course, everyone has an "explanation." It was natural. But, a very important reason has to be added. And maybe this was the core. G-d the Almighty helped us. It was true that our children and brothers fought heroically. Everyone at his post with such incomparable devotion. However, the most powerful drive was the Holocaust. The Tragedy. And because of the Holocaust, our children fought the way they fought, and because of the Holocaust, the Almighty helped us.

Let us have a clear understanding about what we said before: The great misfortune that happened in our generation—the vision of the annihilation of six million Jews in such a gruesome way—stood before the eyes of our soldiers, the heroes. Everyone saw before him the six million martyrs. They also saw what other nations, the bad and the "good" ones, did for us. Steadfast was their determination" It will never happen again! No more Auschwitz! Not in our generation nor in future generations. No! We will not be led like sheep to the slaughter anymore; Jewish blood will not be cheap anymore. A high price will have to be paid for it. The free killing of Jews has ended. We will fight the enemy, and even if, Heaven forbid, a Jew will die, it will be expensive. That was the decision. No more abandonment. This has brought forth the heroic deeds of our soldiers—to achieve the astounding and absolute victory.

This was one aspect of the victory. The second aspect was that the Almighty, too has decided that no more will his children be abandoned to savage beasts!...Even though we strive to understand and to explain, the painful question which torments our brains, why? Why did G-d do it? Why did G-d allow the slaughter of his people? And there is no answer that could make it clear to us. One thing is clear to us, though, which nobody can deny. G-d gave us the victory in the war against the Arabs as partial compensation for the destruction of the house of Israel during Hitler's rule.

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It is also true that for the merits of the Holocaust and for the holy devotion of our children, we merited such a tremendous victory. Miracle and nature walked hand in hand and brought us the salvation. And I also want to point out that the biggest miracle was that we did not rely on miracles.

At the conclusion of this book, we would like to declare that G-d's kindness has not yet ended. It is not the end of the salvation and consolations that G-d has in store for us. Only the blind and the deaf are not able to see or hear that the voice of G-d is power, the voice of G-d is splendor. His strong hand will lead us to the complete redemption. It is worthwhile to recollect the story which is told about Rabbi Levi Itzhok from Berditchev, of blessed memory. Every year after reciting the Lamentations on Tisha B'Av, he threw away the lamentation book, to be buried in the cemetery among the unusable letters. He said: "Heaven forbid that we should need them next year." It would mean that we do not believe in the coming of the Messiah soon." The writer of these lines would like to say the same thing. Until we will have this book bound and distributed to the people of Strzyzow--the Holy Messiah will arrive, and we will merit the complete redemption in our days. Amen.

Tel Aviv, the month of Nisan, the month of Redemption, 1968.

UPDATE ON STRYZOW

This letter was sent to me, the translator of this book, by my childhood colleague, Mr. Ephraim Shpalter, the grandson of the Assistant Rabbi of Strzyzow.

Mr. Shpalter lives in Israel. He received this letter in April 1987, from Mr. Adam Kluska, in Strzyzow, in response to a letter that was written by Mr. Shpalter to the city authorities in Strzyzow.

From:
Adam Kluska
Strzyzow 38-100
29 Tolnove Street

Revered Mr. Ephraim Shpalter, Israel.

Your letter addressed to the City Hall in Strzyzow was brought to my attention, since I am the Mayor of the City and also the Secretary of the Fraternity of the City of Strzyzow.

I was glad to be able to fulfill if only partially the request from a past resident of Strzyzow. Enclosed you will find copies of photographs from 1930: A picture of the second grade elementary school, the school that you attended, and a group picture from 1928 of the Jewish Community Leaders in Strzyzow with the Rabbi, and a landmark view with the shul in it. I will also give some information concerning the Jewry of our city.

I hope these pictures will serve as a modest souvenir to you since, as I understand it, you have none.

The information about the Jewry in Strzyzow is as follows. The shuls in Strzyzow, Czudec, and Niebylec (Czudec and Niebylec were nearby communities), have remained intact as a perpetuation of Jewish culture, despite the storms of the war. We remodeled them and made some interior changes, and they serve now as libraries. In the shul of Niebylec, the whole interior was remodeled and it looks very nice. The shul in Strzyzow was also remodeled and the painting of the "Leviathan" on the ceiling above the bimah was completely restored. It is now serving as a rich library with which we pride ourselves. However, the shul in Frysztak was destroyed by the Germans at the beginning of the occupation. At that time, the Germans tormented the Jews in different ways. They beat them, killed them for the smallest infraction, shot at them, robbed everything they owned, and restricted their movements. The Germans forced the Jews to do hard physical labor, and the Jews were required to wear the star of David on their clothes. If not, they were threatened with death.

In the winter of 1942, the occupation authorities in Rzeszow demanded that the Jews hand over all furs and warm clothing which they needed for their soldiers on the Eastern Front. That is how the Jews became abandoned and unprotected by any law. Their destiny was in the German hands.

UPDATE ON STRYZOW

In the days of June 24, 25, and 26, 1942, the Germans expelled 1,355 Jews to the ghetto of Rzeszow, and from there they were transferred to the annihilation camp in Belzec. At the same time, the Jews from the nearby towns Czudec and Niebylec were also expelled.

In the summer of 1942, the Jews from Frysztak and Wisznowa were brought to the forest near Jaslo, and killed by the Nazis. A monument in their memory was erected in that place.

Poles hiding a Jew were threatened with a death sentence. In spite of that fact, thanks to the help from a few Polish families, a few Jewish individuals were rescued and left Strzyzow after the war.

The Investigating Commission of War Crimes and collaboration with the Germans took testimony from witnesses about the dreadful deeds of these criminals but the results of the investigation and the destiny of the criminals are unknown.

The dreadful and brutal actions of those individuals linger in our memories to this day, and we cannot reconcile with the thoughts that such people will not be apprehended and punished.

In 1967, a Fraternity Society and a museum was established in Strzyzow. The memorabilia which we gathered is still in storage until the building to house the museum will be completed. It will take a few more years. The location of the museum will be in the center of the town. In this museum there is also a small Jewish section which contains several pictures and holy books. In reality, there is not much left. A few Jewish gravestones remained in the last Jewish cemetery on mount Zarnowo, where there is now a settlement in existence. There is a park with a monument and nearby is a pile of remnants of gravestones that were used by the Germans to pave the marketplace and were removed after the war. But the cemetery is not enclosed. Lately, some Rabbi from New York and the Editor of the "Folks Shtimme" in Warsaw who is also the presiding officer of the Jews in Poland, have shown interest in the cemetery. And so, I am concluding my short information. I would like to point out that I am very happy to be able to help out by sharing the details which are known to me about the Jews of Strzyzow. Please confirm the receipt of this letter and the pictures. I wish you health and the best.

With reverence,
Adam Kluska

===== A MEMORIAL TO CHUDNOV, IN THE DISTRICT OF ZITOMIR, U. S. S. R. =====

By Harry Langsam

At the conclusion of translating this memorial book of the martyrs of Strzyzow I had an inner feeling that something is not complete.

In my wanderings during the Holocaust years throughout the wastelands of Russia, I was fortunate enough to meet my lifelong companion and together we succeeded in raising a traditional Jewish family, despite the Nazi savages who planned to solve the "Jewish Problem" forever.

My wife Anna Langsam, nee Muravina is of Russian Jewish parentage. Her parents were mercilessly murdered by the Nazis, with the help of Ukrainian collaborators, and I was never fortunate enough to meet them. The claws of the Nazi hordes reached the Jews who lived in all the shtetls of the Ukraine. Therefore, it is incumbent upon me to commemorate the martyrs of the towns in general and, particularly the shtetl of Chudnov, the birthplace of my wife.

Soon after the Nazis occupied Chudnov, at the end of July, 1942, they ordered all the older Jewish people to report to the Firemen's Club, and to bring all their belongings and valuables with them. They were kept there for three days without food and water. On the third day they took the victims to a grove outside of the town where fresh dug graves awaited them. At that day the Nazis killed all the older population of the town including the parents of my wife. The young people who remained in town were used for hard labor until September the 22nd, which was Yom Kippur, and on that day the Nazis killed the rest of the Chudnov Jewish population. Small children and babies were thrown in a well alive. Among the victims who were killed on that day was my wife's sister with her family. G-d! Avenge their innocent blood.

In the following lines I will commemorate the few victims whose names are known to me: My father-in-law, Zelig Muravin, the son of Leib, who is remembered by his daughter as a devoted Jew who donned his talit and tefilin daily as late as the early thirties, when religious practice was already forbidden.

My mother-in-law, Fruma, a hard-working woman and a devoted mother to her children.

Their oldest daughter, Esther, her husband Joseph, and their children, Itzhok, Sonia, and Chaim.

Their second daughter Sheindl, a teacher, with her husband and child.

My wife's aunt Eidl, her daughter Sheindl, her son-in-law Aaron Roitman, and grandson Wolf, who was an officer in the Soviet Navy, and fell in battle against the enemy.

Last but not least, my brother-in-law, Joel Muravin, who heroically gave his life fighting the fascist enemy. At the outbreak of the Soviet-German War in 1941, he was badly wounded. After being released from the hospital, he joined his two sisters, my wife and her older sister, Rachel (Raya), who by that time were forced to evacuate from their home in Kiev to the Caucasian Mountains. Being a semi-invalid, Joel could easily have

THE JEWS OF CHUDNOV

remained with his sisters and continued with them on their journey to Siberia, their final destination. However, he insisted on reenlisting in the Red Army "To take revenge for the murder of his parents. As a Jew that is where he belongs." This inspite of the painful anti-Semitic encounter that occurred on the front line, when he was injured in battle. While he was lying on the field, losing blood, a group of Red Army soldiers were resting nearby. One soldier told his comrades that he sees a wounded soldier nearby. Another soldier responded, "Leave him alone, he is a Jew." This was within earshot of the wounded Joel Muravin, my brother-in-law.

Luckily he was picked up by someone else and not left to die.

In conclusion, I would like to remember my second brother-in-law, Moshe Portnoi, who died in the prime of his life, after going through the travails of the horrible war. His heart finally gave up. He came home with several awards and medals for heroism on the battle field.

"May G-d remember the souls of the saintly martyrs who gave their lives for the loyalty to their nation." (From the Yizkor prayer.)

The above information about how the Jews from Chudnov were killed, was obtained from a witness, a Jewish woman who survived the massacre. Mrs. Bludaya, the only woman survivor was not hit by a bullet, she just fell into the ditch and remained there until dark. She was later hidden by a gentile woman until the liberation.



THE TITLE PAGE OF THE BOOK SOVA SMACHOT AUTHORED BY RABBI MENACHEM MENDEL, WHO SERVED AS RABBI IN STRYZOW BEFORE HE LEFT FOR TARNOV.

כפר בנוית ברמה

פירוש על מסכת אבות

אשר חברים אני **שכחאל** סק' לביה בלוי גלאנטי אב"ד דק"ק סטריזוב ומל"פ דק"ק כערהטוב פירכני
בחסד שלם המנות מוסר"ר **בירדכי** בנ"ל ולס"ס והא בנני להלפיות על קוסב למתי חידקה חגול
לרצה מסודרת מוסר בפרוסים למבקשים דבר ה' מעורר לבות בל אדם לאסבה כסב וליראה הרמאות ויבא
הל בית ישראל אחרי ה' וחשב באיחן קנה ישראל ויהנגו ברוב שלום במשכנות מבטחים
בשוב ה' שנתעמו בנ"א :

דבוב

יחסי פה ק"ח

החל מחללה אדונינו בלדיר בקיסר רומניא : אונגריין פיהם גליאן של לאמיריאן קיינזליה פלאבגליש
מייכמסט פראנץ סטנייל"ס :

פירוקס מיט לענאר

ברפים של האשה בנזירה **הרבנית** מרת **יהורית** אנה ברב טאן אגול במפורסם בדורו מאהיר
לבי היה אב"ד דק"ק לבוב יע"א :

לבי

חקטיא

סניח

TITLE PAGE OF THE BOOK BUYOT BERAMA, AUTHORED BY RABBI SAMUEL HALEVI GALANTI. IT WAS PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1901.

PICTURES FROM STRYZOW

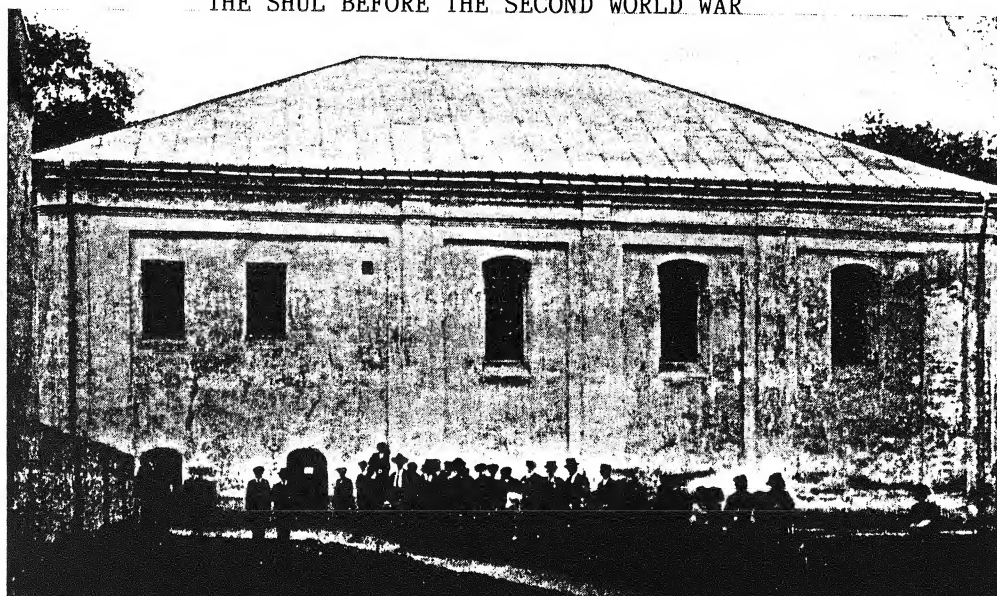


THE TITLE PAGE OF THE BOOK TOLDOT NOAH WHICH WAS MENTIONED BY REB SHLOMO YAHALOMI, IN THE ARTICLE ABOUT THE ASSISTANT RABBIS IN STRYZOW.



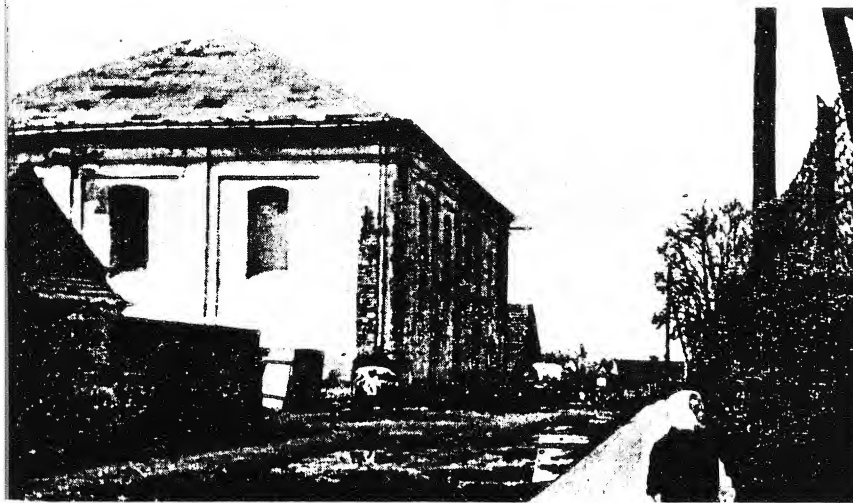
THE TITLE PAGE OF THE BOOK OLAM ECHAD AUTHORED BY RABBI ELIEZER FISHEL.

בית הכנסת — די שול
THE SHUL BEFORE THE SECOND WORLD WAR



THE SHUL AFTER THE HOLOCAUST

בנין בית הכנסת — החזית
דער טראנס פון דעם שול בנין.



בנין בית הכנסת — הכותל המזרחי-צפוני — די מזרח-צפון וואנט פון שול בנין

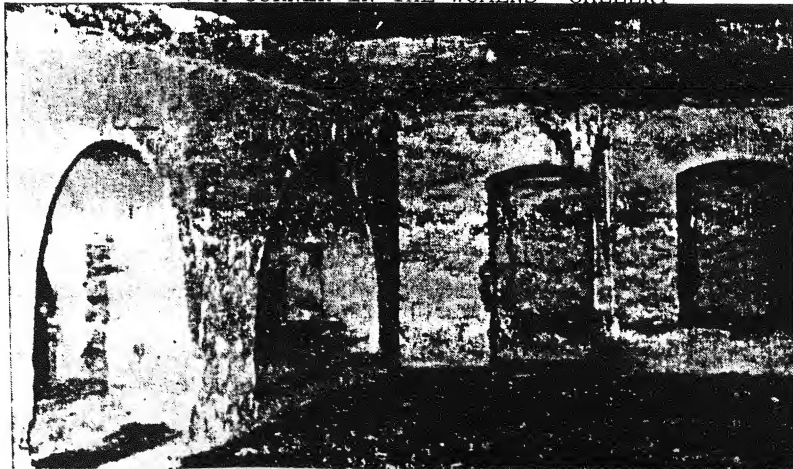
THE NORTH SIDE AND THE WEST SIDE
OF THE SHUL

STAIRS LEADING TO THE
WOMENS' GALLERY

המדרגות לעזרת נשים
די טרעפער צו דער דער ווייבער שול

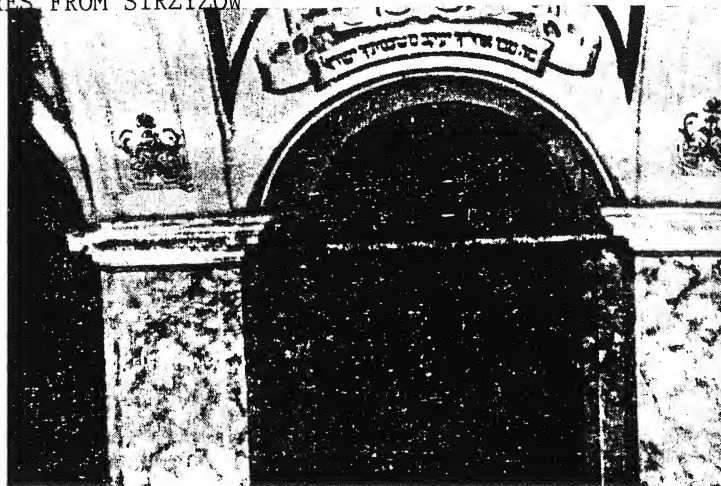


פינה בעזרת נשים א ווינקל אין דער ווייבער שול
A CORNER IN THE WOMENS' GALLERY



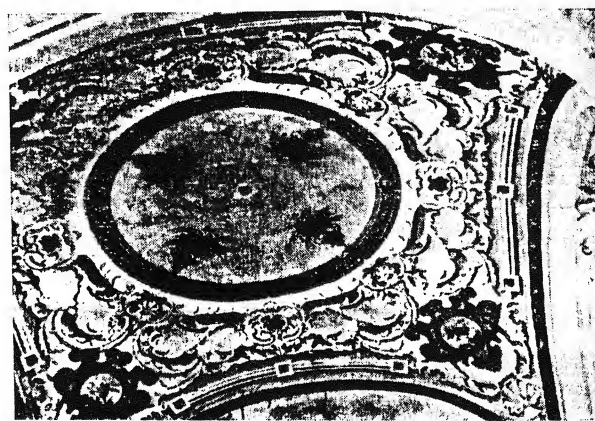


הכניסה מהפלזש לסנים — דער איינגאנג פון פלוז
ENTRANCE TO THE FOYER



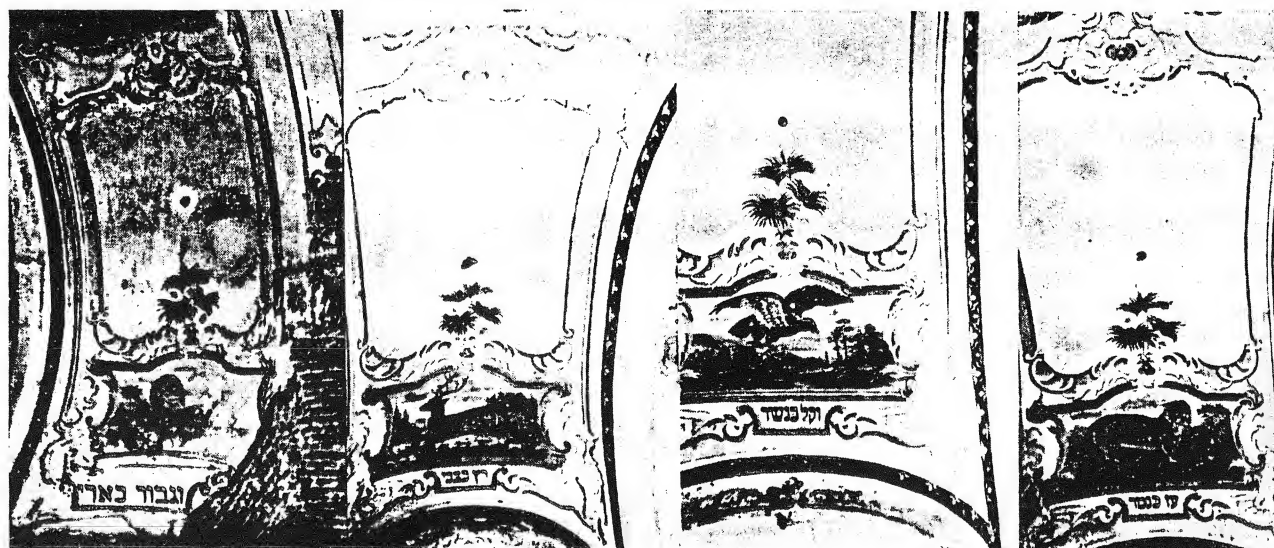
הכניסה — בעומק ארון הקודש — קעגן דעם איינגאנג — טיף דער ארון קודש
ENTRANCE INTO THE MAIN SANCTUARY FACING
THE ARK.

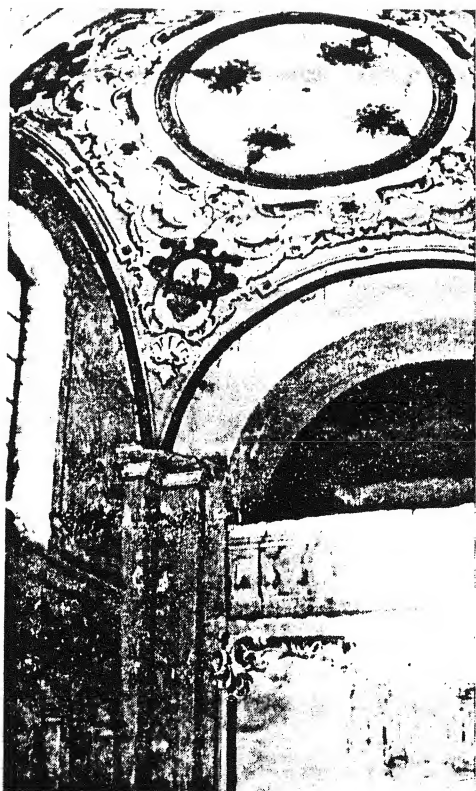
ציור על תיקרה — אַ בילד אויף אַ באלטן



PAINTINGS ON THE VAULTED CEILING.
COMPOSITION OF PICTURES ON THE VAULTED CEILING,
BASED ON EXCERPTS FROM THE ETHICS OF OUR FATHERS.
מכלול ציורי התיקרה לפי פרקי אבות ה—כ"ד.

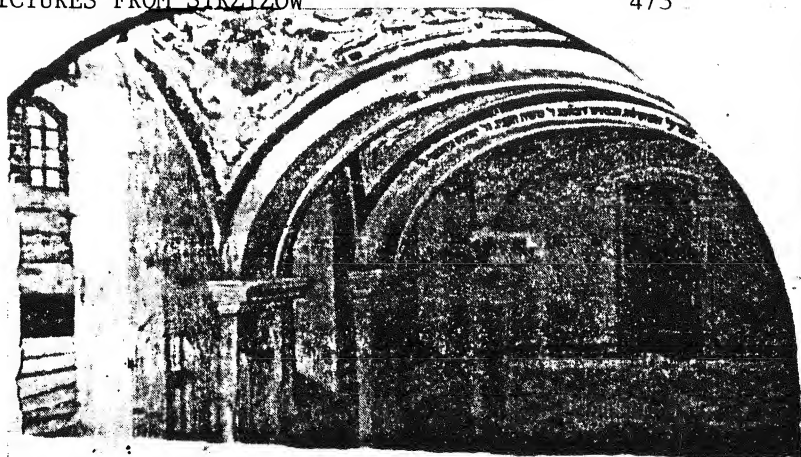
אקאמפאזיציע פון בילדער אויף דעם באלטן לויט פרקי אבות ה—כ"ד





חלק פנים — א טייל אינווייניג

THE INTERIOR



חלק פנים — א טייל אינווייניג

THE INTERIOR

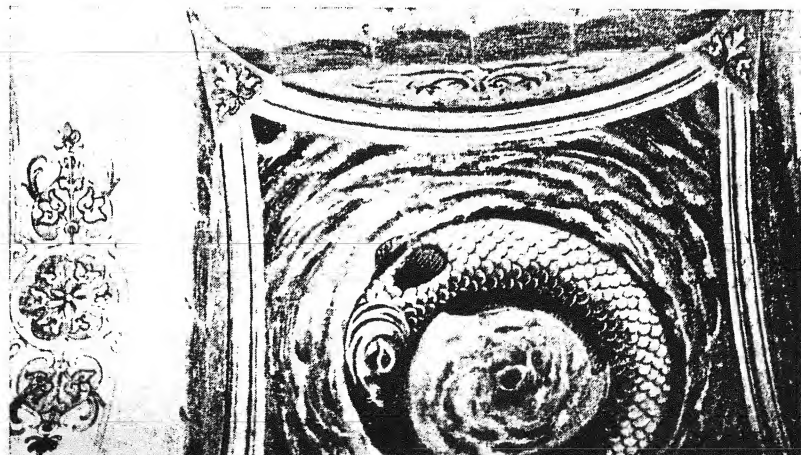
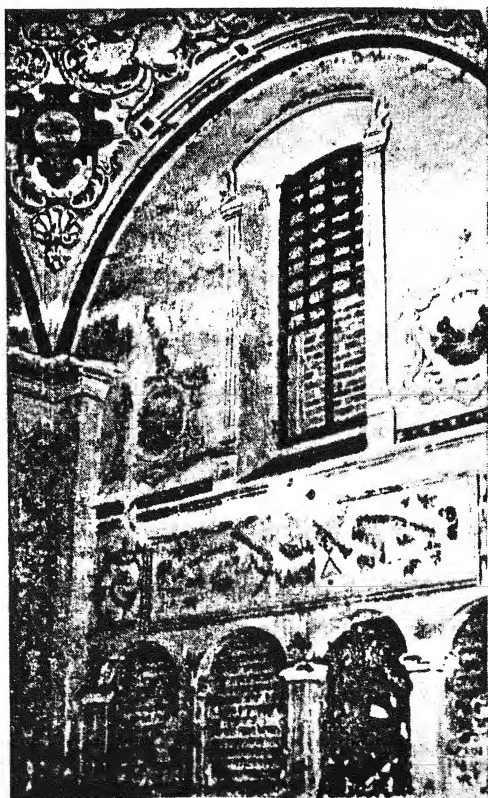


חלק פנים — א טייל אינווייניג

THE INTERIOR

THE LEVIATHAN PAINTING ON THE
VAULTED CEILING ABOVE THE BIMAH.

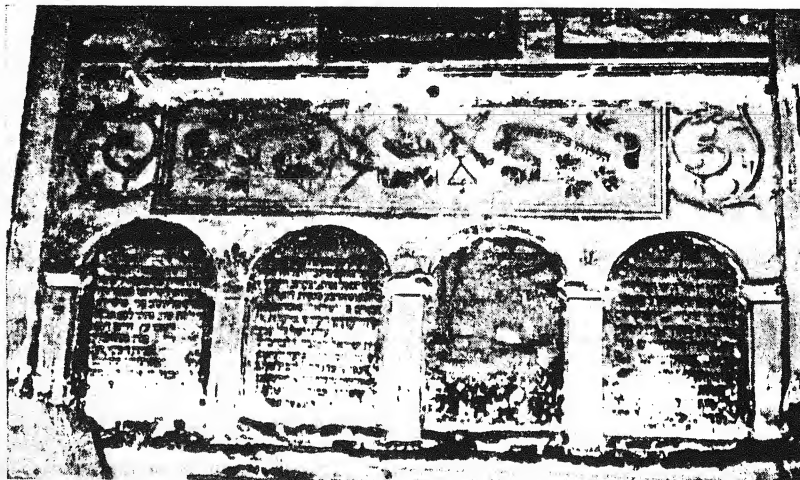
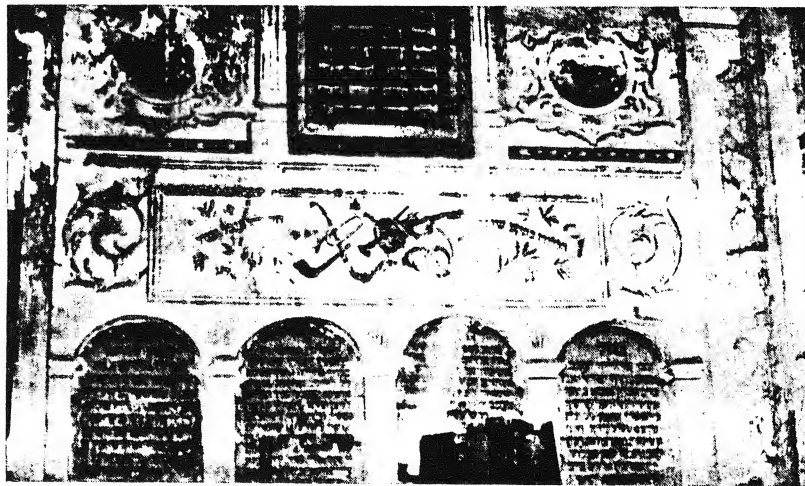
ציור דג (הלויתן) בתיקרת הבימה — א טיש (דער לויטן) אויפן באלטן פון באלעמער



PICTURE FROM STRYZOW



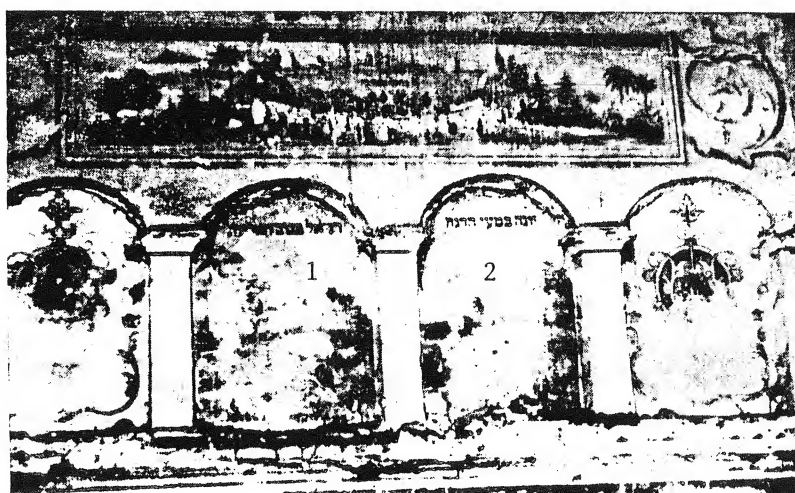
VARIOUS ART WORK ON THE WALLS OF THE INTERIOR IN THE SANCTUARY INCLUDING
POPULAR CHAPTERS OF THE PSALMS ENGRAVED ON THE WALLS.



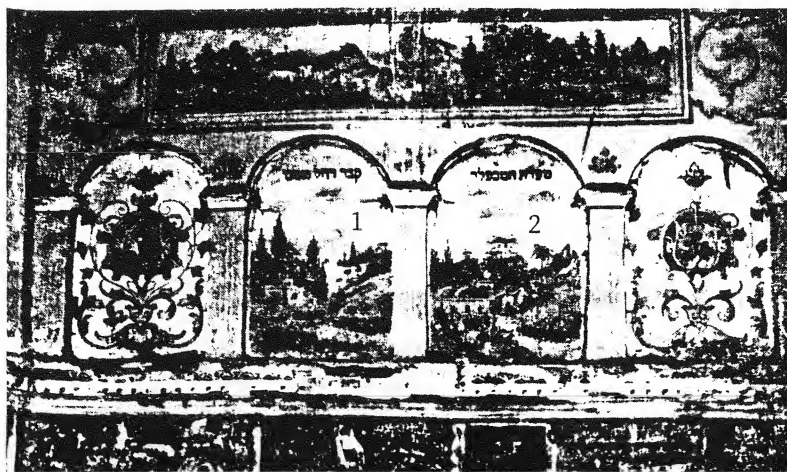
PICTURES FROM STRYZOW



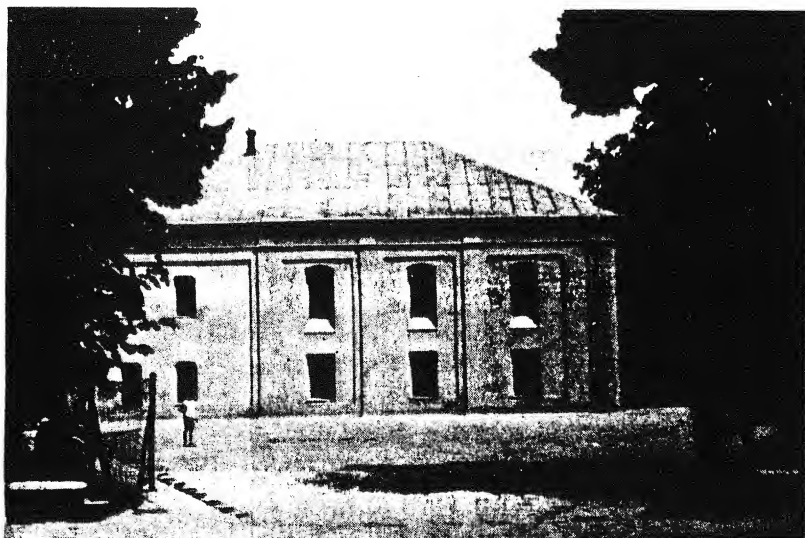
DAVID'S TOWER THE BURNING BUSH



- 1) DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN
- 2) JONAH INSIDE THE FISH

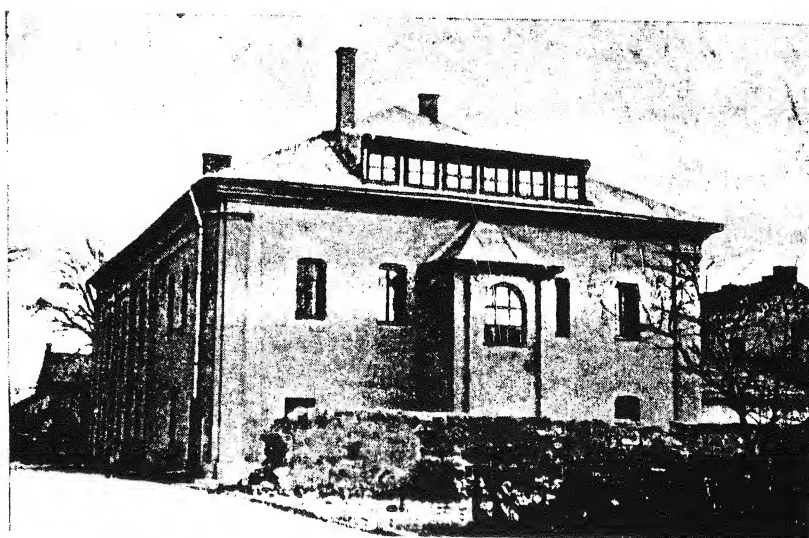


- 1) RACHEL'S TOMB
- 2) THE CAVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.



חזית הבנין — דער שראנט
THE SHUL REMODELED AFTER THE
HOLOCAUST SERVING AS A LIBRARY

הצדדים, צפוני מערבי עם הכניסה החדשה
די צפון מערב זייטן מיט דעם נייען איינגאנג



THE NORTH-WEST ENTRANCE WHERE THE ARK
USED TO BE. NOTICE THE RECONSTRUCTED ATTIC.



אחת הכניסות — איין איינגאנג
THE NEW ENTRANCE

ENTRANCE TO THE FOYER

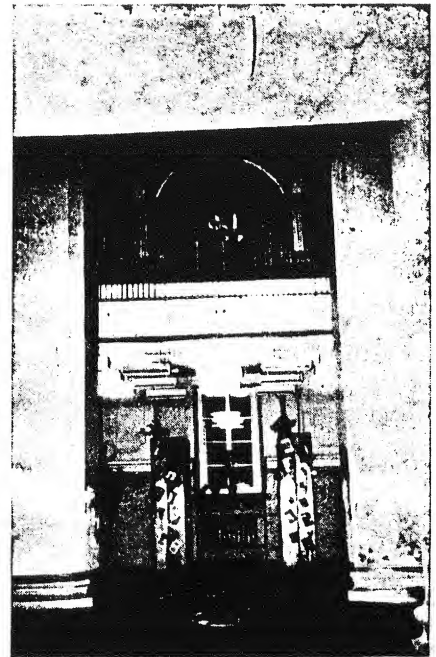
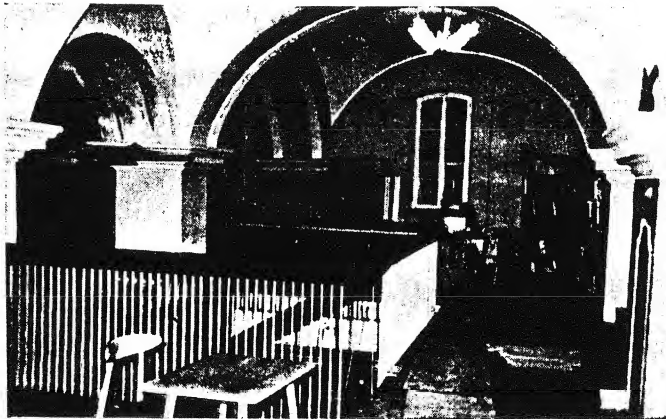
הכניסה מהפלז — דער איינגאנג סוף פלוש



סינות בקומה העליונה וקומת קרקע
אין סארטער און ארף דער גאלעריע

477

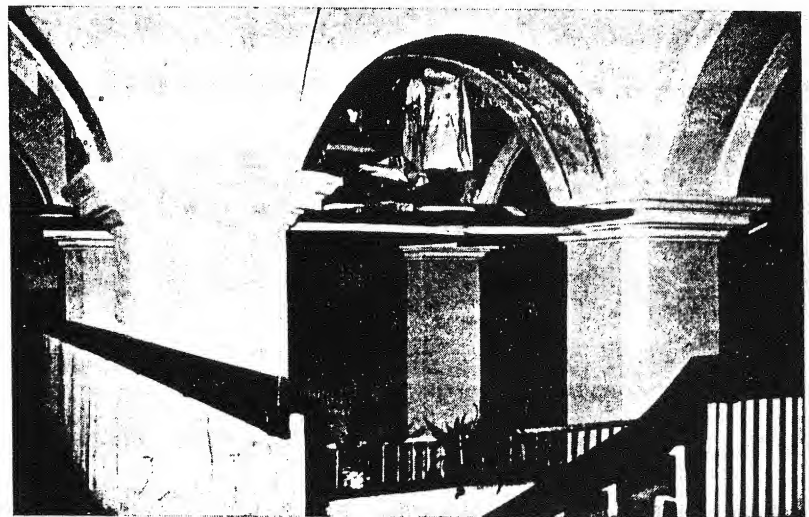
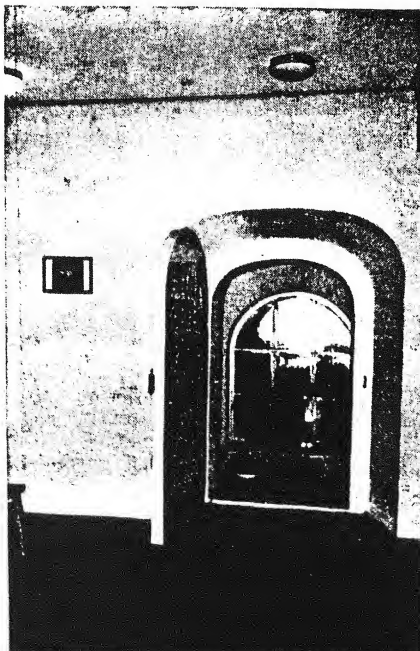
PICTURES FROM STRYZOW



THE REMODELED INTERIOR OF THE SHUL IN STRYZOW AFTER THE WAR.

ארבעת העמודים באמצע הבנין
די 4 זאלן אין דער מיט פון שול

אחת הכניסות — א איינגאנג





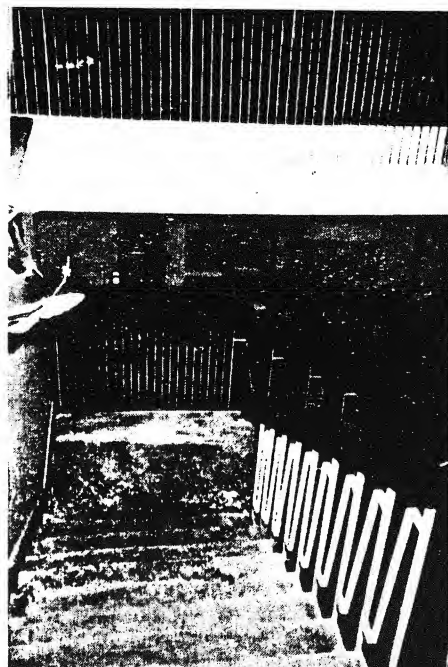
הפלוש — דער פלוש

THE FOYER

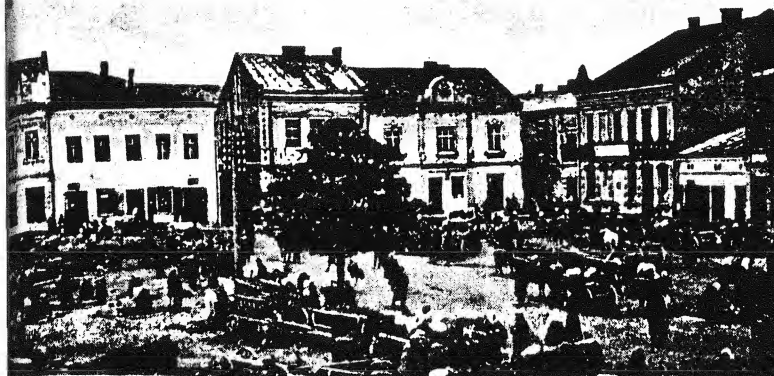
THE CONFERENCE ROOM
חדר הישיבות בעזרת הנשים
דער זיצונגסזאל אין דער ווייבערשול



THE INSIDE STAIR WELL
המדרגות בפנים — די טרעפערן אין דער שול



PICTURES FROM STRYZOW



THE MARKETPLACE BEFORE THE WAR

לפני המלחמה. סינת הככר המזרחית-צפונית ביום השוק. נראית הכניסה לסימטת בית המדרש. לימין הסימטה בית הרב מססוב ולשמאלה בית אהרן קנר שנהרס בתקופת הגרמנים ביחד עם בית המדרש כדי להרחיב את הרחוב.

סאר דער מלחמה. דער מזרח צפון ווינקל פון מארק אין טאג פון יריד. מ'זעט דאס בית מדרש געסל צווישן די הייזער פון סאסאווער רב — פון רעכטס און פון לינקס אהרן קאנערס. וועלכעס מען האט צערשטערט אין דער צייט פון די דייטשען צוזאמען מיט דעם בית מדרש. כדי צו מאכן א ברייטע גאס.



THE WIDENED STREET WHERE THE BEIT HAMIDRASH ALLEY USED TO BE

אחרי המלחמה — נאך דער מלחמה
הרחוב הרחב במקום סימטת בית המדרש בין בית הרב מססוב
ימין ובית משה רייכר לצד שמאל
די ברייטע גאס אויפ'ן ארט פון בית מדרש געסל צווישן הויז
סאסאווער רב — רעכטס — און משה רייכערס — לינקס



בתוך סימטת בית המדרש המורחבת. לצד שמאל הקלויז של הרבנים
מססוב כעת מחסן מכבי אש עירוניים.
אין ברייטן אמאליקן בית מדרש געסל. צו דער לינקער זייט די קלויז
פון די סאסאווער רבנים. איצט א מאגאזין פון די שטעטישע
פייערלעשער

THE KLOIZ IN STRYZOW, SERVING
NOW AS A FIRE STATION

PICTURES FROM STRYZOW



מראה כללי — פֿלגעמיינער אָנבליק
GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN



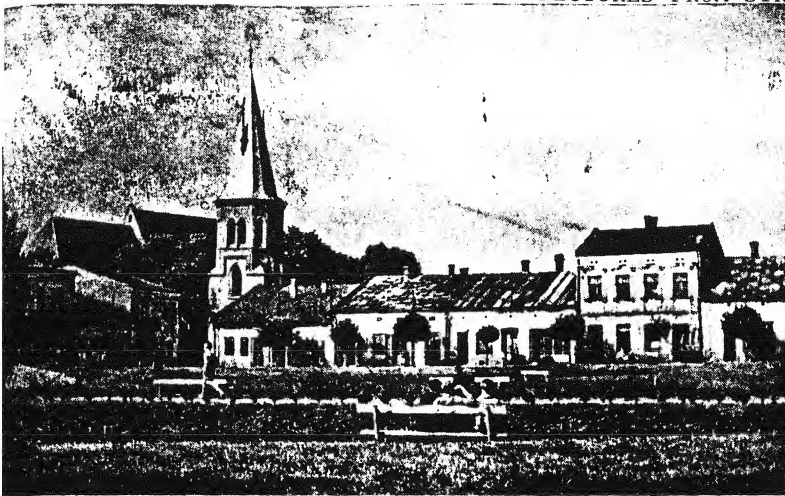
פינת הכר הדרומית-מערבית בהתחלת המאה
הנוכחית
דער דרום-מערב ווינקעל פֿון מארק אין
אנהויב פֿון איצטיגן יארהונדערט

THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER
OF THE MARKETPLACE

THE HOUSES OF RABBI
HOROWITZ AND UNGER FAMILY

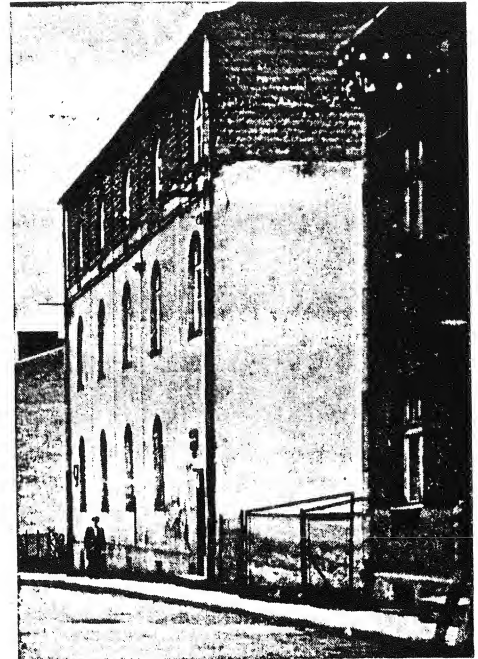
בתי ככר (מימין ביתו של רב העיר
ומשמאל של משפחת אונגר)
היוצרים אין מארק (רעכטס דאָס הויז פֿון רב,
לינקס פֿון דער משפחה אונגער)





הצד המערבי-דרומי של הכפר. מימין: חלק בית יעקב קנר. בתי: ברוך ברגלס, חיים ישראל שטורם, ישראל קנר, משה ויעקב טנצר ומשה פינצ'ובסקי. זלמן טנצר ומשפחת רוזן די דרום-מערב זייט פון מארק. פון רעכט: א טייל פון יעקב קאנערס הויז, די הייזער פון: ברוך בערגלאס, חיים ישראל שטורם, ישראל קאנער, משה און יעקב טענצער און משה פינצ'ובסקי. זלמן טענצער און די פאמיליע ראזען.

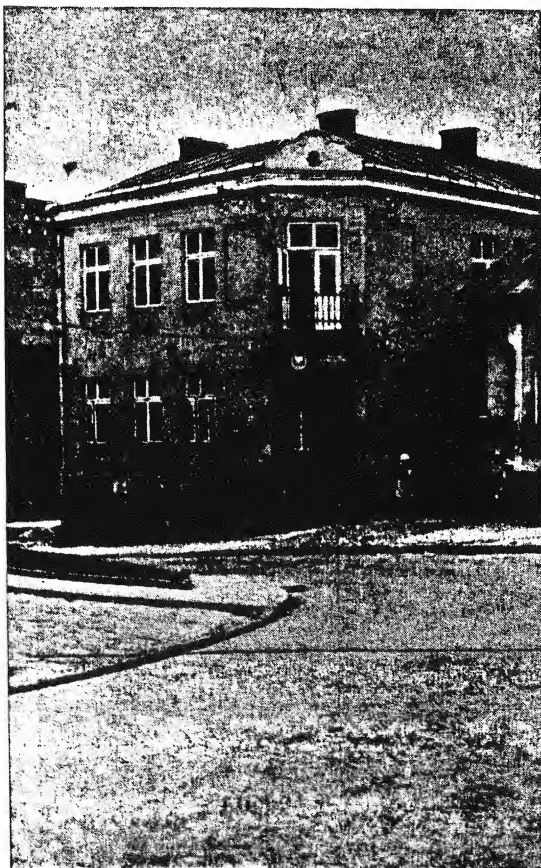
THE MARKETPLACE AFTER THE WAR
WITH THE STEEPLE OF THE CHURCH



בית תלמוד תורה. הקומה האחרונה נבנתה אחרי המלחמה והבית משמש מרכז רפואי של העיר. דאס תלמוד תורה הויז, דעם לעצטן שטאק האט מען צוגעבויט נאך דער מלחמה און דאס הויז דינט אלס היילצענטער פון שטעטל.

THE TALMUD TORAH

בית פישל גולדברג. לצד ימין הכניסה לסימטת המלמדים דאס הויז פון פישל גאלדבערג. פון דער רעכטער זייט דער אריינ-גאנג אין מלמדים געסל



THE HOUSE OF FISHEL GOLDBERG

THE HOUSE OF REUVEN SAPHIRE
ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE MARKETPLACE

הצד הצפוני של כפר העיר. לצד שמאל בית ראובן ספיר די צפון זייט פון מארק. צו דער לינקער זייט דאס הויז פון ראובן סאפיר.



בית יורשי שלמה דיאמנט (שלמה זיזנובר) שהוכר כבנין עתיק
שאסור להרסו
דאס הויז פון דער משפחה דיאמאנט וועלכעס איז אנערקענט
געווארען אלס אנטיקע געביידע וועלכע מען טאר נישט
צערשטערן



THE HOUSE OF SHLOMO DIAMAND (FROM ZYZNOW)

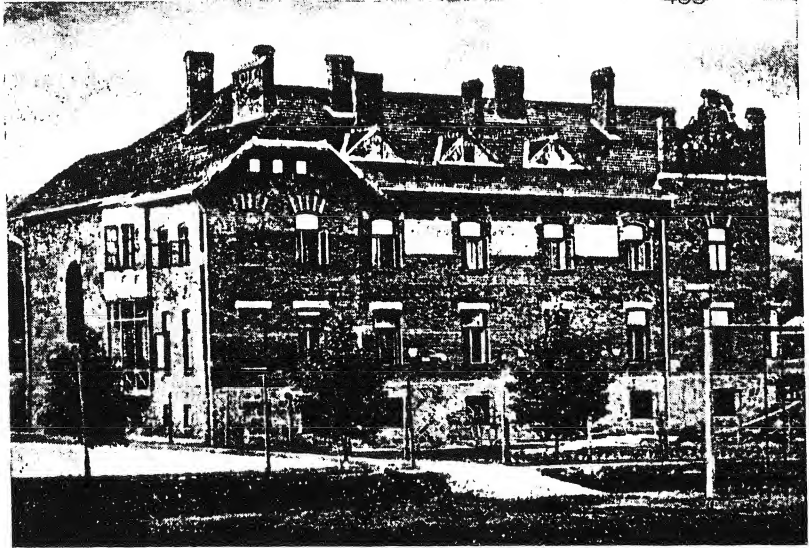


בית יעקב קנר אחרי הריסת אנף לצורך הרחבת הרחוב
דאס הויז פון יעקב קאנער נאכ'ן צערשטערן פון א טייל כדי צו
פארברייטן די גאס.

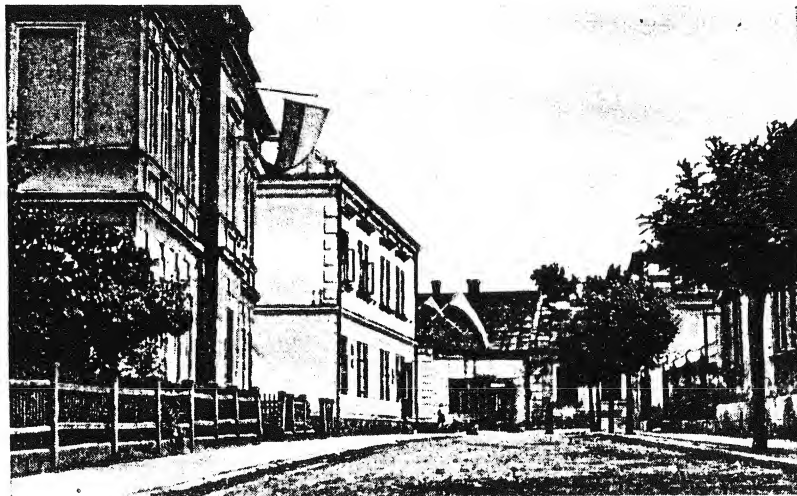
PART OF THE HOUSE OF YACOV KANNER

סינת השוק הצפונית מערבית
דער צפון מערב ווינקל פון מארק.
THE NORTH-WEST CORNER
OF THE MARKETPLACE





בית ה"סוקול" — דאס הויז פון "סאקול"
THE CLUBHOUSE "SOKOL"



רחוב. משמאל: בית הספר העממי, אחריו בית ממשל המחוז, ממול בית ברוך דיללר
אגאס. פון דער לינקער זייט די פאלקסשולע, הייטער די סטאראסטווע, קעגנאיבער דאס
הויז פון ברוך דיללער.

BUILDING FROM LEFT IS THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, NEXT TO IT IS THE HOUSE OF THE
DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, AND THE SMALL HOUSE IN THE CENTER IS THE HOUSE OF
BARUCH DILLER.



THE "CROOKED INN" WHICH WAS LEASED
BY A JEW FROM COUNT WOLKOWICKI.

הסונדק העקום, בית משק של אחוזת וולקוביצקי, לפניס פונדק
בחכירה יהודית
די קרומע קרעטשמע, א ווירטשאפטסטהויז פון וואלקאוויצקי גוט.
אמאל א קרעטשמע געדונגען פון יידען

PICTURES FROM STRYZOW



כפר בסביבה — אדארף אין דער געגענט
A VILLAGE NEAR STRYZOW

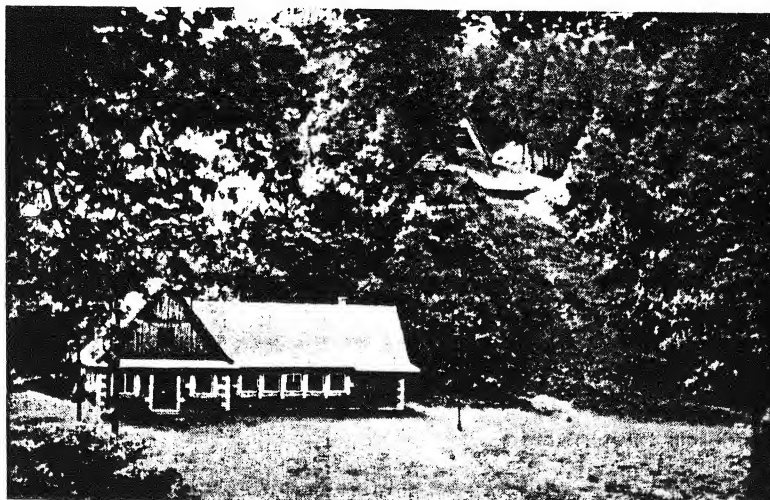


THE EMBLEM OF STRYZOW

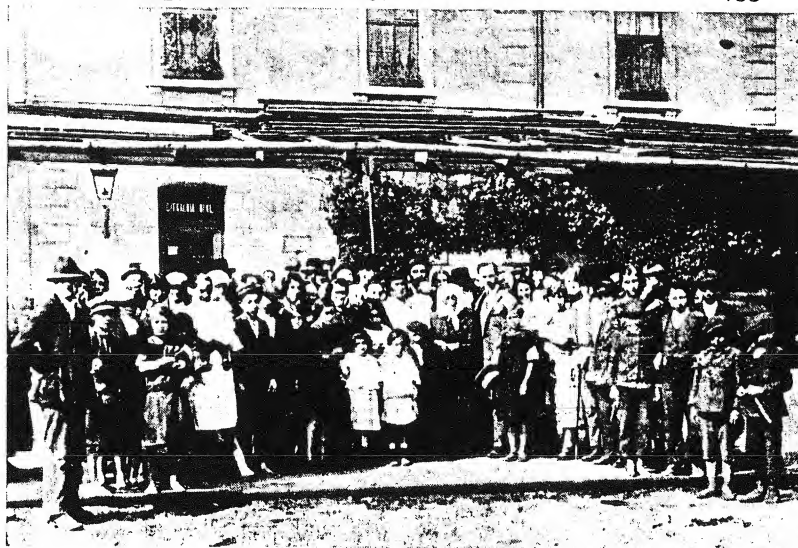
STRYZÓW

סמל העיר — דער צייכן פון שטאט

THE GROVE "LENTOWNIA", A PLACE WHERE
PEOPLE STROLLED ON SABBATH AFTERNOONS.
ביערות לנטובניה — אין די וועלדער פון לענטאוויניע



תחנת הרכבת (קרובים ומכרים מלווים את צבי אונ
בחזרו לארצות הברית)
די באנסטאנציע (קרובים און באקאנטע באגלייסן העול
אונגער ביי זיין צוריק פארן קיין אמעריקע)



AT THE RAILROAD STATION. THE UNGER FAMILY AND FRIENDS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO
THEIR RELATIVE A VISITOR FROM THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
המעבר על נהר וויסלוק — די לאועז אויף דעם וויסלאק



THE NARROW CROSSING OVER THE VISLOKA RIVER.



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE VISLOKA RIVER
הגשר על נהר וויסלוק — די בריק אויף דעם וויסלאק

ברית הנוער הציוני הרביוניסטי "מנורה"
פארבאנד סון ציוניסטישער רעוויזיאניסטישע יוגענו
"מנורה".



THE ZIONIST YOUTH ORGANIZATION HANOAR HAZIONI



פגישת "ביתר" גליל ירוסלב חוה"מ פסח 1925
צוזאמענקונפט פון "ביתר", קרייז
יארסלאוו חוה"מ פסח 1925

THE BETAR CONVENTION IN STRYZOW, PASSOVER 1930.

A GROUP OF ZIONISTS- REVISIONISTS.

קבוצת נוער רביוניסטי

א גרופע רעוויזיאניסטישע יוגענד

יושבים מימין — זיצען סון רעכטס: משה שיץ, איטה
מארער, אליעזר גרובער, בילה איערהאן, איוק רוס.
זילבערבערג

עומדים מימין שורה ראשונה — שטעהען סון רעכטס
ערשטע רייע: רחל רוס, שרה פליישער, לאנדעסמאן
מינדעל רייכער, שושנה שפער.

עומדים מימין שורה שניה — שטעהען סון רעכטס
די צווייטע רייע: אברהם מוסלער, מרדכי טהים.
רבקה קראכער, אלמוני — אומבאקאנטער, קראוט.
רובינסעלד, ישראל רוס





THE COMMAND OF THE BEITAR IN 1934.
SITTING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
CH. GRUBER, T. SHEFLER, CH. MOHRER,
AND SHOSHANA SHEFLER. STANDING:
AT LEFT, CHANA AUERHHUN, AT RIGHT,
SHPRINTZA SCHWARTZ.

מפקדת "ביתר" 1934 — די קאמאנדע פון ביתר 1934
מימין — פון רעכטס, יושבים — זיצען: שושנה
שעפלער, חיים מארער, צבי שעפלער חנה גרובער
עומדות — שטייען: שפרינצה שווארץ, חנה אויערהאן

A GROUP OF COMRADES FROM HANOAR HA-IVRI.
STANDING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: NAPHTALI
ZILBERBERG, SHLOMO ZALESHTZ, AND ISRAEL
DIAMAND. SITTING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
NAPHTALI DIAMAND, AND CHAIM DYM.

קבוצת חברי "הנוער העברי" 1930
אגרופע חברים פון הנוער העברי 1930
מימין — פון רעכטס, יושבים — זיצען
חיים דים, נפתלי דיאמאנט
עומדים — שטייען: ישראל דיאמאנט,
שלמה זאלאשיץ, נפתלי זילבערבערג



KVUTZAT SHOSHANA IN THE HANOAR HA-IVRI. 1930.



SITTING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: RYVKA AMEIS,
LEAH ROSEN, CHANA SHMULEWICZ, STANDING
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: HINDA BLOCH, KRESH,

קבוצת "שושנה" של "הנוער העברי" 1930

די גרופע "שושנה" פון הנוער העברי 1930

מימין — פון רעכטס, יושבים — זיצען: חנה

שמולעוויץ, לאה ראזען, רבקה אמאייז

עומדות — שטייען: רחל דיאמאנט, מרים פייט, ראט

רבקה, קרעש, הינדע בלאך

RYVKA ROTH, MIRIAM FEIT, RACHEL DIAMAND.

הנוער העברי" 1929. מימין — פון רעכטס
יושבים שורה ראשונה — זיצען ערשטער רייע, מרים
פייט, צבי שעפלער, חנה שמולעוויץ
יושבים שורה שניה — זיצען צווייטע רייע: לאה
ראזען, מרים צאנגער, רבקה אמאיו, רחל דיאמאנט,
פייגע שפרינגער, חדוה פינצ'ובסקי
עומדים — שטייען: אליעזר קלאפער, משולם האובען,
יוסף טייף, שלמה זאלאשיץ, ישראל דיאמאנט, עקיבא
דיאמאנט, קופער, גרשון קעט, אברהם דיאמאנט



"HANOAR HA-IVRI" IN 1932.



"HANOAR HAZIONI" IN 1932

הנוער הציוני" 1932. מימין — פון רעכטס:
יושבות בשורה ראשונה — זיצען אין ערשטער רייע
חנה שמולעוויץ, רבקה קרעש.
יושבים בשורה שניה — זיצען אין צווייטער רייע:
מרים צאנגער, שלמה שמולעוויץ, מרים פייט, נפתלי
דיאמאנט, לאה ראזען.
עומדים שורה ראשונה: — שטייען ערשטע רייע:
שיינדל מאנדעל, רחל דיאמאנט, ברכה שמולעוויץ,
רבקה צאנגער, ישראל דיאמאנט, נחמיה האובען
עומדים שורה שניה — שטייען צווייטע רייע:
האובען, אייזיק וועליש, נפתלי זילבערבערג, חיים
דים, גרשון קעט.

HANOAR HAZIONI IN 1933



הנוער הציוני 1933, מימין — פון רעכטס, יושבין
בשורה ראשונה — זיצען אין ערשטער רייע: מרים
צאנגער, שנינה שמולעוויץ, יושבים בשורה שניה
זיצען אין צווייטער רייע: רבקה צאנגער, האובען
לאה ראזען, נפתלי זילבערבערג.
עומדים — שטייען: אברהם דיאמאנט, אלמונית -
אומבאקאנטע, גרשון קעט, חנה שמולעוויץ, נחמי
האובן, שלמה שמולעוויץ.



HANOAR HAZIONI IN 1934
 „הנוער הציוני” 1934. מימין — פון רעכטס
 יושבים — ויצמן: שרה קופפערמאן, חיים דים, חנה
 שמולעוויץ, יוסף שיף, רחל שמולעוויץ.
 עומדים בשורה ראשונה — שטייען אין ערשטע רייע
 העפלער, אלמונית — אומבאקאנטע, מלכה שמולעוויץ
 זידלער, קראווי, פעלבער, שעפלער, זידלער.
 עומדים שורה שנייה — שטייען אין צווייטער רייע:
 אברהם דיאמאנט, גרשון קעט, שלמה שמולעוויץ,
 אלמונית — אומבאקאנטע.

SITTING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
 R. SHMULEWICZ, J. SCHIFF, CH.
 SHMULEWICZ, CH. DYM, AND
 S. KUPFERMAN.

STANDING IN THE MIDDLE ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SEIDLER, SCHEFLER, FELBER, KRAUS, SEIDLER,
 M. SHMULEWICZ, AND UNKNOWN. UPPER ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: UNKNOWN, SH. SHMULEWICZ, G. KEITH,
 AND A. DIAMAND



THE GIRLS GROUP "AKIBA"

צעירות „עקיבא” 1932. מימין — פון רעכטס
 יושבות — ויצמן: פייגא שפרינגער, מרים צאנגער,
 רבקה אמאיוו, חדוה פיצ'ובסקי.
 עומדות — שטייען: רחל דיאמאנט, חנה שמולעוויץ,
 מרים פייט, מלכה וואלקענסעלד, שרה קלאץ, רבקה
 קרעש, לאה ראזען.



THE HAZAMIR GROUP IN 1927.
 SITTING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
 E. GRUBER, M. SCHIFF, F. SCHACHER.
 STANDING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
 B. NUREMBERG, I. RUSS, P. KANNER,
 AND H. NECHEMIAH.

„הזמיר” 1927. מימין — פון רעכטס
 יושבים — ויצמן: פייבל שאכער, מרדכי שיף, אליעזר
 גרובער.
 עומדים — שטייען: הערש נעכעמיע, פנחס קאנער,
 ישראל רוס, ברוך גירנבערג.

מסיבת פרידה לעולים
אנצוגנונגספייער פאר עולים
אליעזר קלאפער ושלמה זאלושיץ
יושב באמצע: צבי שפירא
לימינו זלושיץ ולשמאלו קלפר
זיצט אין דערמיט: צבי שאפירא.
צו דער רעכטער זייט זאלאשיץ
צו דער לינקער זייט קלאפער

A FAREWELL PARTY FOR
TWO COMRADES.



IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE SITTING IN THE SECOND ROW ARE THE ZIONIST LEADER
TZVI SHAPIRO, AT HIS LEFT IS SH. ZALESHTIZ
AT HIS RIGHT, ELIEZER SCHWARTZ
WHO WERE LEAVING FOR PALESTINE



מסיבת פרידה לבילה אויערהאן
יושבת באמצע — בהתכוננה לעליה
אנצוגנונגספייער פאר בילה אויערהאן —
זיצט אין דער מיט — ביים גרייטן זיך צו עליה

A FAREWELL PARTY FOR BEILA AUERHUN BEFORE HER DEPARTURE TO ERETZ ISRAEL.

STUDENT OF A BUSINESS
COURSE AT A OUTING.

תלמידי קורס מסחרי בטויל
תלמידים פון א האנדעלסקורס אויף א אויסטלוג
1928. מימין — פון רעכטס
יושבים בשורה ראשונה — זיצען אין ערשטער רייע
צפורה גרובער, לאסט, האובען, בריינדל וויינבערג.
איסא דיאמאנט, ישראל שיק, מרדכי שיק, משה דים.
— שלמה לאסט.
יושבים בשורה שניה — זיצען אין צווייטער רייע:
דינסטאג, תלמידה נוצריה — א קריסטליכע שילער.
ברוך נירנבערג מוסלער.
עומדים — שטייען: המורה — דער לערער, מנחם
גאלדמאן, אליעזר גרובער





שמחה משפחתית (בבית זאצאיו של משה דוד אונגער) אפאמיליענשמחה (אין דער פאמיליע פון משה דוד אונגערס קינדער). יושבים באמצע — יצען אין דער מיט, החתן יחזקאל פייבר והכלה גיטל רוסשטיין

A FAMILY CELEBRATION IN THE HOUSE OF MOSHE DAVID UNGER. SITTING IN THE CENTER IS THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

שונות — פארשידענס

STAMPS OF VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS IN STRYZOW

Stowarzyszenie Dobroczynne
„GEMILUS CHESED”
w Strzyżowie n/W.

חותמת החברה „גמילות חסד”
דער זיגעל פון דער חברה „גמילות חסד”
STAMP OF THE JEWISH FREE
LOAN SOCIETY.



Burmistrz

Midura
Midura/

חותמת העירייה וחתומת ראש העיר
דער זיגעל פון דער שטאטספארואלטונג און
די אונטערשריפט פון בירגערמייסטער

STAMP OF THE CITY HALL AND
THE SIGNATURE OF THE MAYOR.

חותמת ארגון „הנוער הציוני”
דער זיגעל פון ארגון הנוער הציוני
STAMP OF THE ZIONIST GROUP
HANOAR HAZIONI.



חותמת מרשם התושבים היהודיים וחתומת מנהלו הערש מארער
דער זיגעל פון יידישען מעטריקאלאמט און די אונטערשריפט פון
מעטריקאליפירער הערש מארער.

STAMP AND SIGNATURE OF THE JEWISH REGISTRAR.



Stallone



הרומה לעצים של ועד הקרן הקימה לישראל בסטריזוב על שם לאה
לוס לרגל עלייתה
א באומשפונדע פון קרן קימה קאמיטעס אין סטריזוב אויפ'ן נאמען
פון לאה לוס אנלעסליך איר עליה

A CERTIFICATE ISSUED BY THE JEWISH
NATIONAL FUND TO LEAH LOOS IN 1925.
CERTIFYING THE PLANTING OF TREES IN
ERETZ ISRAEL.

CONFIRMATION OF ZIONIST MEMBERSHIP ISSUED BY
THE ZIONIST COMMITTEE IN STRYZOW, TO
COLLEAGUES WHO WERE SEEKING PERMITS TO
IMMIGRATE TO ERETZ ISRAEL.

Oświadczenie

Posiadam w mniejszym ile p. Henryk Mielner
jest członkiem Intelektualnej Organizacji Żydowskiej.

Strzyżów 4/1. 1933



אשורי הוועד הציוני המקומי בסטריזוב למשתדלים להשיג סרטיפיקאט
באשטעטיגונגען פון ציוניסטישען לאקאלקאמיטעס אין סטריזוב פאר חברים ועלכע באשטרעבן זיך וועגן א סערטיפיקאט

Division
des Polonais du Croissant
:OLSKI CZERWONY KRZYŻ
BIURO INFORMACYJNE
WARSZAWA
ul. Czerwonego Krzyża 20

26. MAI 1942 • 011040

ANTRAG

durch das Deutsche Rote Kreuz, Präsidium, Auslandsdienst,
Berlin SW 61, Blücherplatz 2,
an die Agence Centrale des Prisonniers de Guerre, Genf
— Internationales Komitee vom Roten Kreuz —
auf Nachrichtenübermittlung

1. Absender (Name, Vorname) L o o s L e i z e r
Nadawca (imię, nazwisko)
Genaue Anschrift Strzyżów n/Wisłokiem, dystrykt Kraków.
dokładny adres
bittet, an
prosi
2. Empfänger (Name, Vorname) L o o s L e a
Odbiorca (imię, nazwisko)
Genaue Anschrift Tel-Aviv, Szajkin Str. 55. Palesténe.
dokładny adres

folgendes zu übermitteln / o następującem zawiadomić:
(Höchstens 25 Worte)
(Najwyżej 25 słów)

Jesteśmy wszyscy zdrowi. Adela z rodziną
mieszkają w Jasle Rynek 16a. Co słychać
u Ciebie? Gdzie pracujesz? Podaj Twój dok-
ładny adres. Pozdrawiamy Cię.

(Datum / date) 10 kwiecień

3. Empfänger antwortet umsofort
Odbiorca odpowiada na udzielenie stronie
1942.

(Unterschrift / podpis)

17 JUN 1942

קשר בין סטריזוב בימי שלטון הנאצים לארץ ישראל דרך הצלב האדום
א פארבינדונג צווישן סטריזוב בשעת דער נאצי הערשאפט און ארץ
ישראל דורך פארמיטלונג פון רויטן קרויץ

CONTACT BETWEEN STRYZOW AND ERETZ ISRAEL
THROUGH THE RED CROSS. THIS LETTER WAS A
RESPONSE TO AN INQUIRY MADE BY LEAH LOOS
ABOUT HER FAMILY. OF COURSE THE RESPONSE
WAS POSITIVE....

הוועד הציוני
נולד 2. סטריזוב (פולין) 1908. היה אב זלמן לוי
זלמן 1908. היה אב זלמן לוי. היה אב זלמן לוי.
לוי. היה אב זלמן לוי. היה אב זלמן לוי.
זלמן. היה אב זלמן לוי. היה אב זלמן לוי.
הוועד הציוני. היה אב זלמן לוי. היה אב זלמן לוי.
והוועד הציוני. היה אב זלמן לוי. היה אב זלמן לוי.



17 JUN 1942

PICTURES FROM STRYZOW



מענדל מארער: שואב המים על יד באר
דער וואסערטרעגער ביים ברוגען
MENDEL THE WATER CARRIER.



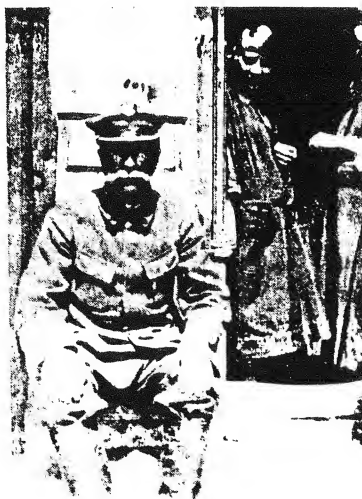
הסבלים — די טרעגערס: מימין — מון רעכטס
האחים — די ברידער: מענדל ושלמה מארער

THE BROTHERS MENDEL AND
SHLOMO MOHRER. FREIGHT
CARRIERS.

דוואר — א בריסטערעגער

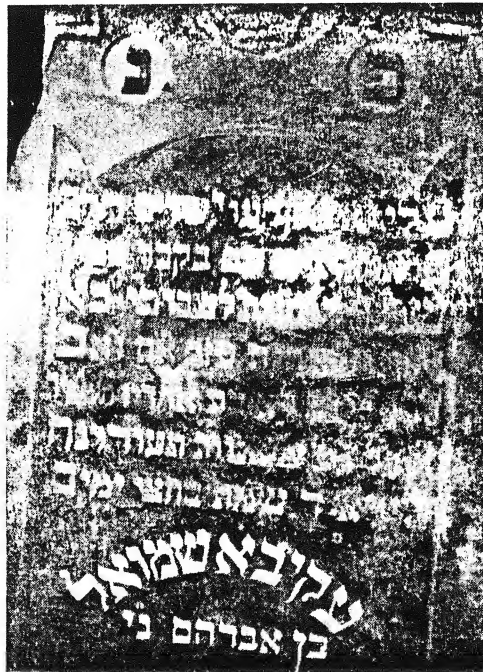
THE CITY POLICEMAN

שוטר עירוני — א שטעטישער פאליציאנט



THE MAIL CARRIER

GRAVESTONES WHICH WERE REMOVED FROM THE MARKET PLACE.



מצבת ר' עקיבא שמואל טענזער

GRAVESTONE OF AKIBA SHMUEL TENZER



מצבת ר' צבי הערש שיף

GRAVESTONE OF REB HERSH SCHIFF

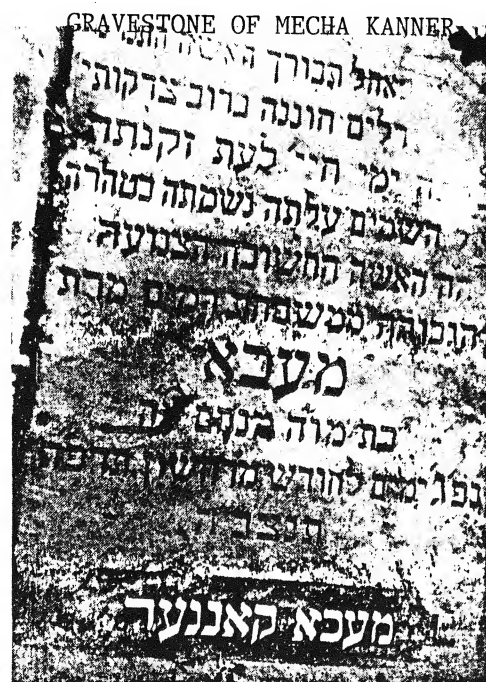
מצבה שבורה — א צערבראכענע מצבה

UNIDENTIFIED BROKEN GRAVESTONE



מצבת מרת מעכא קאנער

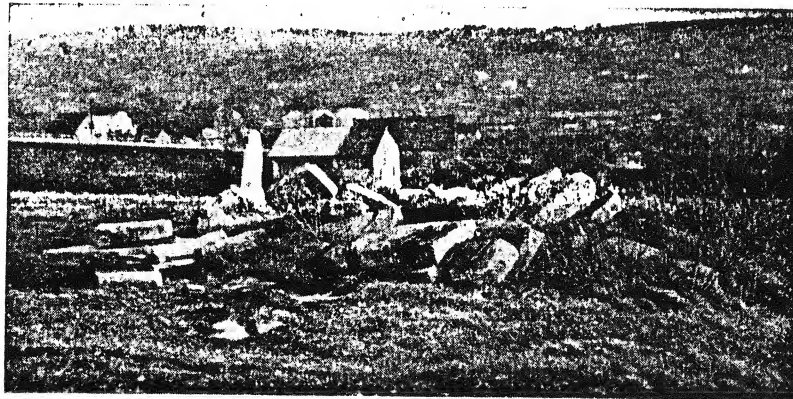
GRAVESTONE OF MECHA KANNER



PILE OF GRAVESTONES IN
THE MARKETPLACE AFTER
THEIR REMOVAL FROM THE
SIDEWALKS.



המצבות שהוצאו מריצוף ככר השוק מונחות בקצה הכר
די מצבות וועלכע מ'האט ארויסגענומען פון מארקפלאסטער ליגען אויסגעהויפט אין מארק



THE DESECRATED GRAVE-
STONES WERE PLACED IN
IN THE LOCATION OF THE
LAST CEMETERY.

אותן המצבות מונחות בערמה על חלקת בית הקברות האחרון השומם
דיזעלבע מצבות ליגען אויסגעהויפט אויף דעם וויססען לעצטען בית הקברות



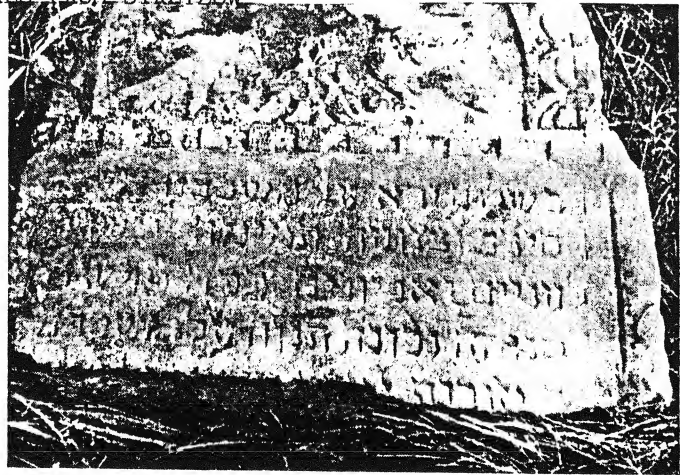
קברים נדחים
קברים אין דער זייט

GRAVESTONE OF YECHIEL
ROSEN.

מצבת ר' יחיאל ראזען שהוצאה
מככר השוק
די מצבה פון ר' יחיאל ראזען
וועלכע מ'האט ארויסגענומען
פון מארקפלאסטער

THE NEGLECTED CEMETERY





מצבות שבורות — צערבראכענע מצבות

BROKEN GRAVESTONES



בית הקברות היהודי העתיק — כעת גן עירוני
דער אלטער יידישער בית-עלמין אלס שמעטישער פארק



THE OLD JEWISH CEMETERY WAS TURNED
INTO A PUBLIC PARK AFTER THE HOLOCAUST.

MEMORIAL PAGES

דפי זכרון - געדענקען בלעטער

לזכר הקדושים והנעדרים ולכבוד החיים*

IN MEMORIAM OF THE MISSING VICTIMS, WITH RESPECT TO THOSE WHO ARE ALIVE

צום אנדענקען פון די קדושים און געשטארבענע און כבוד פון די לעבענדיקע

משפחות ובודדים - משפחות און איינצעלנע

PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMILIES AND SINGLE PEOPLE *



ברנשטין רחל, בת ישראל גרטנר
RACHEL BERNSTEIN,
ISRAEL GERTNER'S
DAUGHTER.



בארגעניכט אהרן, אשתו הינה, בנם משה, בתם זיסל (זעניה)
AARON BORGENICHT, HIS WIFE HENA, THEIR
SON MOSHE, AND DAUGHTER ZISL (ZHENIA).

* ALL THE NAMES ON THE PICTURES ARE LISTED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

MEMORIAL PAGES



ברנשטין — ברגלס נחמה, בת ברוך
ברגלס
NECHAMA BERNSTEIN-BERGLAS,
DAUGHTER OF BARUCH BERGLAS.



לב ציפה (לבית ברגלס) ופייבוש חיה שרה,
בת ברוך ברגלס
TZIPA LEV NEE BERGLASS AND
CHAYA FEIVUSH, DAUGHTER OF
BARUCH BERGLASS.



ברנשטין דוד דב. בן יעקב יצחק
ונחמה
DAVID DOV, THE SON OF YACOV ITZHOK AND
NECHAMA BERNSTEIN.

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער
THE GRUBER FAMILY



יהודה (אידל) גרובר בנעוריו
YEHUDA (YIDL) GRUBER AS A YOUNG MAN



יושבים: הענה אפריל, אחותה של רבקה גרובר, יהודה (אידל) גרובר, אשתו רבקה, עומדים: בניהם: אליעזר, חוה, חתנם משה גוזיק ואשתו פרידה גוזיק

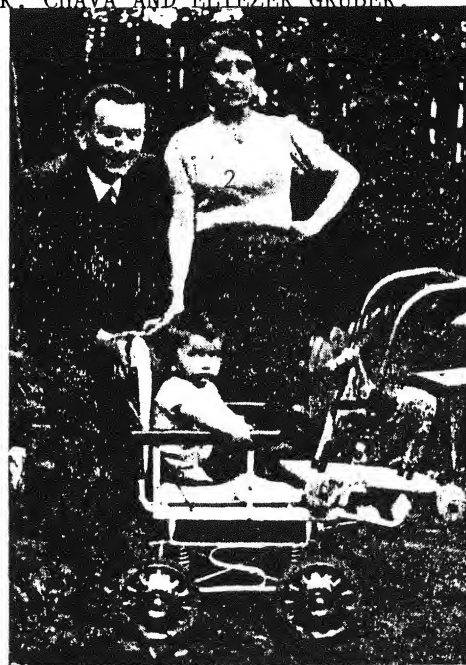
FIRST ROW: HENA APRIL, SISTER OF RYVKA GRUBER, YEHUDA, HIS WIFE RYVKA GRUBER.

SECOND ROW: FREDA GRUBER, HER HUSBAND MOSHE GUZIK, CHAVA AND ELIEZER GRUBER.

- 1) MOSHE AND FREDA GUZIK WITH THEIR CHILD
- 2) ELIEZER AND BEILA GRUBER, AND THEIR SON M. DAVID



משה גוזיק, אשתו פרידה (לבית גרובר) וילדם



אליעזר גרובר ואשתו בילה (לבית אורחאן), בנם משה דוד



לוח זכרון, שנקבע ע"י אליעזר גרובר, בבית הכנסת החדש ברמת עמידר, רמת-גן

THIS MEMORIAL PLAQUE WAS INSTALLED BY ELIEZER GRUBER IN THE NEW SYNAGOGUE OF RAMAT HADAR, NEAR RAMAT GAN. IT SAYS:

IN MEMORY OF THE FAMILY GRUBER FROM STRYZOW NEAR RZESZOW (GALICIA), WHO WERE WIPED OUT IN 1942, BY THE NAZI FOES, OBLITERATED SHALL BE THEIR NAMES.

CHAIM SAMUEL GUTTENBERG



זעליש — גוטנברג חיים שמואל

MOSHE, THE SON OF YACOV DYM



משה דים, בן יעקב

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער



אליהו גולדברג, בן פישל
ELIYAHU THE SON OF
FISHEL GOLDBERG



פישל גולדברג ואשתו פיגה
FEIGA AND FISHEL GOLDBERG

MORDECHAI, ELAZAR AND LEAH GOLDBERG



לאה גולדברג (לבית דיאמנט) עם בעלה מרדכי
בן פישל. באמצע: אלעזר, אחי מרדכי

RACHEL, THE DAUGHTER OF FISHEL GOLDBERG



רחל גולדברג, בת פישל

MEMORIAL PAGES

דפי זכרון



NECHA DIAMAND DAUGHTER OF ZALMAN
 נִיחָה (נַעֲכַסְשָׁע), בַּת שְׁלֹמֹה זַלְמָן דִּיאַמַּנְט



REISL DIAMAND, DAUGHTER OF SHLOMO ZALMAN.
 רֵיזֵל בַּת שְׁלֹמֹה זַלְמָן דִּיאַמַּנְט



CHANA AND SHLOMO ZALMAN DIAMAND FROM THE VILLAGE WYSOKA.
 שְׁלֹמֹה זַלְמָן דִּיאַמַּנְט וְאִשְׁתּוֹ, חַנָּה רַחֵל (מִוִּיסֹקָה)



ARYEH LEIBUSH
 DIAMAND WITH HIS
 BRIDE ON THEIR
 WEDDING DAY.
 HE WAS THE SON OF
 SHLOMO ZALMAN.



SHMARYAHU DIAMAND,
 FROM LUTCZA.

אַרְיֵה לֵיבִישׁ דִּיאַמַּנְט, בֶּן שְׁלֹמֹה זַלְמָן וְאִשְׁתּוֹ
 אִיסָה, בַּת לֵיבִישׁ לֹוֶקֶר (דִּיאַמַּנְט) בְּיוֹם
 חֲתוּנָתָם

שְׁמַעְיָה דִּיאַמַּנְט (מִלֹּוֹטְצ'ה)

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער



הילד יוסף חיים. בן אריה לייב סדרבוש
ואיטה לבית דיאמנט
JOSEPH CHAIM FEDERBUSH, THE SON OF
ETA AND ARYEH LEIBUSH.



JOSEPH CHAIM DIAMAND, HIS WIFE DVORAY WITH HER
יוסף דיאמנט, חמותו חנה (לבית אהרן כץ), אשתו דבורה (לבית קנר)
הבנים: שלמה (יושב על ברכי אביו) והעשל
MOTHER CHANA KATZ, AND CHILDREN SHLOMO AND HESCHEL.



ETA AND ARYEH LEIB FEDERBUSH
אריה לייב סדרבוש ואשתו איטה בת יוסף דיאמנט



HINDA, THE WIFE OF HESCHEL DIAMAND AND BOYS.
הינדא דיאמנט, אשת העשל דיאמנט, (לבית וינסלד), בניהם:
יוסף חיים וישעיה יצחק

MEMORIAL PAGES

דפי זכרון



נתן קורנרייך (מבוקובסק) ואשתו גנדל (לבית שלמה דיאמנט) וילדיהם
 NATHAN KORNREICH, HIS WIFE GNENDL NEE DIAMAND, AND THEIR CHILDREN.

RABBI ISRAEL FRENKEL, HIS SON SAMUEL NACHAUM, DAUGHTER
 RACHEL, SON SHLOMO, AND HIS WIFE ESTHER NEE DIAMAND.

ETA HACKER NEE LANDESMAN
 GRANDDAUGHTER SHLOMO
 DIAMAND.



איטה הקר (לבית לגדסמן). נכדת
 שלמה דיאמנט



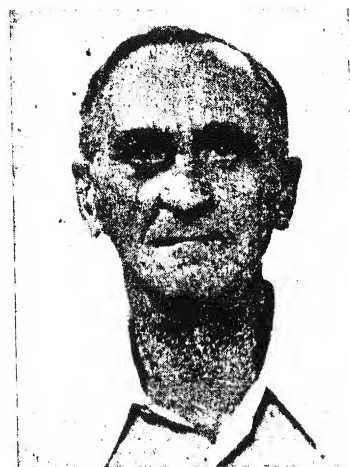
הרב ישראל פרנקל, בנו שמואל נחום, בתו רחל, בנו שלמה ואשתו אסתר בת שלמה דיאמנט

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער



עומד: יעקב דיאמנט, בן אריה ופרל דיאמנט (לביח
שאגריין). יושבת: אמו פרל, אחותה ואחיה

YACOV THE SON OF ARYEH AND PEARL DIAMANT.
HIS MOTHER, HIS SISTER AND BROTHER.



ד"ר עקיבא שמואל מילגרוים-דיאמנט
בן יוסף דיאמנט (משחילצ'ה)

DR. AKIVA SAMUEL MILGRAUM-
DIAMANT, THE SON OF JOSEPH

YACOV (YANTCHE) HAGEL, AND HIS WIFE GOLDA



יעקב (יאנטשע) הגל ואשתו גולדה

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון

JOSEPH WEINBERG, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF HIS FAMILY, INSCRIBED
THIS MONUMENT IN THIS MEMORIAL BOOK FOR HIS MARTYRED FAMILY.

יוסף וויינבערג, איינציק איבערגעבליבענער פון דער משפחה שטעלט

א מצבה

אין ספר הזכרון

19 אנווער שטאט סטריזוב

פאר:	מין פאטער וואלף — נפטר געווארן אין סטריזוב אין יאר 1939.
"	מין מוטער חנה דבורה געבוירן רובין, אומגעקומען על קדוש השם.
"	מין שוועסטער פיידיז, איר מאן און טעכטערל, אומגעקומען על קדוש השם.
"	מין ברודער אלטר חיים, זיין פרוי און טעכטערל, אומגעקומען על קדוש השם.
"	מין שוועסטער בריינדזי נפטר געווארן אין סטריזוב אין יאר 1941.
	ת.נ.צ.ב.ה.

MY FATHER WOLF DIED IN 1939, MY MOTHER CHANA DVORA NEE RUBIN, MY SISTER
FEIDZI, HER HUSBAND, HER LITTLE DAUGHTER. MY BROTHER ALTER CHAIM, HIS
WIFE AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, THEY ALL PERISHED IN THE HOLOCAUST. ALSO MY
SISTER BREINDI WHO DIED IN STRYZOW IN 1941.



וויינבערג אלטר חיים
ALTER CHAIM WEINBERG

MEMORIAL PAGES



אהרן הירש. בן קלמן וויידן ודודו טוביה. אחי קלמן
 AARON HERSH, THE SON OF KALMAN WEIDEN,
 AND HIS UNCLE TUVIA, HIS FATHER'S BROTHER.



קלמן וויידן ואשתו שפרינצה בת נפתלי קנר
 KALMAN AND SHPRINTZA WEIDEN



יארע צבי הירש. ראש העיר היהודי
 האחרון בפריסטיק
 TZVI HERSH YARE, THE LAST
 JEWISH MAYOR OF FRYSZTAK

MEMORIAL PAGES

דפי זכרון



אברהם שריב קאלב, בן תנחום יעקב
ABRAHAM THE SON OF REB
TANCHUM YACOV KALB.



חיים יצחק, בן תנחום יעקב קלב
CHAIM ITZHOK, THE SON OF TANCHUM
YACOV KALB.

MALKA HALPERIN, THE DAUGHTER OF
ABRAHAM KALB ON HER WEDDING DAY.



מלכה הלפרין בת אברהם קלב ביום כלולותיה

MENACHEM MENDEL KALB,
THE SON OF ABRAHAM.



מנחם מנדל קאלב, בן אברהם

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער

MENACHEM MENDEL AND BEN ZION
KALB, WITH THEIR SISTER'S CHILD



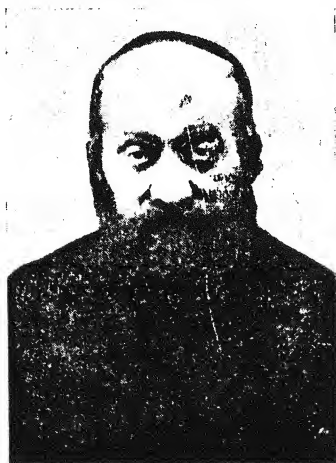
מנחם מנדל ובן ציון קלב בני אברהם, באמצע
הילד בצלאל בן אחותם מלכה

MALKA HALPERIN NEE KALB WITH
HER SON BEZALEL.



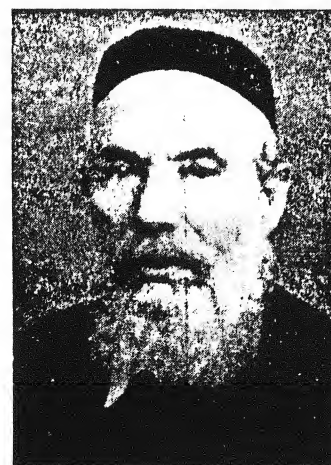
מלכה הלפרין—קלב עם ילדה בצלאל

MENASHE FREHMAN



מנשה פריהמן

THE ASSISTANT RABBI MOSHE
NUREMBERG.



משה נירנברג, הדיין

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון



SARAH, THE WIFE OF ELIEZER,
FROM THE HOLLES FAMILY.

שרה, אשה לייזר לוס (לבית הולס)



ELIEZER (LEIZER) LOOS
אליעזר-לייזר לוס

THE CHILDREN OF ELIEZER AND SARHA LOOS: VITA FEIGA, ADELA, ELAZAR, AND LEAH.



בני משפחת לוס: חייטה פייגה, סופר, אלעזר, אדלה רייך, לאה

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער

BLUMA LEHRMAN, THE WIFE
OF MOSHE NACHUM KRANTZLER.



לרמן בלומה, אשתו, בת משה נחום
קרנצלר

CHAIM LEHRMAN, THE SON OF
ARYEH SHALOM.



לרמן חיים, בן אריה שלום

THE CHILDREN OF YACOV AND FRUMA RYVKA LANGSAM NEE HASENKOPF, AT THEIR
MOTHER'S GRAVE. SIMCHA AND YECHESKIEL LANGSAM, AND BEILA EINHORN NEE
LANGSAM, AND GOLDA MILLER NEE LANGSAM.



בני יעקב ופרומה רבקה לנגוס ע"י מצבת אמם. גולדה (מילר), בילה
(אינהורן), שמחה ויחזקאל

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון

NAPHTALI THE SON OF CHAIM MANDEL



נפתלי בן חיים מנדל

CHAIM MANDEL



חיים מנדל

ZEV WOLF, THE SON OF CHAIM MANDEL, HIS WIFE ROSA, AND THEIR SONS, SAUL JOSEPH AND TZVI.

KREINDL BRACHA, CHAIM MANDEL'S WIFE



קריינדל ברכה. אשת חיים מנדל



זאב וולף, בן חיים מנדל, אשתו רויזה, בניהם: שאול יוסף וצבי הירש (הירצל)

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער



ילדי ישראל שינמן ואשתו חיה בת חיים מנדל: יצחק,
יהושע, פרימה
THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL AND CHAYA
SHEINMAN, THE GRANDCHILDREN OF
CHAIM MANDEL.



משקית וסריל. בנות חיים מנדל
MISHKIT AND SERYL,
CHAIM MANDEL'S DAUGHTERS

REUVEN ZELIG, THE SON
OF YESHAYAHU MANDEL



ראובן זליג בן ישעיהו מנדל

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון



ZELDA MUSSLER, THE WIDOW OF ELIYAHU.



בנותיהם: שרה, מימין, לאה, משמאל, בנם אברהם. יושב.
באמצע: בתו של שמעון מוסלר מליונסק

ZELDA MUSSLER'S DAUGHTERS: SARAH AND LEAH. IN THE CENTER IS THE DAUGHTER
OF SHIMON MUSSLER FROM LEZAJSK, AND ABRAHAM MUSSLER.

ולדה, אלמנת אליהו מוסלר

SIMCHA FEINGOLD, AND HIS WIFE TOVA.

TZVI HERSH PFEFFER



צבי הירש פפר



שמחה פינגולד ואשתו טובה

MEMORIAL PAGES

געדענקען בלעטער

SAMUEL (MULIK) FEIT, AND HIS WIFE RACHEL NEE PROPPER.



אשתו רחל. לבית פרופר



שמואל (מוליק) פייט

RACHEL AND MULIK'S CHILDREN:
HINDA, JOSEPH, AND HENA.JOSEPH FEIT AND SAMUEL
ROSEN IN THEIR BOYHOOD.

שמואל רוזן, יוסף פייט בנעוריו



ילדיהם: הינדא, יוסף והיגה בילדותם.

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון



משפחת יוסף קלוצ. יושבים: יוסף קלוצ, בתו שפרינצה רייבשייד עם ילדיה שרה ומשה שמואל, ואשתו אלקה בת משה שמואל פרידמן. עומדים: בנותיהם, שרה וחנה ובנם פנחס

SITTING: ELKA KLOTZ, THE DAUGHTER OF MOSHE SHMUEL FRIEDMAN, SPRINTZA KLOTZ, WITH HER CHILDREN SARAH AND MOSHE SHMUEL, AND JOSEPH KLOTZ. STANDING: JOSEPH'S DAUGHTERS SARAH AND CHANA, AND A SON, PINCHOS.

HERSH NECHEMIAH, HIS WIFE YENTA NEE KRAUT.



אחותה ינטה ובעלה הירש נחמיה

RUZIA, THE DAUGHTER OF YEHUD AND GITEL KRAUT, WITH HER CHILD.



רוזי בת יהודה (אידל) וגיסל קראוט עם ילדה

MEMORIAL PAGES
גערענקען בלעטער

ARYEH LEIBUSH RUSS, HIS WIFE RACHEL YEHUDIT, AND
DAUGHTERS, SARHA, FREDA AND RONIA (RUTH).



אריה לייביש רוס, אשתו רחל יהודית ובנותיהם, שרה, פרידה ורונה (רות)

SARAH BLAU, DAUGHTER OF ARYEH LEIBUSH
RUSS, HER SONS, MEIR AND CHAIM ELAZAR.



בלאו שרה פרידה, בת אריה לייביש רוס, עם בניה מאיר
וחיים אלעזר

ARYEH LEIBUSH AND MORDECHAI RUSS, AT
THEIR FATHER'S GRAVE.



האחים אריה לייביש ומרדכי (יושב) רוס, ע"י מצבת אחיהם
יצחק אייזיק

MEMORIAL PAGES
דסי זכרון



שורה ראשונה: הילדות פייגה שפירא ורבקה ברגלס. שורה שניה: שרה שפירא (לבית זילבר) שרה ברגלס ואיטה פלק. (לבית דמביצר).

CHILDREN: RYVKA BERGLASS AND FEIGA SHAPIRO

UPPER ROW: ETA FALK NEE DEMBITZER, SARAH BERGLASS, AND SARAH SHAPIRO

צבי בן מנחם מנדל ביים

דער איידעם פון דוד דמביצר. איינגעשריבען דורך די פרוי שרה און זון יעסי

TZVI THE SON OF MENACHEM MENDEL BAIM, SON-IN-LAW OF DAVID DEMBITZER WAS INSCRIBED IN THIS MEMORIAL BOOK BY HIS WIFE SARH, AND THEIR SON JESSY.



קבוצת נכדותיו של הירשל רסלר: חיה קריינדל דויטש (לבית בוימאל) אשתו של יצחק דויטש עם ילדתה רבקה. שרה שפירא—זילבר עם בתה פייגה. איטה דמביצר—פלק. טובה דמביצר (לבית וויינברג). שיינדל דמביצר.

THE GRANDCHILDREN OF HERSHEL RESLER: SHEINDL DEMBITZER, TOVA DEMBITZER, ETA FALK, FEIGA FALK, SARAH SHAPIRO, CHAYA KREINDL DEMBITZER, RYVKA DEUTCH.

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער



CHANA DEUTCH, AND GRANDDAUGHTER CHAYA.

שורה ראשונה: חנה דויטש, אלמנה וולף, דויטש ונכדתה.
חיה בת אהרן. שורה שניה: אהרן דויטש ואשתו הינדה לאה
לבית שטרנברג, עם ילדתה, רחל, בורעוניה

HINDA LEAH AND AARON DEUTCH WITH RACHEL.



יצחק דויטש ואשתו חיה קריינדל, לבית בוימאל
ITZHOK AND CHAYA KREINDL DEUTCH.



HINDA LEAH THE WIFE OF
AARON DEUTCH AND THEIR
THREE DAUGHTERS, CHAYA,
YEHUDIT, AND RACHEL.

הינדה לאה דויטש, לבית שטרנברג, אשת אהרן, עם בנותיה:
חיה, יהודית ורחל

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון

THE FAMILY OF ARYEH LEIB STERNBERG.



משפחת אריה לייב (לייבלי) שטרנברג. שורה ראשונה: הנכדים: בן־ציון גרפונקל.
חיה דויטש. בת שמואל שטרנברג. יעקב גולדזנד. שורה שניה: לייבלי שטרנברג.
לימינו, אשתו הינה'טשע. לשמאלו בתו רחל גרפונקל
עומדות. בנותיו: הינדה לאה דויטש עם ילדתה רחל ואיטה גולדזנד עם ילדתה

LEIB STERNBERG'S GRANDCHILDREN: YACOV, SAMUEL'S DAUGHTER, CHAYA AND BEN ZION.
MIDDLE ROW: HENTCHE AND LEIB STERNBERG WITH DAUGHTER RACHEL GARFUNKEL.
UPPER ROW: HINDA LEAH DEUTCH WITH RACHEL, AND RACHEL GOLDZAND WITH ETA.



משפחת לייבלי שטרנברג. ליד מצבתו. בנותיו: איטה גולדזנד ורחל גרפונקל. בנו דוד.
בתו הינדה לאה דויטש. בנו שמואל ואשתו הינה'טשע

THE STERNBERG FAMILY AT THE GRAVESITE OF THEIR FATHER.

MEMORIAL PAGES

געדענקען בלעטער



NECHA-GITEL, THE WIFE OF CHAIM ISRAEL STURM.
ניכה גיטל, אשת חיים ישראל שטורם



CHAIM ISRAEL STURM
חיים ישראל שטורם

ELAZAR THE SON OF CHAIM ELAZAR STURM, HIS WIFE CHAYA SARAH, AND DAUGHTER REISL.



אלעזר בן חיים ישראל שטורם, אשתו חיה שרה לבית שטורם
ובתם רייזל

MEMORIAL PAGES

דפי זכרון



THE STURM AND THE ASHER FAMILIES.

ניכה גיטל שטורם בתוך משפחתה. יושבים: איטה לנדאו בת חנה, מרים (מירל) אשר אשת זליג, ניכה גיטל שטורם, הילדה רישה וזכנר בת משה, חנה לנדאו בת ניכה גיטל, ליבה אשר אשת ירמיהו, עומדים: מלכה אשר בת זליג, יעקב וזליג אשר בני ירמיהו, משה וזכנר חתן ירמיהו עם אשתו איטה רייזל ובנם ישראל, שלמה אשר ואביו ירמיהו חתן ניכה גיטל, איטה בת אשר זליג



SITTING: ALTA RISHA AND NATHANIEL SCHLISSELBERG, WITH THEIR TWO GRANDCHILDREN. STANDING: RYVKA, NATHANIEL'S DAUGHTER, AND THIER SON ELCHANAN.

יושבים: נתנאל שליסלברג, ואשתו אלטה רישה וביניהם נכדיהם, בני בתם רבקה הקר. עומדים: בנם א'חנן ובתם רבקה הקר

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער

KALONYMUS SAUL, AND TZIRL
BLUM, THE PARENTS OF RYVKA
SCHIFF.



קלוניםמוס שאול בלום וצירל אשתו. הוריה
של רבקה שיף

TZVI (HERSHALE) SCHIFF
AND HIS WIFE CHAYA LEAH.



צבי (הרשלי) שיף ואשתו חיה לאה

THE FAMILY OF LEVI ITZHOK SCHIFF

SITTING: NECHA
HOROWITZ, MOTHE-IN-
LAW OF MEIR SCHIFF,
RYVKA, THE WIFE OF
LEVI ITZHOK.
STANDING: DAVID,
LEVI ITZHOK, MEIR,
AND DVORA SCHIFF



משפחת לוי יצחק שיף. יושבים: ניכה הורוביץ. חמותו של מאיר שיף ורבקה אשת
לוי יצחק שיף. עומדים: דבורה ובעלה מאיר שיף. לוי יצחק שיף ובנו דוד

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון



YACOV STURM
יעקב שטורם



DEICHE THE WIFE OF ITZHOK
דייכה רדלר, אשת יצחק



ITZHOK REDLER THE SEXTON
יצחק רדלר

חיה שיץ און איר טאכטער שיינדל אמאיים

איינגעשריבן דורך די קינדער און אייניקלעך רבקה רות—

אמאיים און יעקב אמאיים

CHAYA SCHITZ, AND HER DAUGHTER SHEINDL AMEIS, WERE INSCRIBED IN THIS MEMORIAL BOOK BY THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN, RYVKA-ROTH-AMEIS, AND YACOV AMEIS.

THE SHMULEWICZ FAMILY.



SITTING: RYVKA AND REUVEN SHMULEWICZ, ESTHER HINDA BERGER.
STANDING: BREINDL, RACHEL CHANA, PEARL, AND MALKA.

משפחת ראובן שמולביץ. יושבים: אסתר הינדה ברגר, חמותו של שמולביץ, ראובן שמולביץ ואשתו רבקה. עומדות: בנותיהם: מלכה, סרל, חנה, רחל ובריינדל

MEMORIAL PAGES

געדענקען בלעטער

MOSHE DAVID UNGER, HIS WIFE
HENA RACHEL, PEARL AND
MORDECHAI MENDEL SCHEFLER.



מרדכי מנדל שפּלר, אשתו רחל, הינה רחיל ובעלה
מיכל לייב אונגער

BENJAMIN ROTH, HIS WIFE FEIGA NEE UNGER.



רוט בנימין ואשתו פיגה לבית אונגער

THE SCHEFLER FAMILY: SITTING: SHIMON AND REISL SCHEFLER. STANDING: JOSHUA,
SARAH, DAVID, SHOSHANA, TZVI, AND MOSHE.



יושבים: שמעון שפּלר ואשתו שיינדל. עומדים: בניהם, משה, צבי, שושנה (גינזבורג), דוד,
שרה (קלרנט), יהושע

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון



משפחת בתיה (באשע) שפּלר. שורה ראשונה: לאה בת יהושע ואחותה.
בתיה שפּלר, בטי בת יהושע. שורה שניה: יהושע שפּלר בן בתיה ואשתו
איטה. זישה ליף חתנה של בתיה ואשתו חוה. בניהם: שמעון ויצחק
THE FAMILY OF BATYA SCHEFLER. FRONT ROW:
LEAH, THE DAUGHTER OF JOSHUA, AND HER
SISTERBATYA, BETTY THE DAUGHTER OF JOSHUA.
SECOND ROW: SHIMON AND ITZHOK LEIF,
CHAVA AND ZISHA LEIF, ETA AND JOSHUA SCHEFLER.



פרל לאה שפּלר, אשת משה
PEARL LEAH SCHEFLER

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער

קבוצות - גרופען

REISL DAIMAND, THE WIFE OF MOSHE, LEAH NEE DIAMAND,
THE WIFE OF ALTER NECHEMIAH, AND THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER TOSHA.



איטה ברב (טושה), סבא שלה אלטר נחמיה, אשתו לאה (לאנצ'י לבית
דיאמנט), רייזל דיאמנט אשת משה דיאמנט

ETA (TOSHA) BRAV, ETA DIAMAND, CHAYA DIAMAND, HINDA DIAMAND,
HENA BRAV-NECHEMIAH, GOLDA KEH-FEIT



גולדה קה-פייט, הינה ברב-נחמיה, הינדה דיאמנט-ווינסלד, אשת העשל דיאמנט, חיה
דיאמנט-הולנדר, אשת אביגדור דיאמנט, איטה דיאמנט-סדרברש, איטה (טושה) ברב

MEMORIAL PAGES



REB MOSHE AARON NEUMAN AND HIS WIFE CHAYA



MEMORIAL PAGES

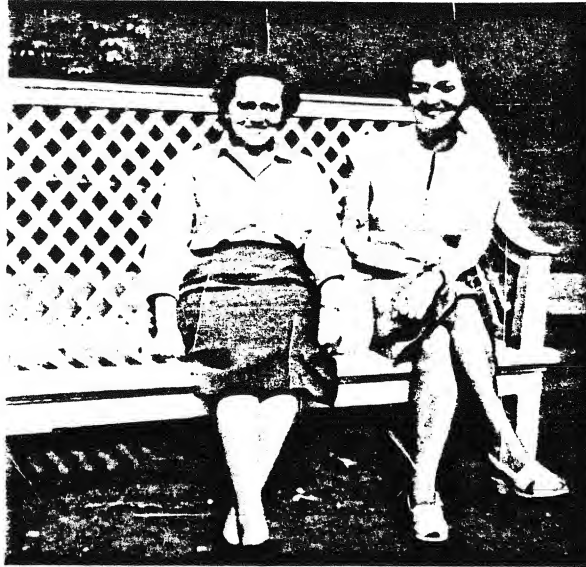


THE MAN WITH THE BEARD IS REB MOSHE AARON NEUMAN FROM THE ADEST FAMILY.
HE PERISHED IN THE HOLOCAUST



THE GIRL AT LEFT IS TONI, THE DAUGHTER OF MOSHE AARON NEUMAN. THEY BOTH
PERISHED TOGETHER WITH JEWS OF STRYZOW.

REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY



CHANA AND GENIA, THE DAUGHTERS OF MOSHE AARON NEUMAN



SHLOMO NEUMAN AND HIS FAMILY IN KIBBUTZ LAVI

REMNANTS OF THE COMMUNITY



THE GRANDCHILDREN OF SHLOMO NEUMAN, FROM THE ADEST FAMILY

PICTURES FROM STRYZOW



STUDENTS IN THE SECOND GRADE OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN STRYZOW. ONLY TWO JEWISH STUDENTS ARE IDENTIFIABLE. SITTING IN THE BOTTOM ROW RIGHT WITH SIDELOCKS IS DAVID BERNSTEIN. IN THE THIRD ROW STANDING IS EPHRAIM SHPALTER.



A GATHERING OF ORTHODOX JEWS IN A UNKNOWN PLACE. THE SECOND FROM LEFT SITTING: SHALOM SCHWARTZMAN. STANDING ABOVE HIM A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT IS LEVI ITZHOK SCHIFF. THESE PICTURE WAS SENT TO EPHRAIM SHPALTER BY THE RECENT MAYOR OF STRYZOW.

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון

SITTING: VITA LOOS, REISL WURTZEL, ROCHMA MINTZ, STANDING: SARAH REBHUN
SARAH ALTA MANDEL, LIBA GREENBLATT, LEAH LOOS, AND GELANDER.



יושבות: רחמה מינץ, רייזל ווארצל, חייטה לוס, עומדות: גלנדר, לאה לוס, ליבה
גרינבלט, שרה-אלטה מנדל, שרה רבהאן

GRANDDAUGHTERS OF BARUCH DILLER, DAUGHTERS OF MENDEL ROSEN, ALSO THE
GRANDDAUGHTERS OF AARON JOSEPH STEINMAUER.



קבוצת בנות, נכדותיו של ברוך דילר

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער

FRONT ROW: CHAVA GRUBER, HENA HENIG, UNKNOWN, YACOV TENZER'S DAUGHTER,
AND LEAH REICHER. SECOND ROW: HENIA BERNSTEIN, LEAH KRACHER, DENA MILLER.



שורה ראשונה: לאה רייכער, טנצער (בתו של יעקב), אלמונית, הינה הניג,
חוה גרובער, שורה שניה: דינה מילר, קרכר לאה, הינה ברנשטין

LEAH REICHER, DENA MILLER, CHAVA GRUBER, LEAH KRACHER, AND HENIA BERNSTEIN.



הינה ברנשטין, לאה קרכר, חוה גרובער, דינה מילר, לאה רייכער

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון

SITTING: FEIVEL SCHACHER, ARYEH DIAMAND, MENDEL ZILBER. STANDING:
MORDECHAI SCHIFF, ISRAEL RUSS, BENJAMIN (BENIA) DEMBITZER.



יורשים: מנדל זילבר, אריה דיאמנט, פיבל שאכר, עומדים: בנימין (בעניה) דמביצער,
ישראל רוס, מרדכי שיף

SITTING IN FRONT ROW: ETA DIAMAND, SHOSHANA SCHEFLER, AND RYVKA KRAUT.
SECOND ROW: RUBENFELD, FRIEDMAN, MALKA MINTZ, AND CHAYA SPRINGER.
STANDING: FEIGA KAUFMAN, MINDL REICHER, ETA HAGEL.



שורה ראשונה: יושבות: רבקה קרויס, שושנה שפילר, איסא דיאמנט, שורה שניה: חיה שפרינגר
מלכה מינץ, פרידמן, רובנפלד, עומדות: איסא הגל, מינדל רייכר, פייגה קויפמן

MEMORIAL PAGES
גערענקען בלעטער

FRONT ROW: MISHKIT MANDEL, ESTHER GRUBER, SHEINDL DEMBITZER. SECOND ROW:
ETHEL LIEBERMAN, SARAH KLOTZ, FEIGA GRUBER, SECOND ROW: LEAH MUSSLER.



שורה ראשונה: שיינדל דמביצר, אסתר גרובר, מישקיס
מנדל. שורה שנייה: פייגה גרובר, שרה קלוצ, אסל ליברמן.
שורה שלישית: לאה מוסלר

STANDING: MISHKIT MANDEL, ETHEL LIEBERMAN, TZIPORA GRUBER, AND ADELA KNELLER.
SITTING: LEAH MUSSLER AND SHEINDL DEMBITZER.



ישיבות: לאה מוסלר, שיינדל דמביצר, עומדות: אדלה קנלר,
צפורה גרובר, אסל ליברמן, מישקיס מנדל

MEMORIAL PAGES
דפי זכרון

TOVA WEINBERG, TZIPORA GRUBER, SHEINDL DEMBITZER AND ESTHER GRUBER



טובה וויינברג, צפורה גרובער, שיינדל דמביצער, אסתר גרובער

SITTING: ZUKIER, SHOSHANA SCHEFLER, RYVKA KRAUT, STANDING: GITEL ROTHSTEIN, FEIGA KAUFMAN, SHPRINTZA SCHWARTZ, RUBENFELD, MINDL REICHER, AND ETA MOHRER.



יושבות: רבקה קרויס, שושנה שפילר, צוקר.
עומדות: איסע מורר, מינדל רייכער, רובנפילד, שפרינצה שוורץ, סיגה קוישמן, גיסל רוטשטיין

MEMORIAL PAGES
געדענקען בלעטער



עומדים: יוסף שיף, אברהם מוסלר. יושבים: חיים דים, שמואל קויפמן

SITTING: SAMUEL KAUFMAN AND CHAIM DYM. STANDING: ABRAHAM MUSSLER, AND JOSEPH SCHIFF.



עומדים: אייזיק רוס, אברהם מוסלר, יוסף שיף. יושב: ישראל שיף

SITTING: ISRAEL SCHIFF. STANDING: JOSEPH SCHIFF, ABRAHAM MUSSLER, EISIK RUSS.



SITTING: MIRIAM ZANGER, UNKNOWN, MIRIAM FEIT, CHANA SHMULEWICZ, AND RACHEL DIAMAND. STANDING: SHLOMO ZALESHTZ, ISRAEL DIAMAND, AND ELAZAR GOLDBERG.

יושבות: רחל דיאמנט, חנה שמולביץ, מרים פייט, אלמונית ז, מרים צנגר, עומדים: אלעזר גולדברג, ישראל דיאמנט, נפתלי דיאמנט, שלמה זלושיץ

GLOSSARY

- "A BRIVELE DER MAMEN" A letter to my mother. Yiddish folk song.
- AGUDAT ISRAEL Hebrew for Union of Israel. Orthodox Jewish Movement.
- AL CHET Hebrew for the sin, confession prayer recited on Yom Kippur.
- AL HANISIM A prayer which is recited on Hanukkah and Purim.
- ALIYAH Hebrew for immigration to the Holy Land.
- ALIYAH BETH Clandestine immigration to the Holy Land.
- ALIYAH L'TORAH Ascent to the platform where the Scripture reading takes place.
- AMALEKITES The descendants of Amalek the grandson of Esau. Exodus ch. 17
- AMIDAH Silent prayer which is recited thrice daily.
- ASMODEUS An Evil Spirit in Jewish legends.
- AVINY MALKEINU Hebrew for our Father, our King, a prayer which is recited on the High Holidays.
- BAIS YACOV A religious school for girls.
- BAAL SHEM TOV Israel the son of Eliezer, 1700-1760, founder of a pious movement.
- BAR MITZVA A Jewish boy who has reached thirteen, the age of religious duty and responsibility.
- BARTENURA Meaning Rabbi Ovadia from Bartenura, a commentator of the codification of Jewish oral law.
- BARUCH ATA Hebrew for praise Thy Name, the beginning of every blessing.
- BET HAMIDRASH House of prayer, and place of study the sacred books.
- BELVEDERE The residence of the Polish Head of the Government.
- BIMAH Platform in a synagogue on which stands the desk from which the Scriptures are read.
- BLUE WHITE BOX Collection box distributed by the Jewish National Fund.
- BNOS AGUDAT ISRAEL Young women's section of the Orthodox Jewish Party.
- BRIT short for BRIT MILAH The religious rite of circumcision.
- CAPO or KAPO A concentration camp inmate in charge of other inmates.
- CHAD-GAD-YAW Aramaic song which is sang during the Passover Seder.
- CHALLA A traditional loaf of rich white bread for the Sabbath.
- CHEDER Hebrew for room, a one room religious school.
- CHEVRA KADISHA Hebrew for Holy Society who takes care of the deceased.
- CHMIELNICKI A Ukrainian massacre organizer, especially of Jews in the seventeenth century.
- CHOL HAMOED Light holiday on Passover and Sukkoth between the first and the last days of the holiday.
- CHOMETZ Leavened foodstuff that may not be eaten on Passover.
- "CHOSHIVER" Yiddish for Your Reverence.
- CHULENT or TCHULENT Yiddish for food stored in the oven for the Sabbath noon meal.
- CHUMASH The first five books of the Bible.
- CHUPPA Wedding canopy.

GLOSSARY

- ELUL The last month of the year in the Jewish calendar.
- ERETZ ISRAEL Hebrew for the Holy Land.
- EREV PESACH On the eve of Passover.
- EREV YOM KIPPUR On the eve of the Day of Atonement.
- ETROG A yellow citrus fruit resembling lime used during procession in the synagogue on the Harvest Festival in the autumn.
- GELT Yiddish for money.
- GEMARA The second and supplementary part of the Talmud.
- GOY Gentile, plural Goyim.
- GYMNASIUM Secondary school in Poland
- HACHSHARA Hebrew for preparation, training before immigrating to Israel.
- HAFTORAH Hebrew for conclusion, it is the lesson from the Prophets recited immediately after reading from the Pentateuch on the Sabbath.
- HAGGADAH Narrative of the Exodus read at the Passover seders.
- HAGANA Jewish self-defense during the British mandate in Palestine.
- HAKAFOT Procession inside the synagogue during the celebration of rejoicing the ending and beginning of reading the Scriptures.
- HALACHA Laws or ordinances not written down in the Scriptures but based on oral interpretation.
- HALLEL A part of the Jewish religious services consisting of Psalms 113 to 118 inclusive recited or sung on certain festivals.
- HALUTZ plural HALUTZIM A Jewish pioneer in agricultural settlements of modern Israel.
- Haman A Persian official who sought destruction of the Jews, and was hanged when his plot was exposed.
- HAMAVDIL A Saturday night song which is sung after the departure of the Sabbath.
- HANUKKAH Jewish festival commemorating the redemption of the Temple on 165 B. C.
- HASSIDIM Members of pious Jewish sect originated in the 18th-century, in Poland.
- "HASHOMER" The watchman.
- HASKALA Hebrew for enlightenment, a movement among the Jews in the other half of the nineteenth century.
- HASMONAIM A High Priest with his sons who revolted against the Greeks.
- HEIMISH Yiddish for friendliness.
- HORA Lively Israel folk dance.
- HOSHANA RABA The seventh day of the Harvest Festival.
- HOSHANOT plural of HOSANNA Hebrew for praise to G-d.
- IN SHUL ARAAN! Yiddish, a early morning call from the sexton to come to the synagogue.
- JUDENRAT German for Jewish Council appointed by the German authorities, to administer the ghetto.
- KABBALA An occult philosophy of certain Jewish Rabbis in the Middle ages.

GLOSSARY

- KADDISH A mourner's prayer praising G-d.
- KAPAROT plural of Kaparah A symbolic ceremony taking place before the day of Atonement in which the sins of a person are transferred to a fowl, a white hen or rooster.
- KAPO See Capo.
- KASHRUTH The dietary regulations of Judaism.
- KEHILLAH The leadership of a Jewish Community.
- KIDDUSH Benediction recited over wine.
- KINDERLECH Yiddish for children in a endearing manner.
- KLEZMORIM Yiddish for orchestra.
- KLOIZ Yiddish for house of prayers.
- KOL CHAMIRA A prayer which is recited on Passover Eve while clearing away the leavened food.
- KOL NIDREI The prayer of atonement recited at the opening of the Yom Kippur services.
- KOSHER Fit to eat according to the dietary laws.
- KREPLACH Yiddish for small casings of dough filled with ground meat, boiled and served usually in soup.
- KRIAT SHEMA Declaration of the basic principle of Jewish belief recited thrice daily.
- KUGEL Sabbath delicacy. A crusty baked pudding made of potatoes or noodles.
- KVITTEL Yiddish for note. Folded note addressed to a Rabbi containing a special request or wish that the Rabbi should pray for it.
- LAG B'OMER A Jewish holiday observed on the eighteenth day of the month Iyar.
- LANDSMAN plural LANDSLEIT Fellow countryman-men
- L'CHAIM To live, cheers.
- LECHA DODI Hebrew song, welcoming the Queen of Sabbath.
- LEVIATHAN Bible, sea monster or a whale.
- LULAV Hebrew for palm branch used in the procession in the synagogue during the Harvest Festival.
- MINYAN Hebrew for quorum, a properly constituted group for a public Jewish prayer of at least ten Jewish males.
- MISHLOACH MANOT Hebrew for sending gifts, a tradition observed on Purim holiday.
- MISHNAYOTH The first part of the Talmud containing traditional oral interpretation of scriptural ordinances.
- MITZVA Fulfilling of a commandment.
- MIZMOR SHIR Hymn from the Psalms (Ps. ch. 30), sung on Hanukkah.
- MIZRACHI A religious Zionist Organization.
- MUSSAF The last part of the Sabbath and holiday services.
- MAARIV Evening prayer.
- MAFTIR The last part of the Scripture reading on Sabbath and holidays.
- MAIMONIDES Rabbi Moshe ben Maimon, 1135-1204, physician and philosopher in Egypt.
- MAH NISHTANA Hebrew for what is different? The beginning of the four

GLOSSARY

questions asked by a child at the ceremony celebrated on Passover night.
 MAOZ TZUR A Hanukkah song.
 MAROR Hebrew for bitter herbs eaten during the ceremony on Passover night.
 MARANOS plural of MARANO. In the Spanish Inquisition, a Jew forced to profess Christianity in order to escape death.
 MATZA plural MATZOT Flat unleavened bread eaten during the passover.
 MEGILLAH Hebrew for scroll. The story of Esther which is read on Purim is called Megillah.
 MELAMED plural MELAMDIM Hebrew for teacher-s
 MELAVEH MALKA Literary, escorting the Queen. A Saturday night meal in honor of the outgoing of the Sabbath Queen. (Sabbath is endearingly called the Sabbath Queen.)
 MENORAH Seven branch candelabrum, a traditional symbol of Judaism.
 MENTCHEN plural for MENTCH Yiddish for a human being.
 MIDRASH Rabbinical commentaries and explanatory notes on the Scriptures.
 MIKVA Ritual bath in which Orthodox Jews immerse themselves for ritual purification.
 MINCHA Afternoon services.

NEILAH Concluding services on the Day of Atonement
 NKVD Soviet Secret Police.
 NETILAT YADAIM Blessing which is recited during hand washing before a meal.
 NETUREI KARTA A extreme religious sect in Jerusalem.
 NU! Yiddish expression: Well! Come on!

OR HAGANUZ Ancient Hebrew Hanukkah song.

PILSUDSKI JOZEF Polish General and statesman 1867-1935
 PINKAS plural PINKASIM Daily Journal of a Jewish Community.
 POGROM Russian for an organized persecution and massacre.
 PURIM A Jewish holiday, the feast of lots celebrated on the 14th of Adar.
 PUSHKE Yiddish for collection box.

RAMBAM Abbreviation of Reb Moshe ben Maimon, See Maimonides.
 REB Hebrew title for Sir or Mister.
 REBETZIN A Rabbi's wife.
 RESPONSA A compilation of questions and answers on Jewish laws.
 "REVEE" Hebrew for forth, the fourth person called to the reading of the Scriptures on Sabbaths and holidays.
 ROSH HASHANA Jewish New Year.

SABBATH GOY A gentile who helps do things that Jews are forbidden to do on Sabbath and holidays, like starting a fire or turn the lights on.
 SEDER Ceremony celebrated at table in the home on Passover night.
 SHA GOYIM Be quiet! A scolding expression when people converse during religious services.
 SHALOM ALEICHEM Peace to you, traditional Jewish greeting.
 SHAVUOTH The Feast of Weeks, a Jewish holiday.

GLOSSARY

- SHEIGATZ Yiddish for impudent boy.
- SHEKEL An ancient monetary unit.
- SHEMA ISRAEL The opening of the declaration of the basic principle of Jewish belief proclaiming the absolute unity of G-d.
- SHEMINI ATZERET The eight day of solemn Assembly, celebrated after the seventh day of Harvest Festival.
- SHEOL (Bible) A place in the depths of earth conceived of as the dwelling of the dead.
- SHMALTZ Yiddish for fats.
- SHOCHET Ritual slaughterer.
- SHOFAR A ram's horn blown in synagogues on Rosh Hashana and on the end of Atonement Day.
- SHOMREI SHABOS Jews who strictly observe the Sabbath.
- SHUL same as synagogue.
- SHTETL Yiddish for a little town.
- SHTREIMEL Fur hat worn by some Orthodox Jews on Sabbaths and holidays.
- SIMCHAT TORAH Rejoicing the Torah, a Jewish festival that marks the end and the beginning of Scripture reading.
- SLICHOT Midnight or early morning services beginning a week before Rosh Hashana.
- SPIEL Yiddish for play.
- SUKKAH plural SUKKOTH A temporary structure with a roof of leaf boughs or straw built by Jews for the Harvest Festival commemorating the tabernacles of the exodus.
- TALIT plural TALEITIM Jewish prayer shawl.
- TALMUD The collection of writings constituting Jews law.
- TALMUD TORAH Institution where Jewish children are taught the Scriptures.
- TANAI Learned person who participated in collection of writings and establishing the Jewish law after the destruction of the Second Temple.
- TASHLICH A prayer which is recited on the second day of Rosh Hashana near a water or sea.
- TEFILIN Phylacteries, small leather cases containing passages from Scripture and affixed to the forehead and to the left arm by male Jews during the morning services on weekdays.
- TISHA B'AV The ninth day of the month Av, a fast day commemorating the destruction of the First and Second Temples.
- TORAH The whole body of Jewish religious literature.
- TOWN DRUMMER or ANNOUNCER. Ordinances were made known by using drums in the marketplace in order to gather all the inhabitants.
- TUV B'SHVAT Jewish Arboretum Day observed in the Holy Land.
- TZADIK plural TZADIKIM Righteous people.
- TZITIT or TZITZIOT Woolen fringes attached in the four corners of a prayer shawl or small ritual garment.
- UNETANEI or UNESANEI TOKEF KEDUSHAT HYOM An important prayer during the High Holiday services.
- UR KASDIM An ancient Babylonian place where the Patriarch Abraham was born.

GLOSSARY

YARMULKE Scullcap worn by Jewish males.
 YEHUDA HALEVI A Hebrew Poet.
 YESHIVA A college for Talmudic studies.
 YID Yiddish for Jew.
 YIDDISHE MAME Jewish mother.
 YIDDISHKEIT Jewishness, spiritual feeling of being Jewish.
 YITGADAL VEYITKADASH SHMEI RABA A prayer, praising G-d, recited in synagogue by mourners, and also during the burial of a family member.
 YIZKOR Memorial Services for the departed.
 YOM KIPPUR Day of Atonement.

ZAIDE Yiddish for grandfather.
 ZION The hill in Jerusalem on which the Temple was built.
 ZIONISM Movement for reestablishing, and at present supporting the Jewish national State of Israel.
 ZLOTY plural ZLOTYS Monetary unit of Poland.
 ZOHAR Mystical commentary on the Pentateuch.

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